The Saturday Evening
POST
January 30, 1960 – 15¢

I SAW WHAT MAKES COMMUNISM WORK

By STEWART ALSOP

Prince Rainier Falls in Love

By PETE MARTIN

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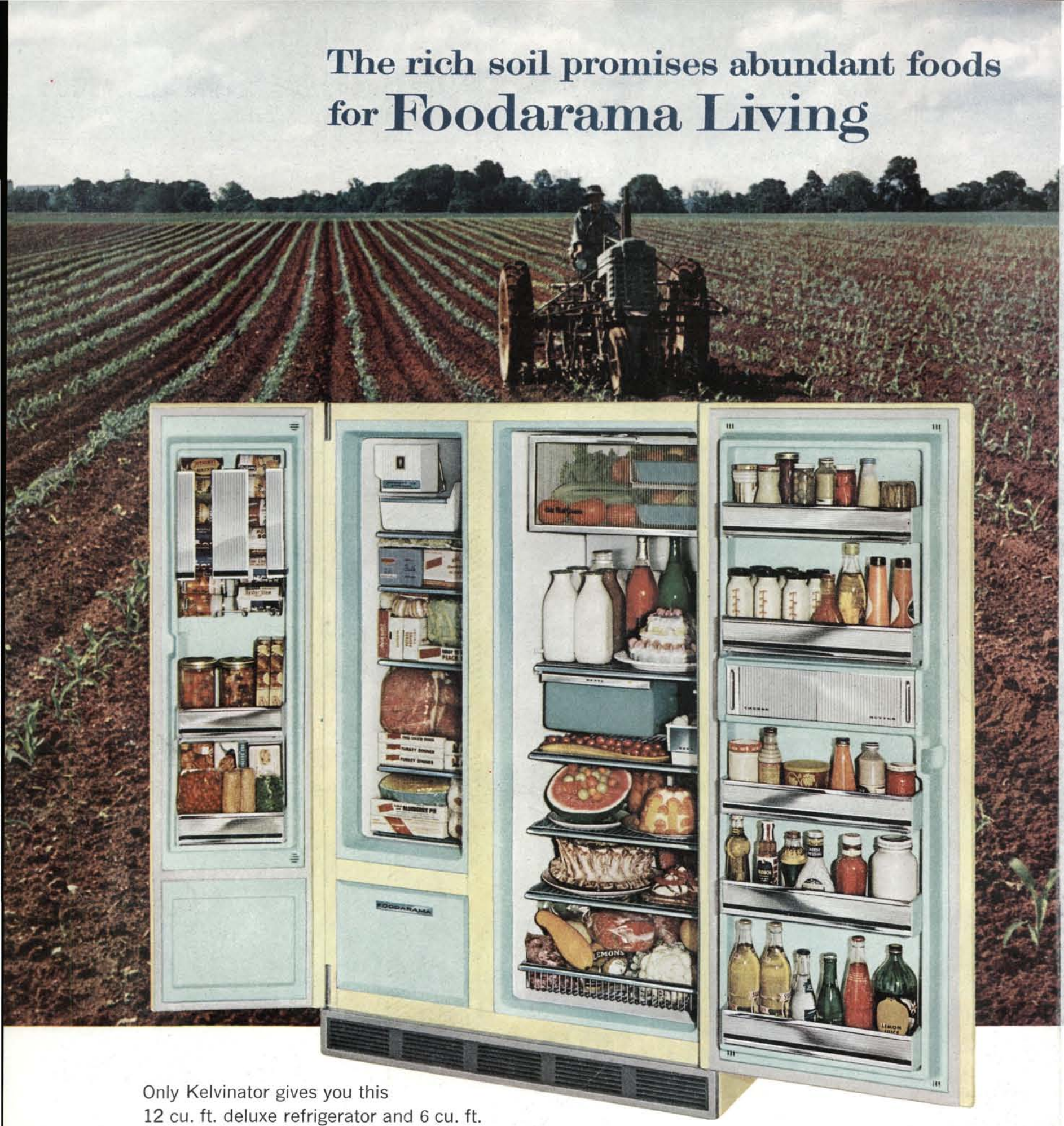

Only Kelvinator gives you this
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Fabulous Foodarama by *Kelvinator*

Foodarama Living brings greater enjoyment of the good things from America's fertile farms. It's a happy new way to save time, save money, entertain easier, and serve better meals all year long!

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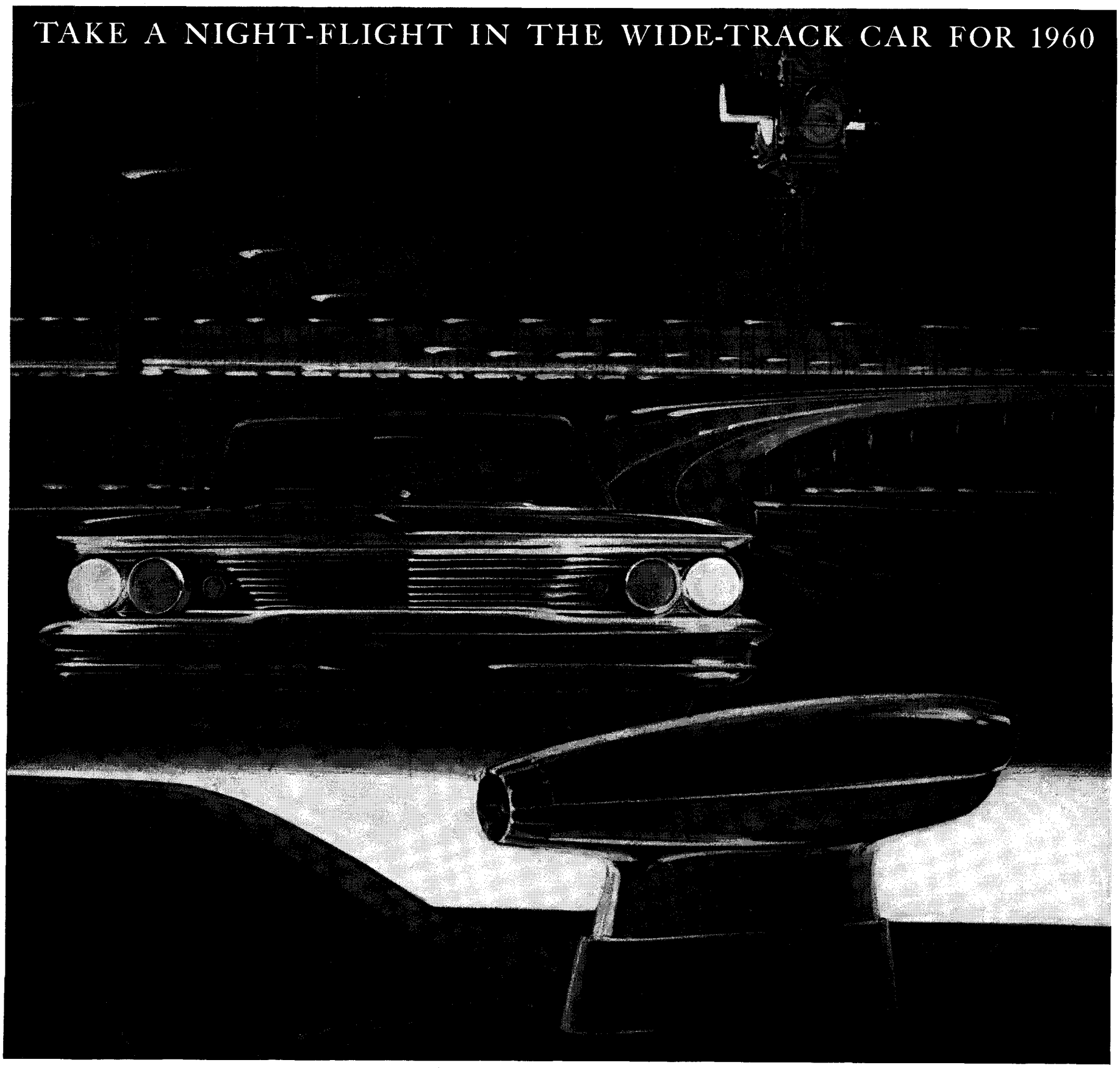

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Drive the '60 Pontiac! Equipped with Guide-Matic and its exclusive Safety Salute, this year's Pontiac combines brilliance with balance to bring you the wide-track car with the long-range view. A night-flight will prove it!

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Look for Safety Salute tonight, try Guide-Matic tomorrow.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Artist Amos Sewell has tangled a boy-meets-two-girls mess into his cover and left the future to be solved in this space, consarn him. If one of those luscious lasses is the boy's sister, he would be romantically justified in snatching up the other, but a cad for not rescuing his own kin from wallflowerism; so the sister angle gets us no place. As the lad moves downcourt, he seems to be dribbling himself slightly toward the brunette; but if he can go all the way without teetering uncertainly toward the hypnotizing blonde, he has stronger character than is resident in most males. Oh, let's just plunk him down in the chair between them and get rid of him. In conclusion, a query: how come those two belles haven't been picked off before this—are all the boys around there nearsighted?

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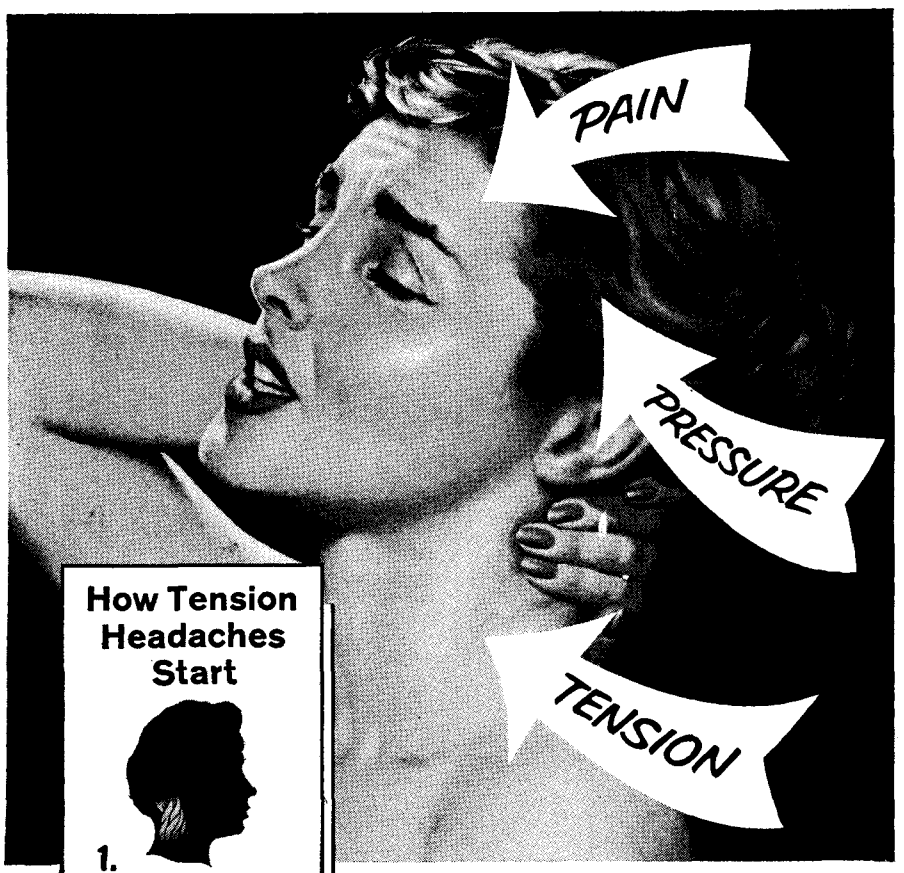
Acts Instantly to Give More Complete Pain Relief



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1. Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles . . .
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Letters

"Let the Women Work"

Dear Sirs:

I have just read THE SORRY LIFE OF SOVIET WOMEN by Toni Howard [Dec. 26]. This article, purporting to be a close-up on present-day Soviet womankind . . . is typical of the crude manner in which so many American writers are panning the Russians these days. Because we can't get our missile and space programs off the ground, because we can't be first in everything, we tend to criticize everything they do. . . .

This method of writing appeals to a certain class in this country who having read this tripe return to their smug complacence, thinking that all is right in Washington and their own hometown.

CAPT. HARRISON A. LEHMANN, USAF
Eau Gallie, Fla.

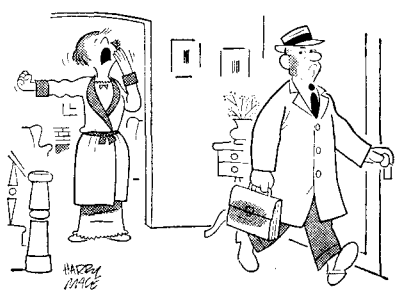
Dear Sirs:

The next thing you know we will be adding to our national debt so that Soviet women can have the things Toni Howard says they [need] above all—a girdle and bra.

J. F. MAHONY
Point Pleasant, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

As to who is exploiting whom in the cold war race between guns and girdles see this cartoon [below] from your Dec. 12 issue. If published in the Soviet press it might have been titled "The Sorry Life of American Men."



"Well-l-l—back to the ol' sack."

A. HERBERT JUEDE
Monticello, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

What kind of women do you think our ancestors were? They were the women who made America great. As was my grandmother, they were willing to travel in covered wagons to open new frontiers because they wanted something better . . . for their children. In addition to raising eight fine citizens of her own, she was the midwife of her community in Oklahoma. . . . For gosh sakes, she didn't have time to worry about femininity. Nor did she have time to become an alcoholic, divorce her husband, resort to narcotics or be sickly herself. When we're criticizing the Russians let's find something worth criticizing. . . . Frankly, I think a little good hard work is what we all need.

ANNABEL BECK MILLER
Prairie Village, Kans.

P.S. I'll bet Eisenhower wouldn't be the man he is today if his mother had been a Paris model.

Dear Sirs:

The article reminds me of forty years ago in this country. A woman of that day . . . could kill a rattlesnake or nurse a child to health. . . . [She wore] a cotton dress, her hair done in a neat bun on top of her head. She could cook a dinner fit for a king. Seeing the preacher coming down the road she could catch a chicken, cut off its head, pluck it and dress it and have it for dinner in a very short time.

Give me that kind of woman.

RAYMOND READING
Mazon, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Twenty-year-old Irina, [a character in] Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, written in 1900 and first produced in Moscow in 1901, has something to say about work: "How delightful to be a workman who gets up before dawn and breaks stone on the road, or a shepherd, or a schoolmaster teaching children, or an engine driver. . . . It would be better to be an ox, better to be a humble horse and work, than a young woman who wakes at twelve o'clock, then has coffee in bed, then spends two hours dressing. . . . Oh, how awful that is!"

Baron Tusenbach answers Irina: "A mighty clearing storm . . . is already near and will soon blow the laziness, the indifference, the distaste for work, the rotten boredom out of our society. . . . In another twenty-five or thirty years everyone will have to work. Everyone!"

MYRTLE NEWTON
London, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

The secret of success of the Soviet system has finally been exposed: Let the women do the work. How could that be improved upon?

ARTHUR D. MILES
Livingston, Mont.

Life of Christ

Dear Sirs:

THE LIFE OF CHRIST [Dec. 26] is a perfectly magnificent portrayal which will gladden the hearts of millions, as it did mine.

GEN. ALFRED M. GRUENTHER, USA (RET.)
President, American Red Cross
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Our very warmest congratulations to you on the superbly beautiful Christmas section. . . . You have produced what seems to many of us the top flight presentation of the Christmas story.

BENJAMIN P. BROWNE, *President*
The Associated Church Press
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Would I have followed a Christ who looked like that around a countryside? No. . . .

This stuff creates a subconscious impression of Christianity as eccentric, futile, lost in a blind alley. I wish [this art]

(Continued on Page 6)

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Only Admiral, first with the 23, could do it! New Wide Angle 23 inch TV* at the price of ordinary 21! $199.95†

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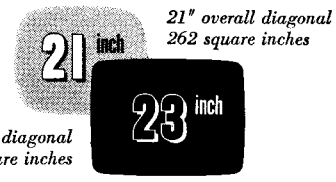
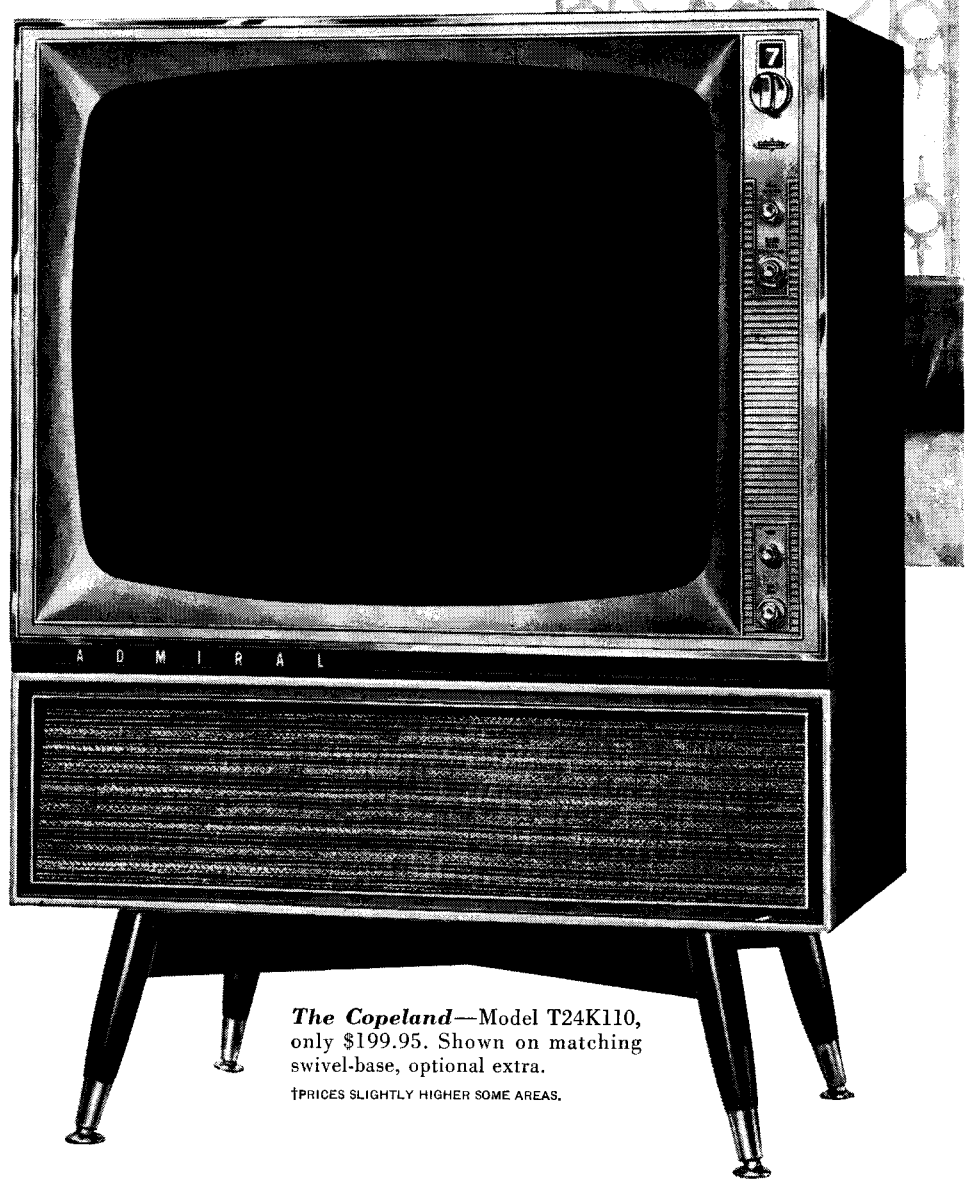


21" overall diagonal
262 square inches

23" overall diagonal
282 square inches



The Copeland—Model T24K110, only $199.95. Shown on matching swivel-base, optional extra.

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Admiral's leadership in creating the first Wide Angle 23" TV makes it possible—a new standard of *quality* and *value* in television!

New! 20 square inches more picture than 21" TV in cabinets *slimmer than ever before! New!* The first picture tube with square movie screen shape. Thus you see the complete picture ...nothing is lost at the corners. *New!* TV you can watch from any angle. The picture tube is right out front, not recessed 4 inches as in ordinary TV. *New!* Safety glass is *lifetime sealed* to the tube. Picture is dust-free, glare-free. Safest tube ever designed. *New!* Brighter, sharper picture—remarkable depth and realism. *New!* World's finest performing chassis ends service headaches. *New!* 5-year written warranty on the heart of the TV set—Admiral's etched circuit board. *New!* Beautiful decorator cabinets.

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$10 Book Condensation:

The Abraham Lincoln Murder Case

Here, from the book, *The Web of Conspiracy,* is suspense on the grand scale—the darkest murder mystery in American history. Who cut 18 pages from John Wilkes Booth's diary? Why did the President's son say there was *treason* in the cabinet? Old ghosts walk these pages—and new ones arise! Read this fascinating 28-page feature in February Reader's Digest.

Here are 6 more of the 44 timely articles and features you'll find in February Reader's Digest...

Do You Need More Sleep? What happens when you don't get enough sleep? What's the effect on the brain? Will "one night's good rest" make up the difference? February Reader's Digest reports on new studies which show that sleep loss is subtle poison. *Everyone* needs at least 6 hours sleep for mental health.

How to Keep Your House Warm in Winter. A heating engineer offers tips which may surprise you *and save you money.* For example: the oftener an oil burner runs, the more efficient it may be. Don't starve it for *outside* air. Here's an instructive fireside chat with an expert—in February Reader's Digest.

How Much Should You Really Weigh? Don't base your answer on the old age-height-weight tables. This article presents the *new* average weight charts based on today's taller Americans. Want to know your ideal weight? Here are figures which may surprise you.

Are you Missing the Best Thing in Life? "Why don't I get fun out of life any more?" asked the young man . . . and he found he was like the Dead Sea—inlets but no outlets. Here's a "thought rehabilitation" program suggested for him, and you, by Norman Vincent Peale. It works.

More Machines, Fewer Men—and a Union Happy About It. John L. Lewis says that the U.M.W. not only believe in modernizing the mines—"*we invented the policy.*" Here, in February Reader's Digest, is a timely personal interview on one of the top industrial issues of the day: should labor oppose automation, or welcome it?

Ambassadors for Friendship. Foreign students on scholarships come here to learn about America . . . but are isolated, lonely, often prejudiced. Do you want to help a young American who is leading some of these students to change their distorted picture of life in the U.S.A.? Learn how from the story of Harry Morgan in February Reader's Digest.

The Rich Rewards of Reading

Keep abreast of current magazines and books and enjoy a fuller life!

Reading can be your ticket to places you may never see, your introduction to people you may never meet, your passkey to experiences you may never live.

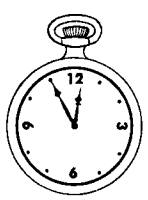
Jack Paar counts on reading to keep his shows vital and entertaining. He says, "No matter how busy I am, I keep pumping supplies of new material into my reservoir by reading."

The new depth and breadth of understanding you can gain through reading can help you in your work . . . enrich your relations with people.

But if you've let the joys of reading be crowded out of your life, you might follow the advice of Horace Mann, the great American educator. "Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. If you gain but 15 minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year."

Take a Digest "reading break" today

When you have a free moment—relax and take a "reading break" with Reader's Digest. In every issue you'll find articles of varying length, condensed to fit the brief breaks of your fast-paced life. After just a few days, see if your Digest "reading break" isn't helping you enjoy life a little bit more.



Keep yourself informed . . . make yourself a more interesting person in your work and in your personal life. Read . . .

February Reader's Digest—on sale now!

44 articles condensed to save your time—selected from leading magazines and current books.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

could be exhibited and admired, if it must be, for what it is—the fumbling efforts of an age of dolts. . . . Why should the aspirations of faith be burdened by these totem poles? . . .

Of the labor and the reverence for Christianity shown by *The Post,* I am truly appreciative. But for Christian feeling and inspiration give me Hollywood, please.

JOHN TARRANT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The selection of works by Italian painters of the eleventh to fifteenth centuries undoubtedly has interest for those concerned with the history of painting. . . . But for a great many people these are just antiques. . . .

How much more your readers might have been impressed if your advisers had been willing to lower their esoteric standards a little, broaden the field from which selections were made and present pictures which might not have scholarly value but could bring more simple pleasure.

CHARLES H. ROE
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Pages to keep and enjoy over and over.

MRS. CHARLOTTE L. DUM
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Among the fine illustrations . . . is one of the death of Jesus. The caption reads: ". . . after three hours of suffering, Jesus died. . . ." Jesus hung on the cross six hours. (St. Mark 15: 25 and 33.)

CLARA B. LUCAS
Harrisburg, Pa.

● *The three hours indicated by St. John (19:14) is generally accepted by Biblical scholars, who for centuries have regarded St. Mark's account as the less dependable in this apparent conflict.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I teach a senior high Sunday school class. On Christmas Sunday we gathered in groups (fifty young people in attendance) to look at those glorious paintings.

We are certain that many of those young people left the class that morning with the meaning of Christmas imprinted more deeply in their minds and hearts than ever before.

ELIZABETH R. PEACE
Niles, Mich.

Leather Ladies

Dear Sirs:

Paul Gallico [Too Many Ghosts, Oct. 31–Dec. 12] says: "He eyed appreciatively an expensive-looking brown leather lady's hand bag."

He should have told us more, as we know little about expensive-looking brown leather ladies.

H. F. COOPER
Minneapolis, Minn.

GIFTED WRAPPER

Dear Sirs:

Dick Sargent's cover painting of the demoralized papa [Dec. 19] greatly amused me for the papa reminds me and many others here of a Jacksonville schoolteacher named Howard Hofsteater. [See photo (right).] My model, however, is an expert gift wrapper. . . .

Did Sargent goof a bit by having the wreath hanging on the window facing the *inside?*

ROBERT R. ANDERSON
Jacksonville, Ill.

● *Sargent confesses that the exasperated fellow hangs wreaths as skillfully as he wraps presents.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Robert R. Anderson. • 13–Jack Esten. • 14–Tom Blau; Rowland Evans. • 15–Jack Esten; Zen Yonkovig; two by Rowland Evans; Jack Esten. • 16, 17–Austin Briggs. 18–George Burns. • 19–Three by George Burns; Bob Wyer. • 20, 21–R. G. Harris. 22, 23–Farrell Grehan. • 24–Bruce Bomberger. • 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26–Pictorial Parade; United Press International. • 27–Wide World; Philippe Halsman; Globe, two from Culver. • 28, 29–Douglass Crockwell. • 31–Robert McGinnis. • 32–Gene Lester. 33–Gene Lester; from Dos Pueblos Orchid Company. • 37–Sam Bates. • 90–Gene Lester. • 96–Anonymous; anonymous; Farrell Grehan; anonymous.

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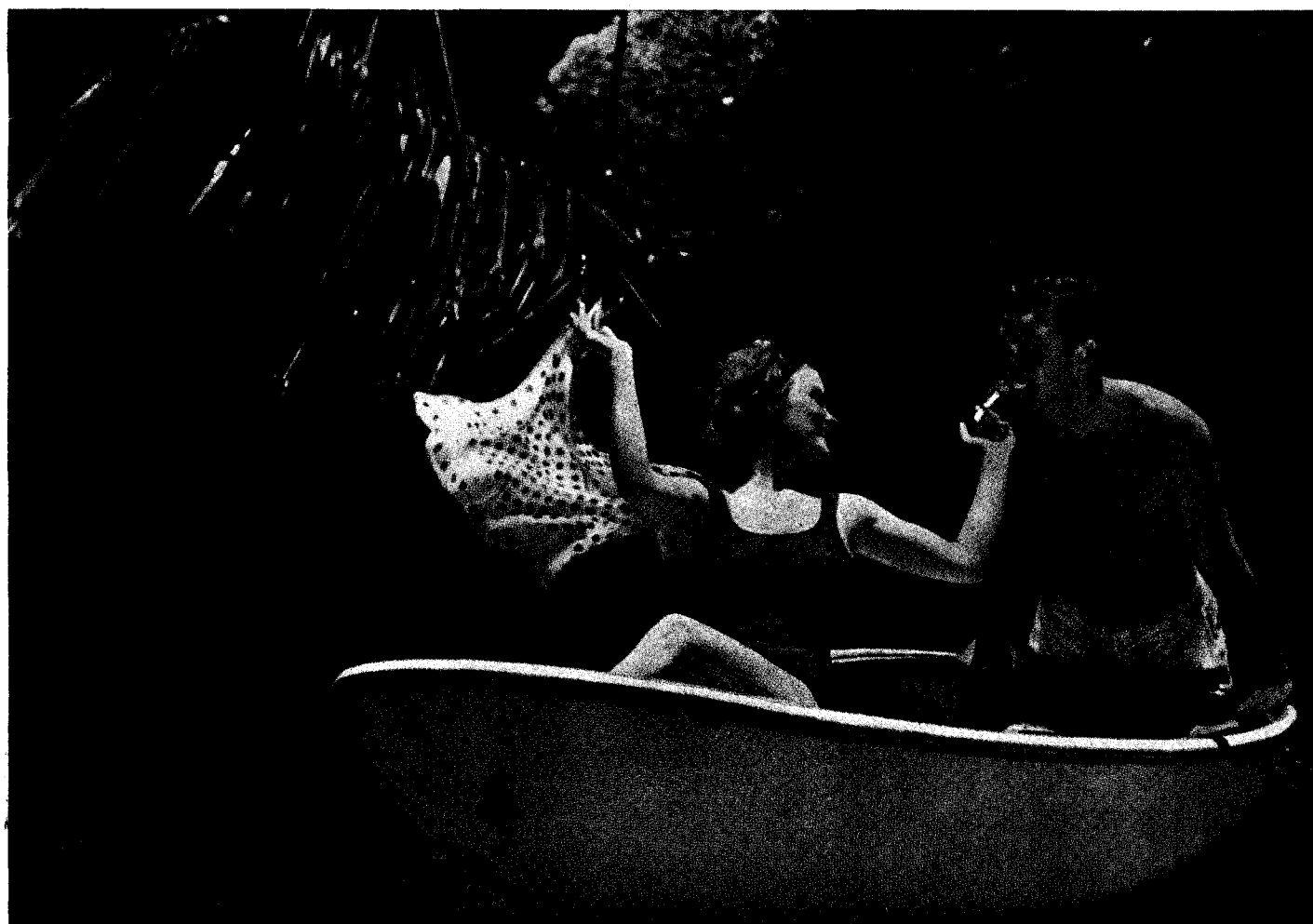

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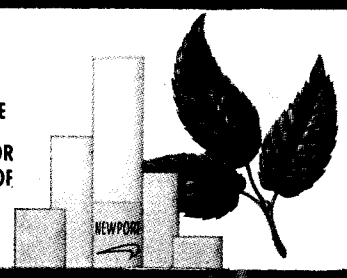

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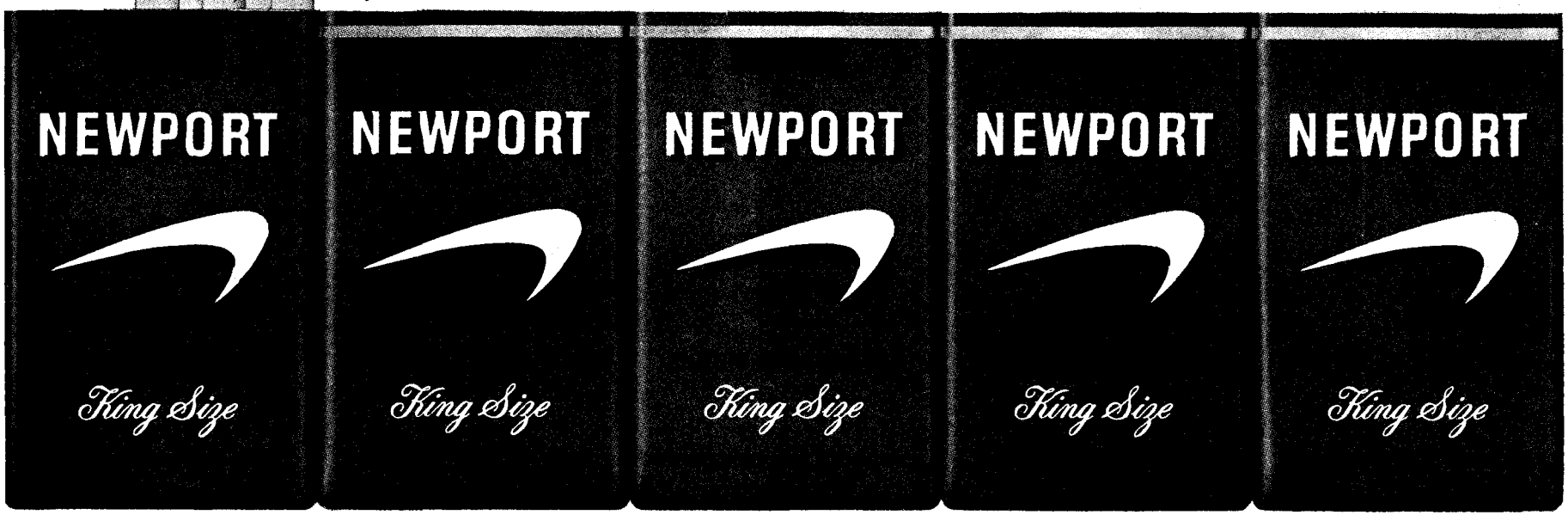

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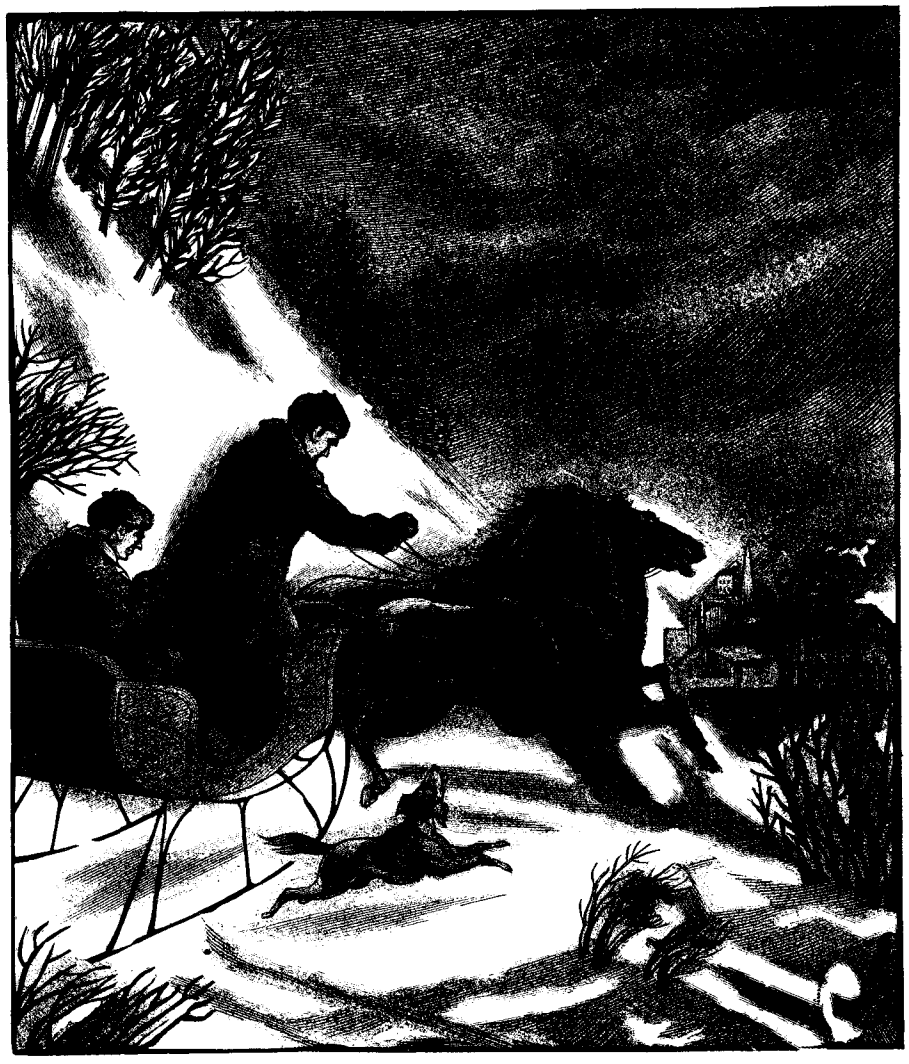
Protection is what Hartford insurance is all about. Behind the Hartford Fire Insurance Company is a 150-year record of measuring up to policyholder needs, in good times and bad, since 1810. It's a tradition that stands behind every Hartford Agent, and every service he offers. It's the tradition that has made Hartford a trusted name in insurance.

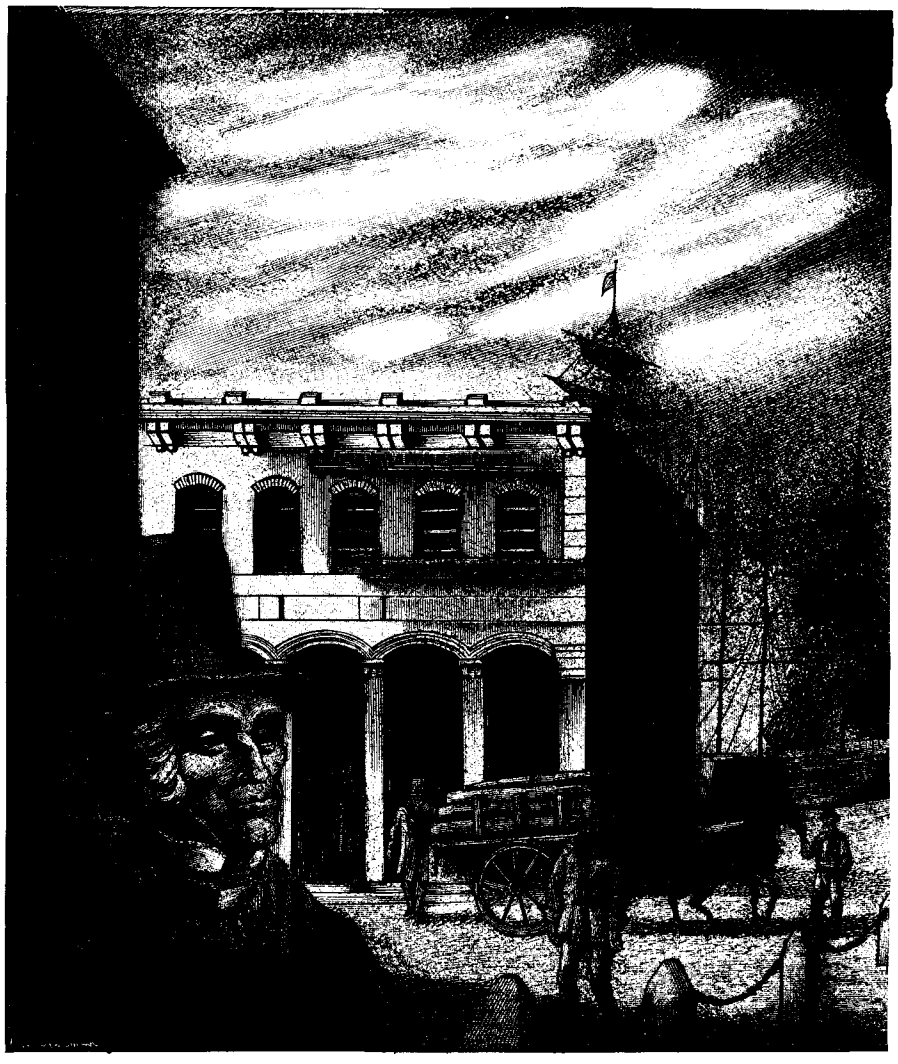
HARTFORD *Fire Insurance Company* GROUP

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY • HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY • CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY, HARTFORD 15, CONN
THE COLUMBIAN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON 12, MASS. • NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK 38, N.Y. • TWIN CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN



EARLY DAYS OF THE HARTFORD

The Connecticut General Assembly voted the Hartford into existence in 1810. But the young company's first major test did not come until the great New York fire of 1835. Seven hundred ruined buildings and a $20,000,000 loss had plunged New York into a despair that did not begin to lift until Eliphalet Terry, President of the Hartford, arrived after an icy sleigh ride from Connecticut, and announced the Hartford's intention of paying every claim to the last cent. No other single act up to that time had done as much to establish public confidence in insurance.



ROLLING WESTWARD

As the country grew, so did the Hartford, responding quickly as the people's need changed. When settlers rushed to California, Hartford protection followed them The famous Hartford Stag made its first San Francisco appearance in 1857. Name like Apache and Comanche were not yet romantic legends when Hartford Agent McLean and Fowler hung their sign over Battery Street. The Hartford has never stopped progressing: today the Hartford has 34,000 agents in the United States and Canada. No matter where you travel, Hartford help and service are near.

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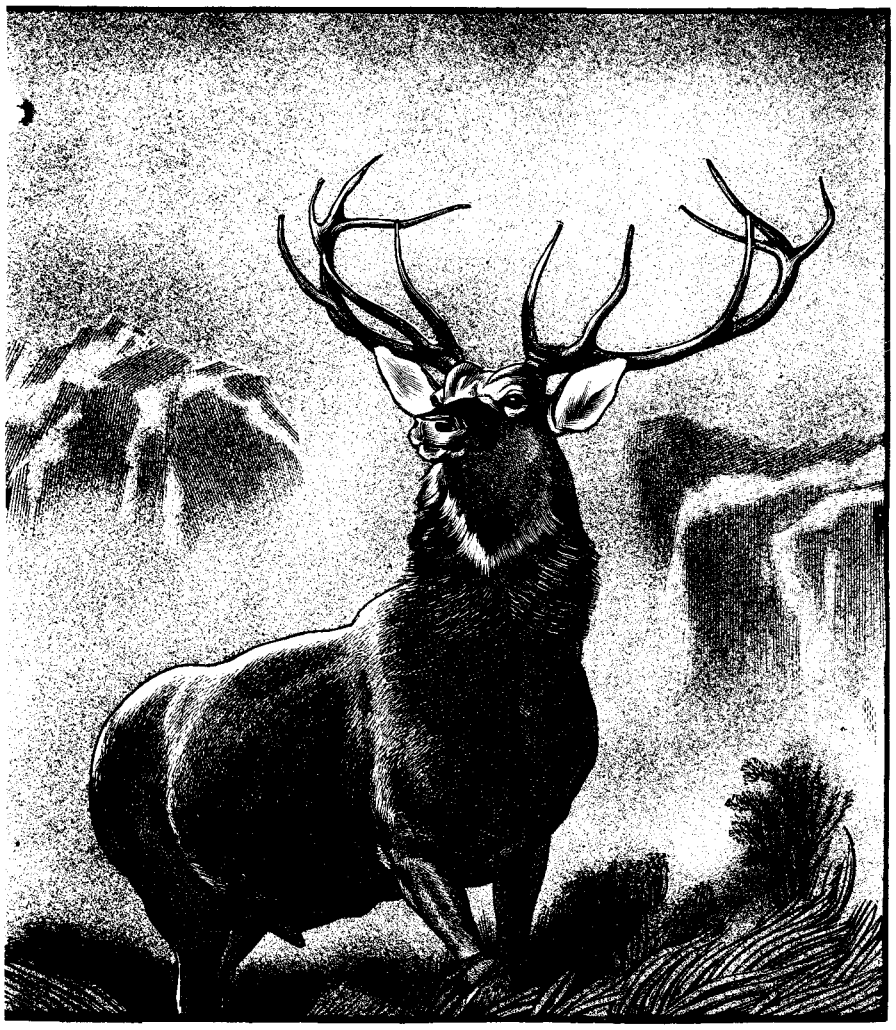

For the first time in a mass-circulation publication, you are seeing color prints exactly as created by the artist himself on a hand press in his studio. This combination of wood engravings (the oldest graphic art) and relief etchings as developed by the artist (the newest graphic art) are literally original prints, reproduced from exact duplicates of original plates made by the eminent artist, Bernard Brussel-Smith.

CHANGES COME FASTER

By 1913 passers-by stopped shouting "get a horse"—and got automobiles. That was the year the first holder of a Hartford Automobile Policy rolled cheerily by—the first of many to journey forth confidently with Hartford protection. In moving into the new field of casualty insurance, the Hartford was moving as fast as the country itself. Factories sprang up everywhere. New insurance needs arose. And as commerce and industry developed, the Hartford kept pace by providing the kinds of insurance needed to protect the public under changing circumstances.

THE CHALLENGE OF TOMORROW

Growth is the challenge of tomorrow. The Hartford has accepted that challenge. There's an ultra-modern Hartford Building rising in Chicago, another in Dallas, still another to come in Cincinnati. Some 200 offices across the country provide "grass roots" service to 34,000 Hartford Group agents and brokers and to the public. Life insurance, too, is now available from the Hartford. Protecting your family, your home, your car, your business—this is the task the Hartford has accepted, and will carry out, in its 150-year tradition of progress toward better insurance protection.

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Editorials

"Peace" as a Campaign Issue Could Backfire!

The current upsurge of Republican fortunes, if there is one, is attributed by many observers to the popular desire for "peace," along with the assumption that President Eisenhower's hospitality to Chairman Khrushchev and the Eisenhower triumphal journey halfway round the world have all but guaranteed "peace in our time." No top Republican has made any such claim, although a candidate for Congress in Iowa made a lot of the peace issue and won the election. Overlooked is the fact that the successful Republican ran on a conservative platform and defeated a "liberal" Democrat. This hardly indicates that all the G.O.P. need do this year is plug for peace.

This kind of appeal, addressed to hope as opposed to reality, is always tempting to politicians. More than forty years ago Woodrow Wilson, who took his own story more sincerely than some of his imitators take theirs, permitted his campaigners to represent him as the President who "kept us out of war." Within six weeks after his second inauguration the United States was in the war. The late Franklin Roosevelt used the peace argument while doing many things which led us into World War II; and, of course, there is Neville Chamberlain with "peace in our time." As ought to be evident from any study of history, peace is a matter which should be brought into politics only with the fingers crossed.

With the world in its present state, peace as an American political issue is more precarious than ever. After all, what guarantees peace? President Eisenhower has received the tributes of millions who believe, as they have believed right along, that this country has no hostile designs against any nation. To the extent that his journey has made it plain that he and the United States are not hated in these areas, as Communist propaganda would have us believe, the Eisenhower trip was an extraordinary success. But it has not deflected the Communist conspirators from their ambitions for world conquest. Indeed, if the President's reception abroad causes Americans to let down their guard on the theory that the danger has passed, the major success would belong to world Communism.

Even greater would be Communism's triumph if the trip aroused in this country such an uncritical demand for peace that the President might sense a lack of popular support of his efforts to stand pat against Red sniping in the coming summit meeting. Republican overemphasis on peace, as if President Eisenhower could bring it about unaided, and as if this country expected him to do so, at whatever cost to free-world security, would contribute to the difficulties of American negotiators, if not to ultimate free-world disaster. Such tactics were better left to the "liberal" wing of the Democrats.

As William Henry Chamberlin wrote recently in *The Wall Street Journal*, the President's best service to peace is to make it plain that this country does not dissociate peace from justice or from the "American intention and ability to honor its treaty obligations." Before politicians go off into vague and mawkish bragging about peace and what the Republican Party has done to insure it, some close attention to the realities of Communist aggression and its implications is seriously recommended.

If You Want to Meet Interesting People, Take a Slow Train With Lots of Stops

By ROBERT WEST HOWARD

It was De Maupassant, I believe, who vowed that "a vacation is a change of pace." It can also be, on this stop-lighted, cement-taped continent, a slow, gay train ride from Anywhere to West Whistle on a "Beeliner" or local, careering like a silver hound over the hills, while the crewmen perpetuate the regional pride and hospitality of yesterdays.

In 1939 a conductor on the Central Vermont taught me the pleasures—and therapy—of a slow-train ride. Walter would "hold 'er" at a village stop for ten minutes, while I hustled to a drugstore to pick up ice-cream cones—coffee during the winter months—for the crew and myself. Then, in rear-seat seminars, we argued hurricanes, dairying, buckwheat-cake recipes and Vermont's legendary mountain lion.

And, praise be, those mobile rest cures are still available. I found one when I juggled a recent travel schedule to enable my first daylight train ride across Arkansas. There was need for a lazing day—and I wanted to experience Arkansas with Arkansans.

The Rock Island railroad operates a local between Oklahoma City and Memphis. The map beckoned with such provoking names as Wister, Petit Jean Mountain, Ola, Casa, Adona, Forrest City. The timetable pledged opportunity for late-afternoon stereo shots of the Memphis skyline.

The broad-shouldered fellow standing beside the car steps that morning grinned, then drawled, "Well, sir, gonna be real nice to have you with us," as he reached for the portable typewriter and suitcase, hoisted them to the vestibule and swung back to shake hands.

A boy in a scarlet shirt chased his giggling baby sister down the car aisle. Three women (The Fates?), all in rose-spattered hats and tweedy suits, rehearsed a Minerva blonde in messages to be delivered to "Charley and Mabel." A deadheading freight crew matched insults in a rear seat, declared a draw, fell back on shoptalk. The brunette in blue jeans reassured the girl with shoulder-long red curls that "you can have *another* big breakfast soon as we get to grandma's."

Through it all the conductor bustled about with a smile, a lollipop for Miss Carrot-curls, a thirty-second joke for the freight crew and a query to me promising "a workboard for those papers, long's you aren't going to enjoy our scenery."

Ten minutes after we hummed out of the depot he came down the aisle with a sheet of paper and pencil, taking orders for box lunches to be brought aboard at Booneville—fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, cake, an orange, "trimmin's," boxed and napkined, all for one dollar; peat-black chicory coffee "on the house."

His name is Jesse L. Stephenson. He lives on Beard Street in Shawnee, Oklahoma. I nominate him for Vice President in Human Relations, plus a chair at Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration. Hunched over my seat, he delivered succinct lectures on horsemint, blue asters, the Cookson Mountains, channel cats versus bullheads, the current efficiencies of those descendants of Cherokees who survived The Trail of Tears and the absence of "beer joints" in small villages.

Little Rock is downstream from Big Rock on the Arkansas River; another example of "fall line." Forty years out of grammar school you learn this—on a slow-train ride. Then the cypress loomed from blackwater creeks. And the cotton fields were green quilts tucked neatly in at the horizon gum pines.

Negroes, in shimmering lavender silks, blazer jackets and starched white shirts, received the casual greeting of "another human being." There wasn't any Jim Crow. A purse slipped from the seat in front of me as we left Forrest City; I returned it and spent a half hour chatting with the woman and boy sitting there. Why, yes, their hands and faces were darker than mine. I didn't discourse on their skin tones. They didn't discuss mine.

R. L. Vandiver carried on admirably in Mr. Stephenson's role after Booneville and proved as adept in human relations, geology, botany and local history. At Memphis he portered all our bags, shook hands with the charm of a board chairman and handed me a slip of paper scrawled with the name of "an old friend of mine who's going to handle your train tonight."

The catfish at Dobbs House was crisper and sweeter than it would have been without a slow-train ride. There was larger misty magic in the wonder of a park and statue for Negro blues-writer W. C. Handy on Beale Street, especially since everyone's long forgotten who Confederate General Beale was.

Rush along, friends, rush along. I'll take the slow road and mend my spirits and faith as I go. Just so long, that is, as the train crews sustain America's traditions of neighborliness and regional pride.

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Mother India builds for the Diesel Age

Since 1949, India has pushed a widespread railroad improvement program.

Old track has been relaid, new track added. Modern equipment has been purchased... diesel locomotives... rolling stock. And service has been greatly improved.

As a result, India has grown industrially. In the period between 1951 and 1959, freight traffic on Indian railroads has increased some 40%... from 98 million tons to about 138 million tons. And estimates indicate an even greater growth in the near future.

All of which means that India has recognized the railroads for what they are—the backbone of a modern, growing industrial society.

* * *

In the United States, by contrast, public policies tend to ignore this basic truth.

Here, the government appears indifferent to the strength and stability of the railroads, while it promotes and encourages the railroads' competition.

Railroads are burdened with over-regulation and discriminatory taxation—while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

* * *

The railroads ask no special favors. All they ask is the equality of treatment and opportunity fundamental to the American concept of free enterprise. Granted this, the public would then be *assured* of the efficient, low-cost rail service which a dynamic economy and national defense demand.

ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

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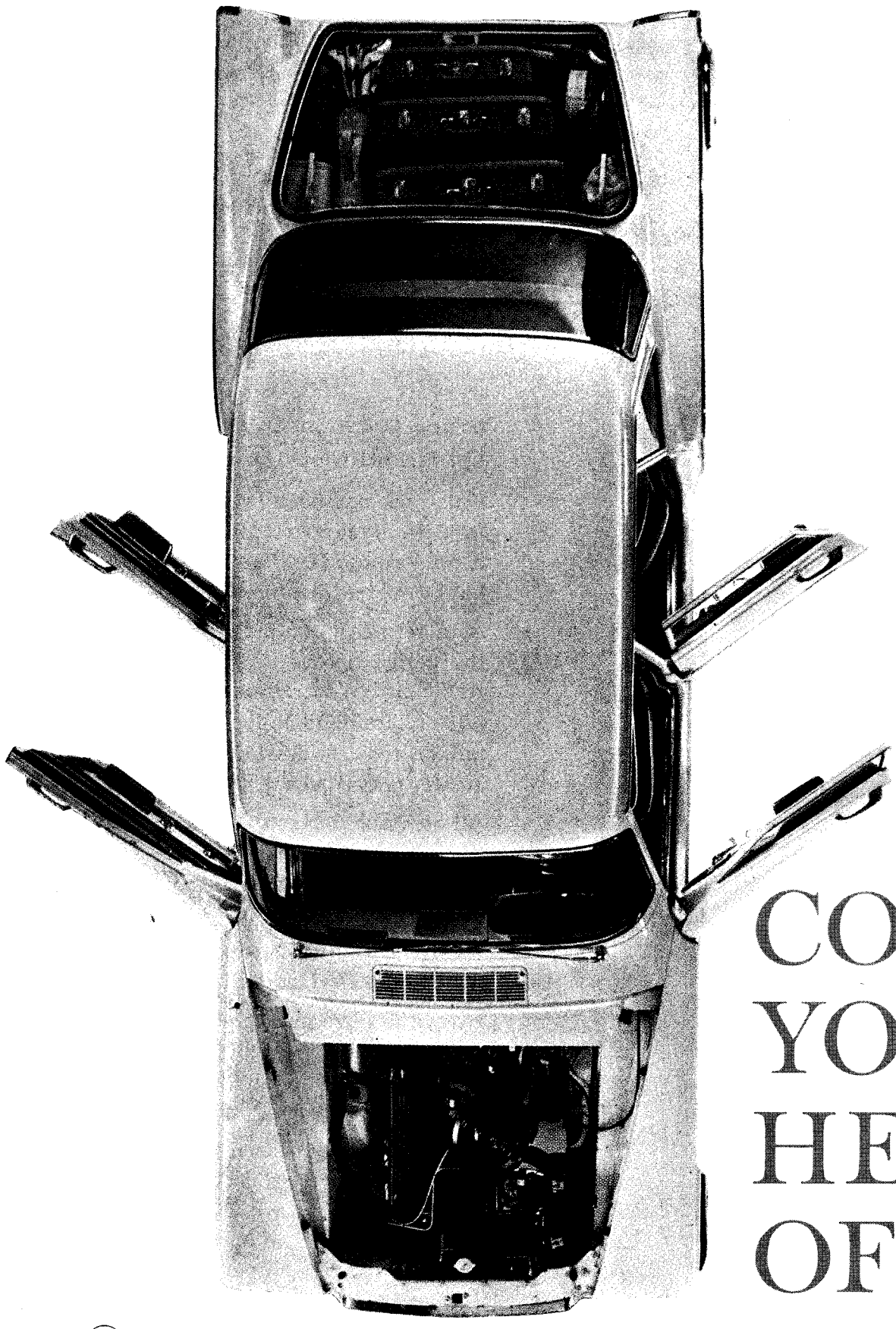

COMPARE YOUR HEAD OFF!

Put Valiant against any car you've a mind to—the big ones, the bug ones, the kid brother ones. See if you can match the wallop and miserly thrift of Valiant's new *inclined* engine; the family-of-six people room; the vacation-sized trunk room; the new battery-saving alternator electrical system; the rust-proofed, rattle-proofed, fully unitized body; the smooth-as-a-millpond ride of Torsion-Aire. Go ahead. Match it if you can. After you've tried, see your Valiant dealer. He's got the real thing.

NEW FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION...

Valiant

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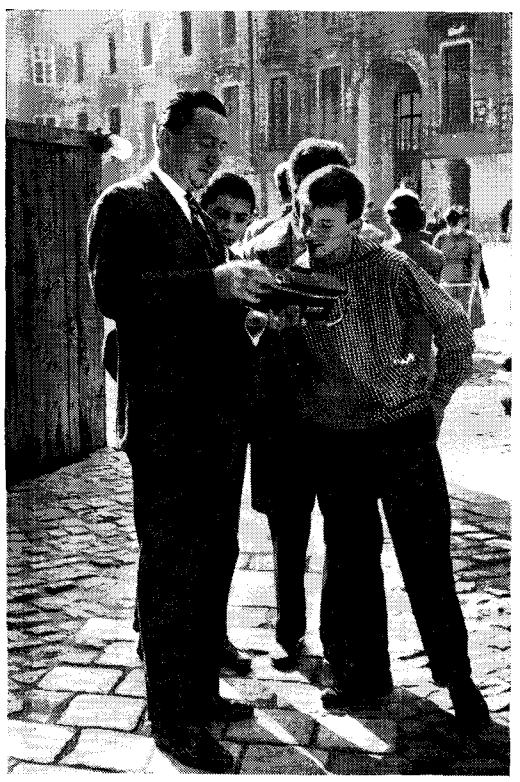
Czech window shoppers gazing at a display of merchandise in a store in Prague. Close inspection, says Alsop, usually reveals such goods are poorly made or far too costly for most would-be buyers.

I Saw What Makes Communism Work



The author used a picture-in-a-minute camera as a "conversation starter" throughout his trip. Here in Prague he shows three teen-agers their photograph.

The First of Three Articles by STEWART ALSOP

A *Post* editor tells of his 3000-mile auto trip through the Soviet satellites of Eastern Europe, including the country he believes may erupt in a new cold-war crisis.

"If this is Communism, what's so special about it?"

The question was asked by a pleasant-faced American businessman in the lobby of the Alcron Hotel in Prague, Czechoslovakia. He had been in Vienna on business, he explained, and he had decided to make a quick trip to Prague to see with his own eyes "what Communism is really like." What he had seen had surprised him. He had had a vague mental image of underfed people being herded about by jack-booted police. Instead he had found himself in a pretty good hotel, where he could buy an excellent steak dinner with good beer for about two dollars. On the streets outside the hotel he had seen well-fed women—too well-fed—and prosperous-looking men carrying briefcases. And he had seen a lot of consumer goods in the shop windows—tricycles, television sets, baby carriages, tasty-looking fruit in elaborate *bon-voyage* baskets. So what was so special about Communism?

I could understand his surprise. I also had come to see with my own eyes. I was on the third leg of an automobile trip of more than 3000 miles, which started in Berlin and ended in Trieste, and which included the six capitals of the East European Communist countries, plus dozens of smaller towns and little villages. And I, too, had been surprised. Perhaps because there were so many surprises, the trip was the most interesting journalistic journey of

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Belgrade: Night life at the Metropole, where members of Yugoslavia's New Class—its Communist elite—dance to capitalist music such as rock 'n' roll and the cha cha.

inquiry I have ever undertaken, and it led me to some unexpected conclusions.

For example, I am quite sure now that, on balance, the Soviet Union's vast European satellite empire is not an asset to Russia. On the contrary, the restive satellite states, with their artificially imposed and essentially fragile regimes, have a braking effect on Soviet policy. I am also sure—though this I certainly cannot prove—that somehow, someday, the Soviet effort to impose a Chinese copy of the Soviet system on half of Europe will break down, although perhaps only very gradually. These rather hopeful conclusions are balanced by others which are not so hopeful. For example, I now believe that the greatest danger of war in Europe comes not from Berlin, where both sides are at least in control of their situation, but from Poland, where the situation could quite conceivably become uncontrollable.

But here let us consider that question the American businessman asked in the lobby of the Alcron Hotel. It was a natural question for an American to ask. On the surface, in the centers of its capital cities—which are, of course, as unrepresentative of the whole country as Fifth Avenue or the Champs Élysées—Communism of the Eastern European variety no longer looks very "special."

You can have Sunday lunch at a hotel in Budapest, Hungary, where there was blood on the streets less than four years ago, and looking around at the children with hoops, the tweedy ladies, and the gents with handlebar mustaches, you can quite easily imagine yourself in some provincial English town.

You can walk down the main shopping street in Bucharest, Romania, and—if you do not carefully examine quality and price of the merchandise—you will see little real difference between Communist shop windows and shop windows elsewhere. You can go to a night club in Sofia, Bulgaria, and find that it differs in no essential way from a night club in East Dubuque, Illinois—except that the floor show is perhaps a mite sexier.

Warsaw: Towering above these privately operated shops—among the few in the city—is the Russian-sponsored Palace of Culture. The Poles delight in ridiculing it.

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These Poles in the reading room of the National Press Club in Warsaw are enjoying a privilege rare in other satellites—the liberty to read western newspapers. But Alsop suspects such freedom may be short-lived.

The author began his journey in Berlin and ended it in Trieste. He drove across six satellite nations in seven weeks.

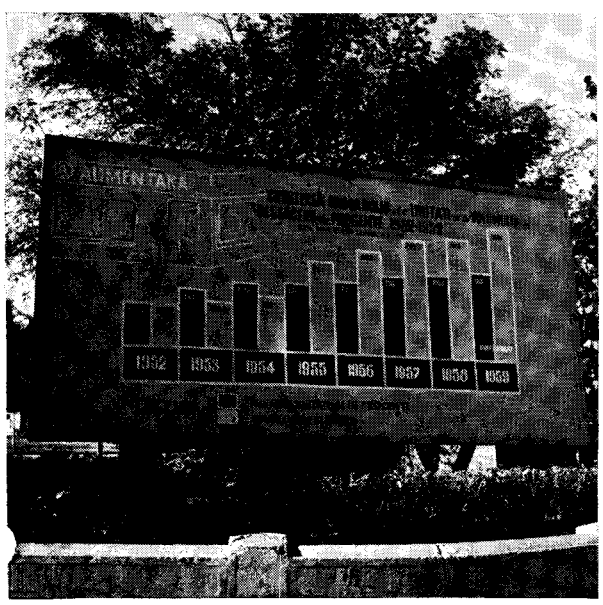
There are still visible differences between a free city and a Communist city, of course. Even in the big Communist cities there is so little traffic that you can always be sure of parking right in front of your hotel. In Prague and Sofia there are big red stars on the largest buildings, and they are lit up at night—in Prague, though, they no longer illuminate the great ugly statue of Stalin which overlooks the city. In the smaller towns of Czechoslovakia especially, you see loud-speakers every hundred yards or so—Big Brother's larynx. There are huge white-on-red signs plastered about everywhere, especially in Romania: PROLETARIAT OF THE WORLD UNITE, or OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SOVIET UNION IS AS NECESSARY TO US AS THE AIR WE BREATHE. Especially in Prague you often see odd, straggly little groups of chilly boys and girls, running about carrying red flags or big Communist banners. And there is also a kind of grayness and sadness about all the Communist cities, which an American visitor immediately feels but cannot quite define—the businessman in the lobby of the Alcron acknowledged that he felt it too.

And yet his question was a natural one all the same, and it is a good question to consider at the beginning of this three-part report on the huge hunk of Europe now ruled by Russia. For despite the surface appearance of "unspecialness" which the big satellite cities now present, there are still some things about Communist Europe which are special—very special indeed.

When the American businessman asked his question, I thought of another conversation I had had the day before with a pretty lady. Perhaps because she was so pretty I was unduly affected by what the lady said. She was, as the French say, "of a certain age," and she had many fine lines running out from the corners of her eyes, but she was still charming, and she must once have been really beautiful. She was standing with three small, quiet, neatly dressed sons in the courtyard of one of Prague's lovely cathedrals. I asked her in English something about the cathedral, and she shook her head and replied in French, and a halting conversation ensued—her French was good, but mine is not. We chatted a bit about the architectural marvels around us, and then I took a picture of her children with my one-minute camera—an invaluable icebreaker and conversation starter.

I gave her the picture, and asked her if she had any more children at home and she said no—and added something I didn't quite catch about her husband. I asked her what her husband did. She said he had been a lawyer, but that now he was a mine worker in a town about eighty kilometers away—and she hardly ever saw him. I asked her why, and she shrugged her shoulders and said, "The regime—he was of the *bourgeoisie*." Her eyes filled with tears, and suddenly we were both dreadfully embarrassed and we said good-by and went our ways.

It was a brief encounter and, as I say, I may have been unduly affected by it. There is a difference, after all, between sending a man to work in the mines, (Continued on Page 78)



Bucharest: The Reds put up this sign to convince Romanians that their buying power has increased by leaps and bounds since 1952.

Hula-hooper in Budapest, Hungary. The craze, now dead in the U.S., only recently penetrated the Iron Curtain.

Fashion show at The Yalta, a "luxury hotel" in Prague. For the favored few, life in East European capitals is comfortable. But, says the author, "there is still aching poverty in the villages and industrial slums."

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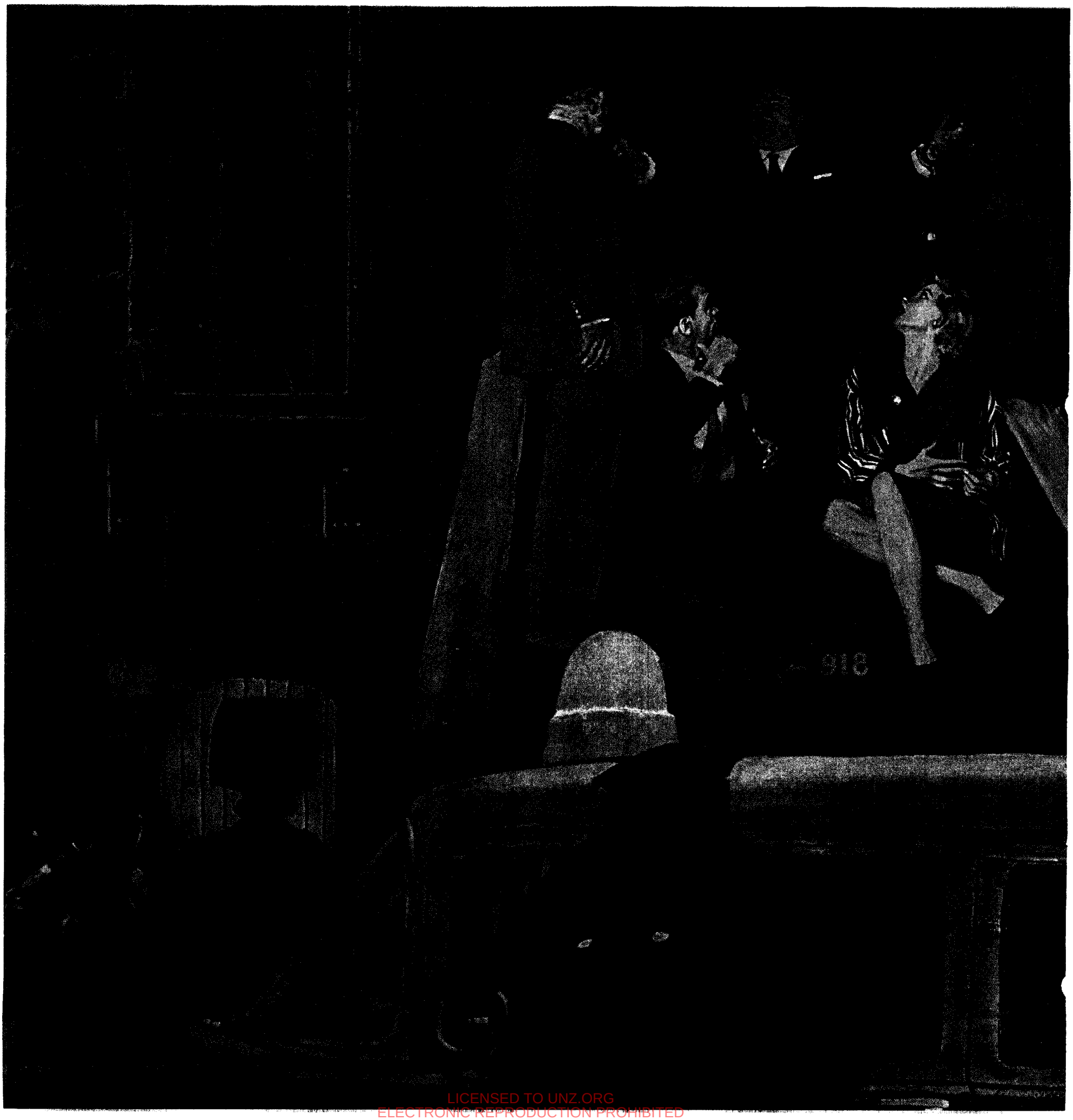
METHOD THREE FOR MURDER

It was a very convenient case for Nero Wolfe: The body was discovered right at his front door.

"What the devil is all this?" Nero Wolfe bellowed.



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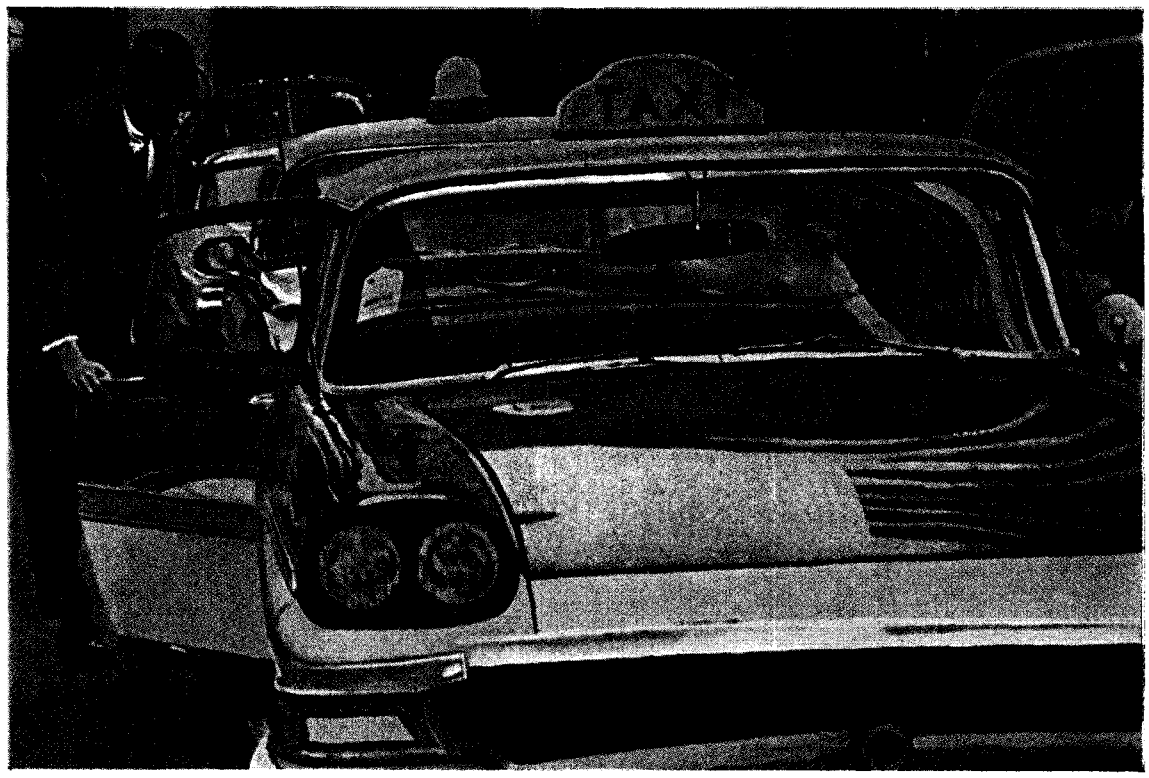
Beginning a new serial by

REX STOUT



There was enough light to see that it was a woman—or had been.

When I first set eyes on Mira Holt, as I opened the front door and she was coming up the seven steps to the stoop, she was a problem, though only a minor one compared to what followed.

At the moment I was unemployed. During the years I have worked for Nero Wolfe and lived under his roof, in the old brownstone he owns on West Thirty-fifth Street, I have quit and been fired about the same number of times, say, thirty or forty. Mostly we have been merely letting off steam, but sometimes we have meant it, more or less, and that Monday evening in September I was really fed up. The main dish at dinner had been pork stewed in beer, which both Wolfe and Fritz know I can get along without, and we had left the dining room and crossed the hall to the office, and Fritz had brought coffee and Wolfe had poured it, and I had said, "By the way, I told Anderson I'd phone and confirm his appointment for tomorrow morning."

Wolfe had said, "No. Cancel it." He picked up the book he was on, John Gunther's *Inside Russia Today*.

I sat in my working chair and looked across his desk at him. Because he weighs a seventh of a ton, he always looks big, but when he's being obnoxious he looks even bigger. "Do you suppose it's possible," I asked, "that that pork has a bloating effect?"

"No, indeed," he said and opened the book.

If I had been a camel and the book had been a straw, you could have heard my spine crack. He knew darned well he shouldn't have opened it until we had finished with coffee. I put my cup down.

"I am aware," I said, "that you are sitting pretty. The bank balance is fat enough for months of paying Fritz and Theodore and me and buying pork and beer in car lots, and adding more orchids to the ten thousand you've already got. I'll even grant that a private detective has a right to refuse to take a case with or without a reason. But as I told you before dinner, this Anderson is known to me, and he asked me as a personal favor to get him fifteen minutes with you, and I told him to come at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. If you're determined not to work because your tax bracket is already too high, O.K., all you have to do is tell him no. He'll be here at eleven."

He was holding the book open and his eyes were on it, but he spoke. "You know quite well, Archie, that I must be consulted on appointments. Did you owe this man a favor?"

"I do now that he asked for one and I said yes."

"Did you owe him one before?"

"No."

"Then you are committed, but I am not. Since I wouldn't take the job, it would waste his time and mine. Phone him not to come. Tell him I have other engagements."

So I quit. I admit that on some other occasions my quitting had been merely a threat, to jolt him into seeing reason, but not that time. When a mule plants its feet a certain way, there's no use trying to budge it. I swiveled, got my memo pad, wrote on it, yanked the sheet off, got up and crossed to his desk and handed him the sheet.

"That's Anderson's number," I told him. "If you're too busy to phone him not to come, Fritz can. I'm through. I'll stay with friends tonight and come tomorrow for my stuff."

His eyes had left the book to glare at me. "Pfui," he said.

"I agree," I said. "Absolutely." I turned and marched out. I do not say that as I got my hat from the rack in the hall my course was clearly mapped for the next twenty years, or even twenty hours. Wolfe owned the house, but not everything in it, for the furniture in my room on the third floor had been bought and paid for by me. That would have to wait until I found a place to move it to, but I would get my clothes and other items tomorrow. Would I come for them before eleven o'clock and learn from Fritz whether a visitor named Anderson was expected, or would it be better strategy to come in the afternoon and learn if Anderson had been admitted and given his fifteen minutes? Facing that problem as I pulled the door open, I was immediately confronted by another one. A female was coming up the steps to the stoop.

I couldn't greet her and ask her business, as it was a cinch she would say she wanted to see Nero Wolfe, and I couldn't carry on with a job I no longer held by returning to the office to ask Wolfe if he would receive a caller. Anyway I wouldn't. I couldn't step aside and let her enter by the door I had opened with no questions asked, since there was a possibility that she was one of the various people who had it in for Wolfe; and, while I might have considered shooting him myself, I didn't want to get him plugged by a total stranger. So I crossed the sill, pulled the door shut, sidestepped to pass her, and was starting down the steps when my sleeve was caught and jerked. "Hey," she said, "aren't you Archie Goodwin?"

My eyes slanted down to hers. "You're guessing," I said.

"I am not. I've seen you at the Flamingo. You're not very polite, shutting the door in my face." She spoke in jerks, as if she wasn't sure she had enough breath. "I want to see Nero Wolfe."

"This is his house. Ring the bell."

"But I want to see you too. Let me in. Take me in."

My eyes had adjusted enough to the poor light to see that she was young, attractive and hipped. She had on a cap with a beak. In normal circumstances it would have been a pleasure to escort her in to the front room and go and badger Wolfe into seeing her, but as things stood I didn't even consider it.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't work here any more. I just quit. I am now on my way to bum a bed for the night. You'll have to ring the bell, but I should warn you that in Mr. Wolfe's present mood there's not a chance. You might as well skip it. If your trouble is urgent you ought to ——"

"I'm not in trouble."

"Good; you're lucky."

She touched my sleeve. "I don't believe it—that you've quit."

"I do. Would I say so if I hadn't? Running the risk that you're a journalist and tomorrow there will be a front-page spread, 'Archie Goodwin, the famous private detective, has severed his connection with Nero Wolfe, also a detective, and it is thought ——'"

"Shut up!" She was close to me, gripping my arm. She let loose and backed up a step. "I beg your pardon. I seem to be —— You think Nero Wolfe wouldn't see me?"

"I don't think—I know.'"

"Anyway I want to see you too. For what I want, I guess you would be better than him. I want some advice—no, not advice exactly; I want to consult you. I'll pay cash, fifty dollars. Can't we go inside?"

Naturally I was uplifted. As I had left Wolfe, and since there was no other outfit in New York that I would work for, my only possible program was (Continued on Page 46)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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The Myths of Cooperstown

On the eve of the annual elections to baseball's Hall of Fame, a *Post* editor explodes some widely held notions about the game's home town.

By Harry Paxton

Above is the Abner Doubleday baseball, so named because it once belonged to a schoolmate of the game's purported founder. At rear is the director of The Hall of Fame Museum, Sid Keener.

Not many little towns have such broad reputations as the village of Cooperstown in upstate New York. Sports followers in every part of the country are familiar with the name. To the casual fan, Cooperstown means two things. It is the place where Abner Doubleday is supposed to have invented the game of baseball, and where the present-day rulers of organized baseball maintain their Hall of Fame.

Both of these popular notions about Cooperstown happen to be incorrect. The Doubleday legend has had so many holes punched in it that even Hall of Fame officials no longer vouch for it. As for the museum itself, it doesn't belong to organized baseball. The baseball people now contribute some money to it, but the real financial angel has been a private citizen whose name seldom is mentioned in the news dispatches out of Cooperstown and who obviously prefers things that way. Curiously he is a man with virtually no interest in baseball as such.

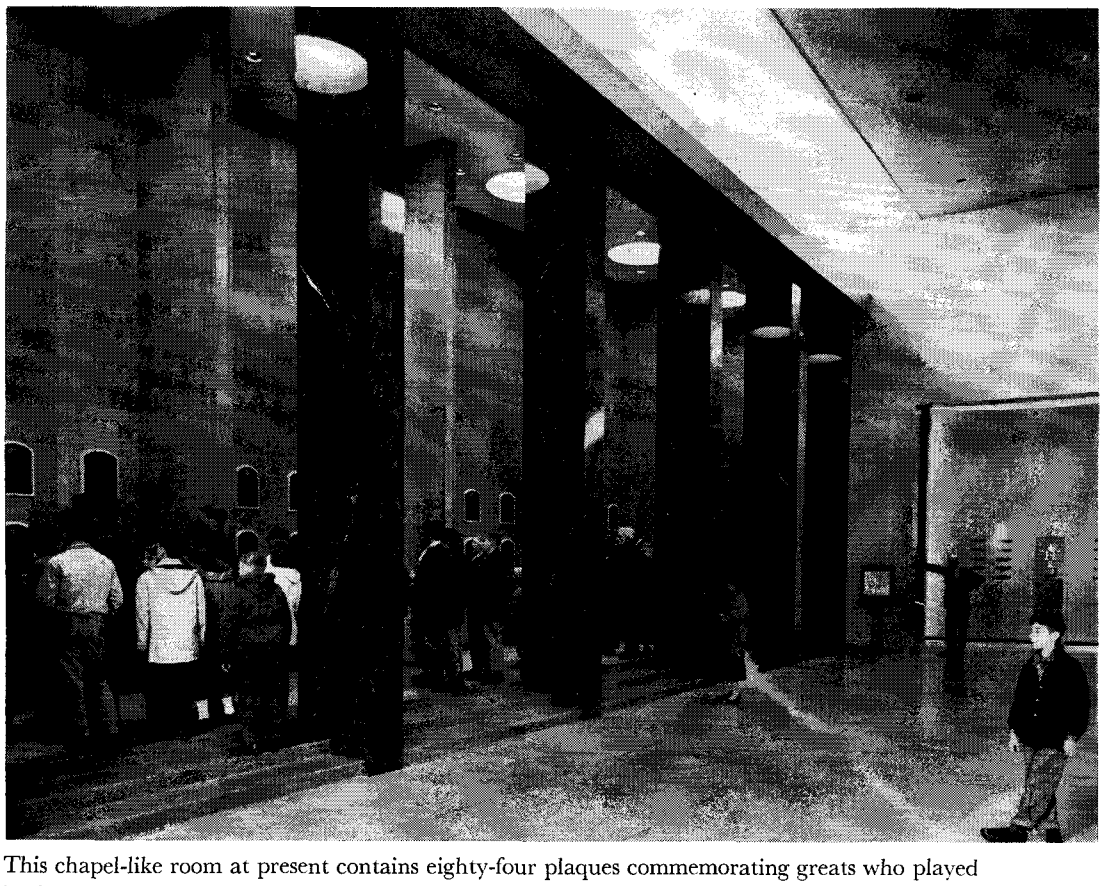
The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum is probably the subject of as many misconceptions as anything on the baseball landscape today. Few of the more than 1,500,000 visitors who have toured this immaculate colonial brick establishment, or of the tens of millions who read its annual Hall of Fame election reports each January, have any clear idea of how the whole thing started and how it operates.

It is a story full of bizarre twists and turns that extend back into the last century. For example, there would be no baseball museum in Cooperstown today if an aged mining engineer in Denver, Colorado, hadn't written a certain letter in 1905. And it isn't stretching things too far to say that there would be no museum had not Isaac M. Singer, the sewing-machine king, taken his patent problems to a particular New York City law office in 1850.

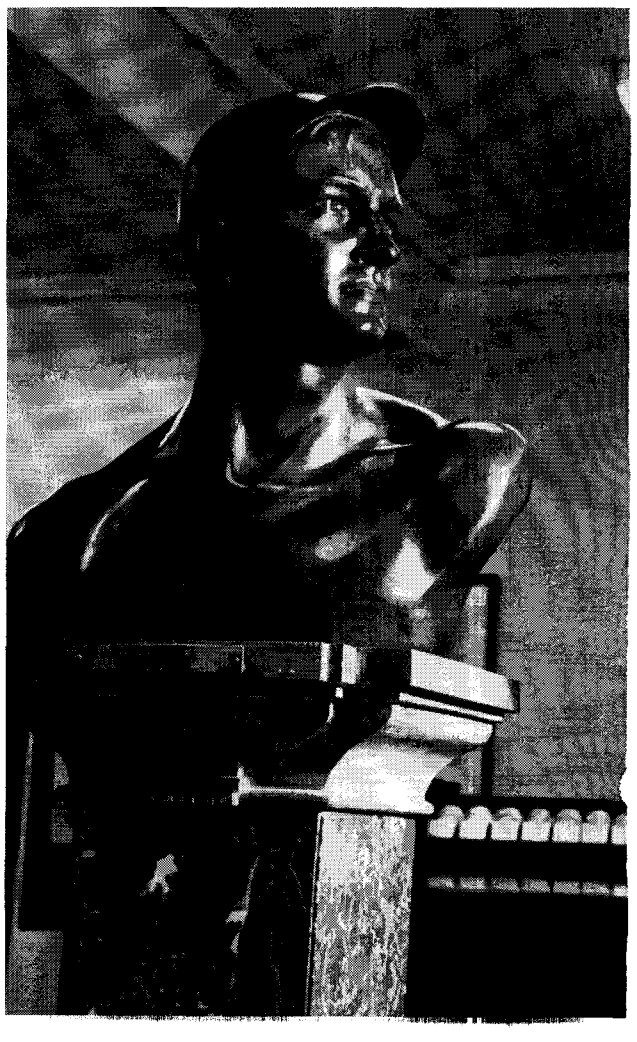
Although Cooperstown became a baseball shrine out of chance and error, the accident was a happy one in a number of respects. The museum building, which has been enlarged twice since it opened in 1938, is much more substantial than anything organized baseball conceivably would have erected with its own funds. Constructed along solid, clean-cut lines, with bright and airy interiors, it attractively displays an assortment of exhibits guaranteed to keep anyone with a feeling for baseball's traditions engrossed by the hour.

The surrounding area adds to the flavor of the place. Tucked away on the shore of Lake Otsego in the rolling country of central New York State.

(Continued on Page 62)



This chapel-like room at present contains eighty-four plaques commemorating greats who played in the period 1866 to 1951. Nearly 150,000 people visit the shrine each year.



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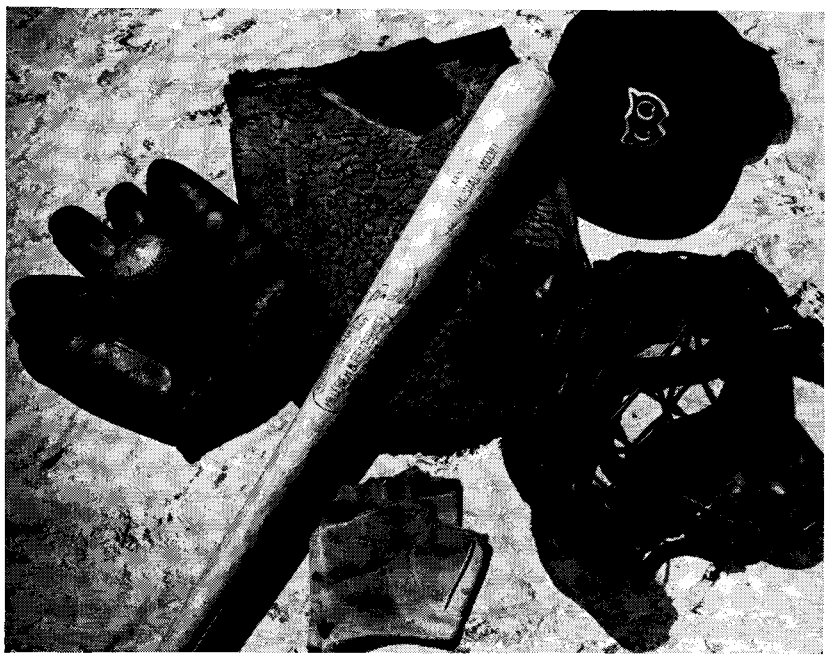
Cooperstown, June 12, 1939: Surviving heroes at baseball's hundredth anniversary. Standing: Honus Wagner, Grover Alexander, Tris Speaker, Napoleon Lajoie, George Sisler and Walter Johnson. Seated: Eddie Collins, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and Cy Young. Ty Cobb arrived too late to pose. Today only he and Sisler are alive.



Mementos of great moments: Ball and glove used by Cy Young when he pitched his 500th victory; the sliding pads Ty Cobb wore when he stole 96 bases in 1915; Red Sox star Joe Cronin's cap; the bat Stan Musial hit five home runs with in one day; an early fingerless glove and catcher's mask with earlaps.

Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick (left) and museum founder Stephen C. Clark, who has invested more than a half million dollars in the development of the Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.

The 13-year-old at left admiring the bronze bust of all-time pitching great Christy Mathewson may be a record breaker himself someday.

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He stared incredulously. His wife was climbing out of a sports car driven by a dark-haired crew-cut character with a mustache.

The Middle-Aged Blues

By STEVE McNEIL

When his wife, aged 41, started living it up, Harry wondered if there was any hope for him.

Harry Donovan did not really mind being forty-five years old, even though he was acutely aware of certain limitations. He had long since given up playing basketball in the Smiths' tennis court with the neighborhood youngsters. There was a marked disinclination to attempt a one-and-a-half off the springboard at the country-club pool, and he found himself looking forward to the Saturday-night dances with decreasing enthusiasm.

These, however, were the normal results of an aging process which had begun the day he was born. He still played eighteen holes of golf twice a week without any signs of total collapse. His hairline was receding slightly, and there was marked grayness at the temples. He conceded that he was perhaps a few pounds overweight, because in the real-estate-and-insurance business he spent much of his time sitting at a desk. Looking at himself in the mirror each morning, he was willing to admit that he looked forty-five years old, and this was all right with him.

He loved his dear wife, Molly, and his two children, Michael and Louisa. The children were twenty-two and nineteen, respectively. Michael was the image of his mother, with dark hair, gray eyes, heavy eyebrows, a cleft in his chin. The week after graduation from college, Mike had married his childhood sweetheart, and they were currently living in Los Angeles. Louisa was something else again. She looked like neither of her parents, and at times Molly insisted that they had somehow got her mixed up at the hospital when she was born.

She was a corn-silk blonde, with slanting green eyes, high cheekbones and a generous, laughing mouth. Even though she had been cod-livered, vitamined and fed to an exacting formula, there was still no reason for her being as beautifully built as a two-hundred-dollar watch.

"Look at those legs," Molly said at the country-club pool. "Did you ever see anything like them?"

Harry looked at his wife's legs. They were tanned, sleek and as flawless as a new hubcap. "Uh-huh. Yours."

Molly stretched one leg out, turning it this way and that. "M'm-m. Nice of you to notice."

It was not only that Harry noticed. Strange young men noticed—young men who looked at Harry as if they wished that he'd go find someone his own age. He didn't mind. He was getting used to it. When Molly was thirty-one, she had been refused a drink in a cocktail lounge because the waitress thought that she wasn't twenty-one.

Now she was forty-one. Her sleek hair, untouched by curlers or permanent-wave machines, swirled around her head, and you could search until your eyes rebelled without finding a gray hair. She had a tip-tilted nose, a clean, young mouth, and her teeth were even and white. There were no more lines in her face than you'd find on a new cooky sheet, and she was still as tasty as the strawberry shortcake which she would no more eat than a piece of pecan pie. Therefore, she was still, as on her wedding day, five feet three inches tall and one hundred and twelve pounds.

Up until a few years ago, Harry had been much amused, making references now and then to his "child bride," taking great delight in having Molly introduce Michael, six feet two inches tall, as her son, and seeing the expressions of incredulity on the faces of strangers. Now and then there were times when there were guarded questions as to whether Molly was Harry's second wife. Harry's sense of humor began to grow a bit thin.

Now he found himself wishing on occasion that Molly would grow up and start looking her age. He did not mind young men calling him "sir." (Continued on Page 40)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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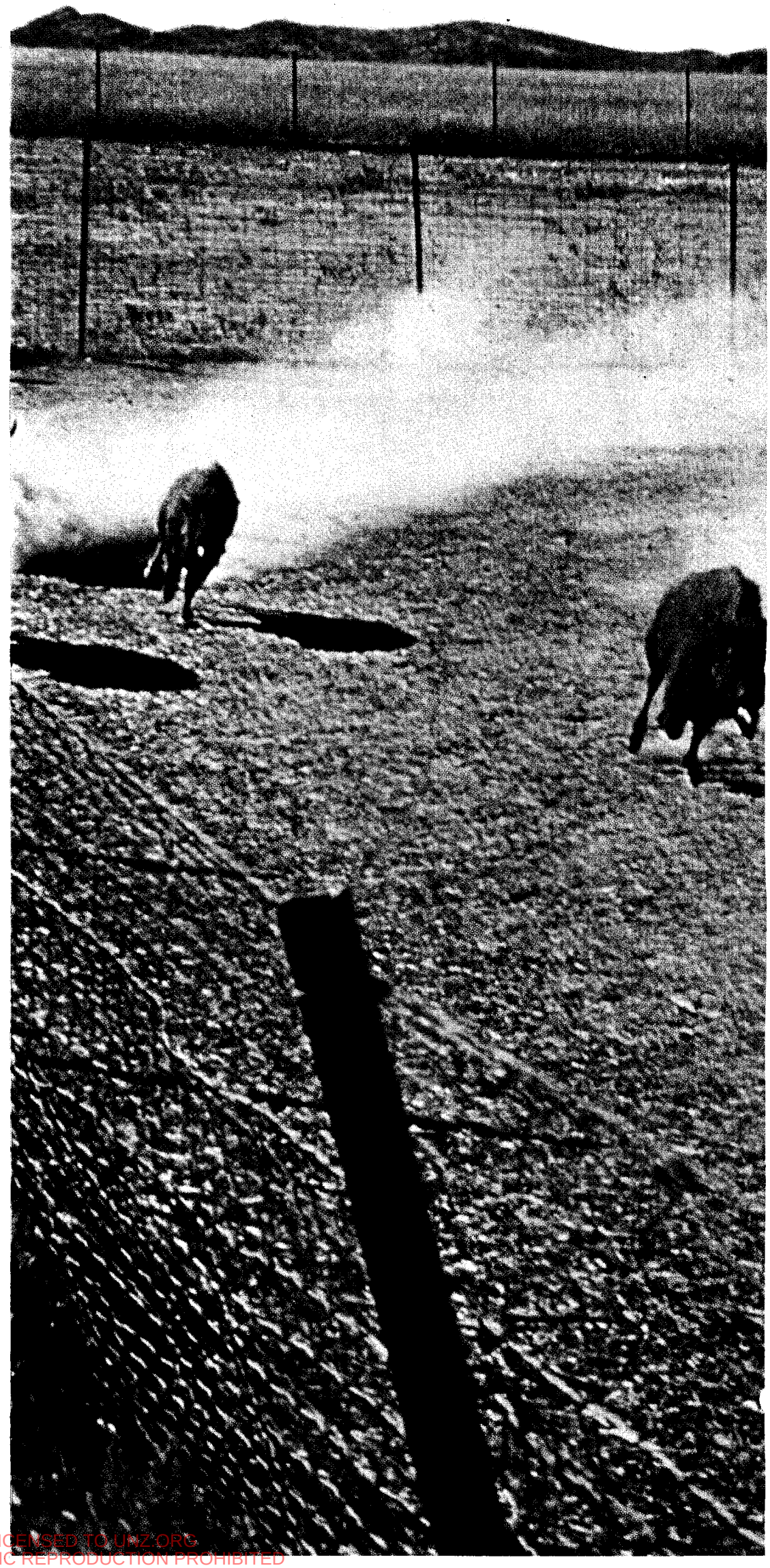
The Face of AMERICA

Buy a Bison?

Like an echo from the happy hunting ground, buffalo hoofs pound the sod on the 60,000-acre Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge in southwest Oklahoma. For these are relics of the thundering herds of *Bison bison*. Less than a century ago they still galloped across the Great Plains in countless numbers—a brown tidal wave of shaggy-headed beasts, miscalled buffalo, whose passage shook the earth and dusted the skies. They were a way of life for Sioux, Cheyenne, Blackfoot, Kiowa, Comanche and Crow who harvested the great animals with arrow and lance for food, clothing and shelter. Then came the white hunter, the pioneer, the railroader. Buffaloes were slaughtered by millions; their once endless sea of grass was broken and fenced; soon their bones bleached on the prairies for a thousand miles and more. When the Federal Government established the Wichita refuge in 1905, the "seed stock"—fifteen animals—had to be shipped in from New York City's Bronx Zoo, of all places. Today this herd numbers a thousand and would outgrow its range if the United States Fish and Wildlife Service did not donate surplus animals to zoos or sell them for breeding stock. If you hanker to own a genuine bison, the cowboy in this photo will catch one for you—prices have run around $140 recently. But remember, these beasts need lots of room, and those horns are more than decoration. • Photograph by Farrell Grehan



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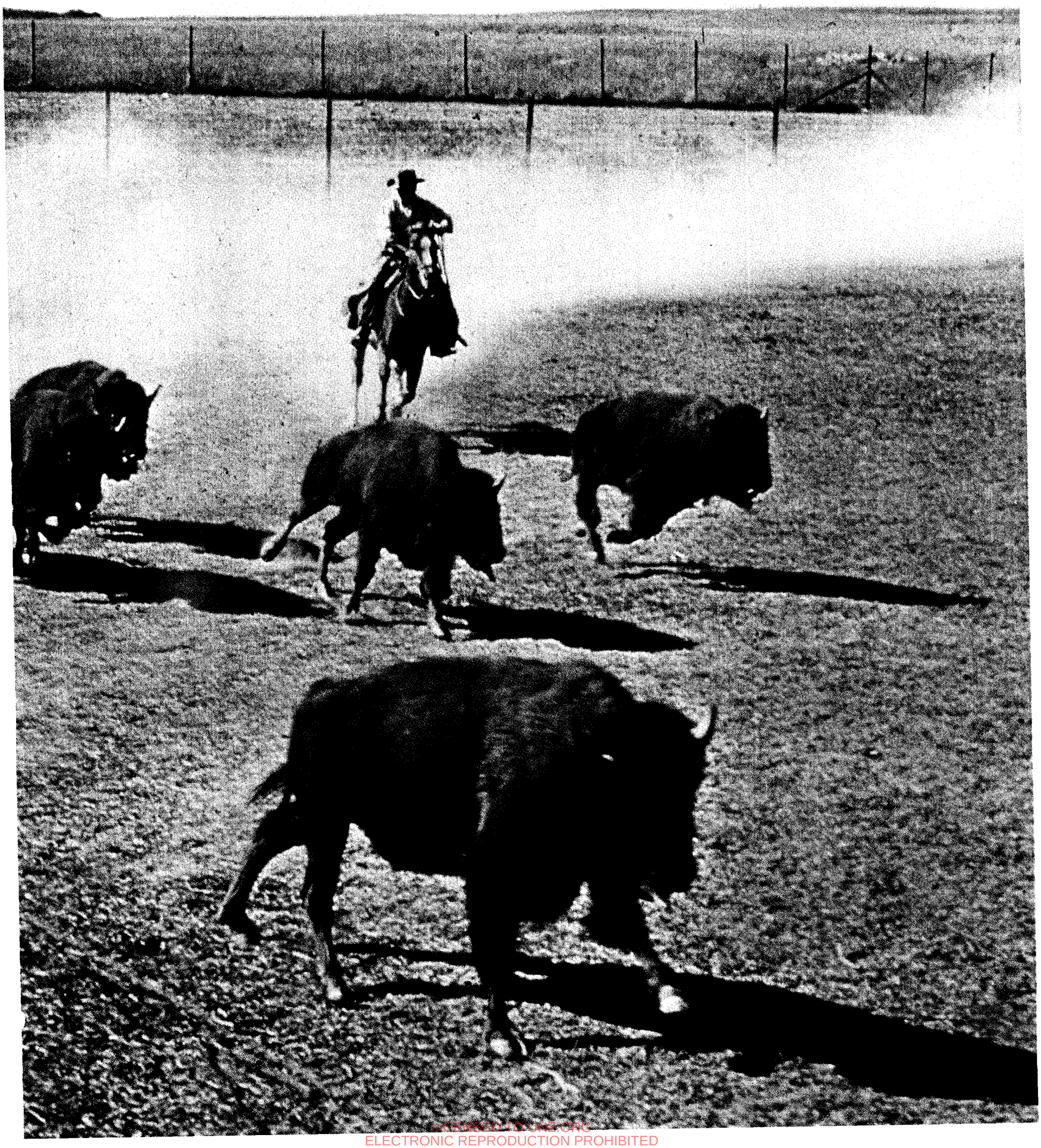

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"You better get out there and start turning your herd," Lacey said pointedly.

Warning at the Gate

By DUVAN POLK

On this parched desert, water was more precious than gold.

At the foot of Mitre Peak, where the gradual incline left off and the actual, sudden rise of the mountain itself started, was a windmill. The windmill, still and lifeless, stood like a sentinel over a small pond which mirrored in its unruffled surface the craggy, eroded head of the peak.

Around the pond and including perhaps an extra acre of the pebbly earth was a fence or, more correctly, a wall. It was made of rocks, this wall, placed flat one on top of the other and cemented together. In the southwest corner of the stockade the walls suddenly went up a few feet to form two sides of the cabin which nestled there—unlovely but very sturdy. The two windows and the door opened within the enclosure, causing the building to look more like the blockhouse of a fortress than a domicile.

The chest-high walls and the squatty strength of the cabin gave a feeling of security in the lonesomeness and the almost unendurable quietness of the land. The mountain, south of the house, resembled in some respects the breast of a woman. The monstrous mound, though steeply sloped, was carpeted with brown, withered grass and dotted with yucca and century plants. Shallow draws and deeper ravines crisscrossed the breast like exposed veins, and here and there huge boulders and occasional piles of boulders were scattered about; but these had slid in other times from the spires of the nipple which went up abruptly to comprise almost a third of the height of the mountain—a mass of incredibly eroded rock, practically bare of all greenery with the exception of lichens.

Isolated as it was from the main chain of mountains to (Continued on Page 58)

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COLLEGE FOR FIVE—IT'S MURDER!

By OSCAR KIESSLING

The author, who is a Government economist, tells of the financial problems involved in educating his children on $15,000 a year.

Isn't she wonderful," Alice whispered to me fondly as our eldest child, Julie, marched across the high-school auditorium stage with her classmates to get her diploma. Despite the oppressiveness of the humid June night, our other four children, strung out like stairsteps beyond Alice, beamed with family pride. "Yes," I whispered just as fondly, but with a trace of pessimism, "and when she gets her college diploma, she'll be miraculous."

My pessimism stemmed from no scholastic shortcomings on Julie's part. Our parental hearts swelled a few moments later when her name was read among those on the scholastic honor roll. But my recent experience with the scholarship mirage had convinced me that for parents of moderate means, putting five children through college was going to be a formidable, nip-and-tuck proposition, even for an economist with a doctor's degree like myself, accustomed to juggling millions of dollars—other people's money, of course.

Until a few weeks before, I had naïvely supposed that a virtually painless solution to my college problem lay in the scholarships available for bright and needy students. I had been reading about them for years. Certainly Julie was bright; a practically straight-*A* average showed that. Pete, two years younger, was going great guns in science, especially chemistry; and Brenda, two years younger than Pete, had just won a junior-high spelldown and was in the top echelon of her class. Deborah, then nearly ten, and Douglas, three years her junior, were still in elementary school, but in the fast track—the advanced learner groups—of their classes. As for proving need, I certainly held all the cards. Where, I would ask, is there a family of moderate circumstances with five children that isn't automatically in need?

Well, that was six years ago, and I know better—or worse—now. In fact, what amazes me most is how a parent as realistic as I thought I was, could goof so on the scholarship business. It was soon painfully apparent that colleges were not knocking on our door with attractive propositions, and so I began making a few discreet (Continued on Page 67)

The Kiesslings at their Falls Church, Va., home. From left: Alice Kiessling, who is a psychiatrist; Deborah, 15, a high-school sophomore; Julie, 23, a private-school biology teacher; Peter, 21, a senior at St. Lawrence University; Brenda, 19, an Oberlin sophomore; the author; and Douglas, 12, a seventh-grader.

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May 6, 1955, their first date. Prince Rainier escorted Grace around his palace grounds the day they met. They didn't communicate again until their Christmas meeting in Philadelphia.

I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE BY PETE MARTIN

PRINCE RAINIER FALLS IN LOVE

PART TWO

April 19, 1956: The prince and his bride were married by the bishop of Monaco at the Cathedral of St. Nicholas. At center, wearing glasses, is Father Francis Tucker, the prince's personal chaplain. He played Cupid in the couple's transatlantic courtship.

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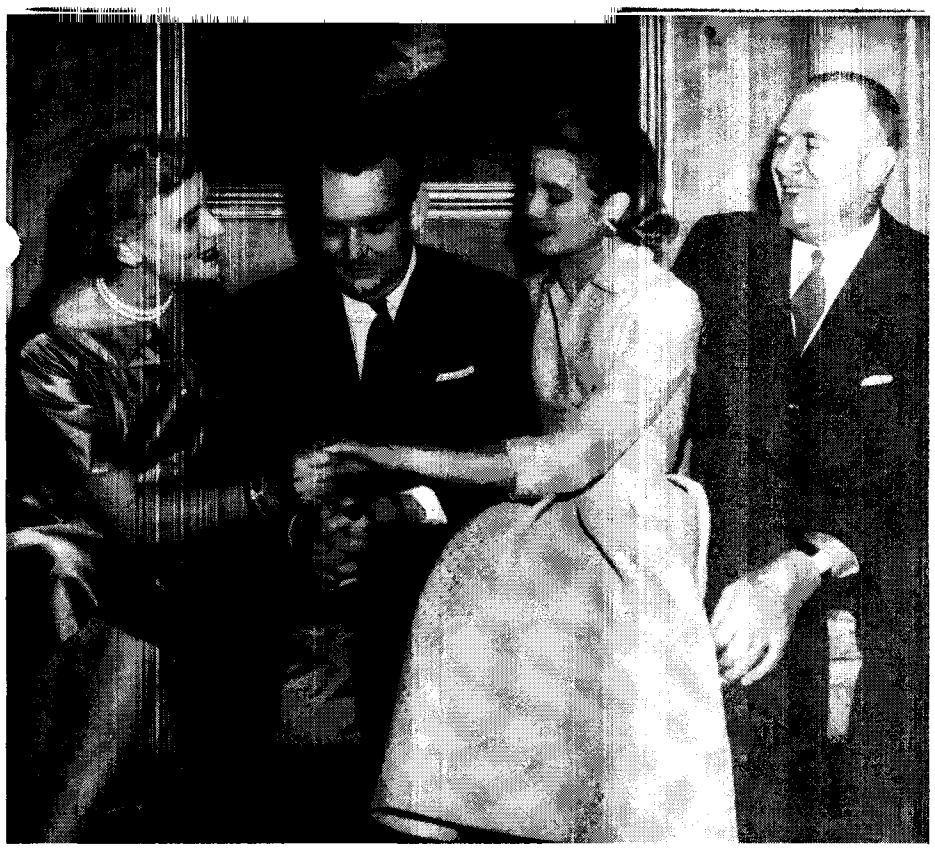
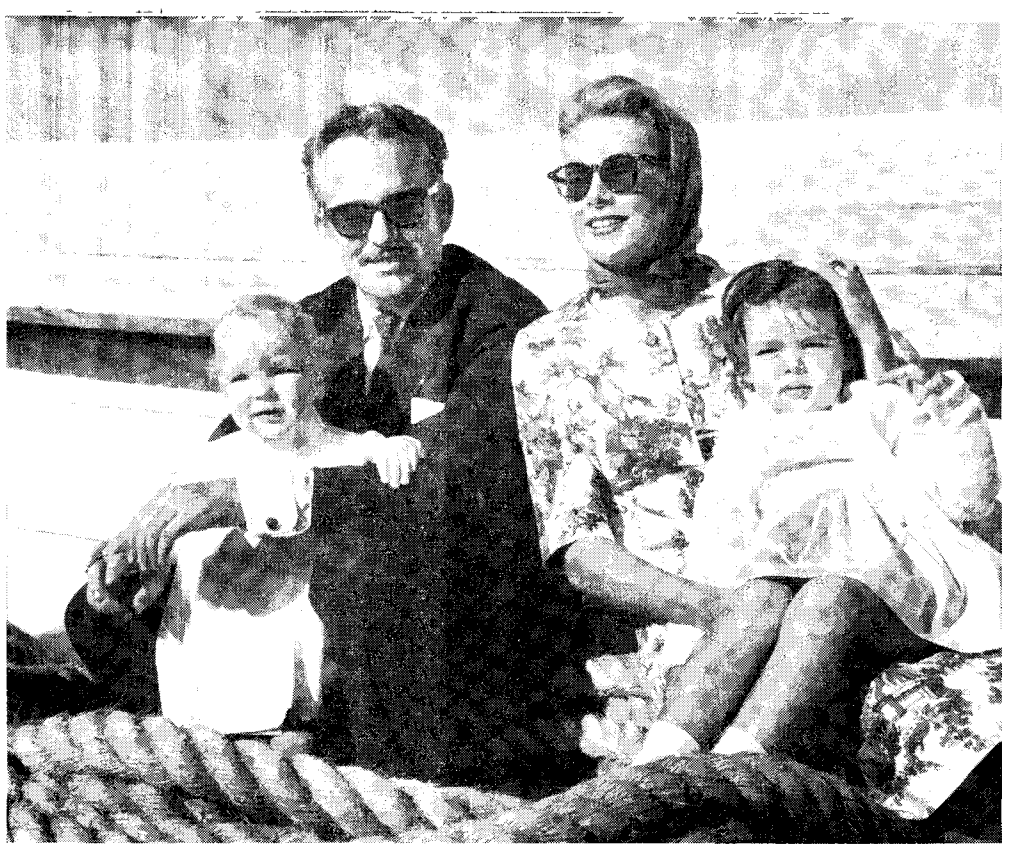


Philadelphia: Grace with her fiancé and parents, Margaret (left) and Jack (right) Kelly, on January 6, 1956, the day after the pair became engaged.



"I'd like to have more babies," says Princess Grace, shown here with her husband and children, Princess Caroline, 3, and Prince Albert, 22 months.

The story behind the former Grace Kelly's romance, revealing the Cupid role played by Monaco's matchmaker priest.

"I haven't asked you the most important question of all," I said to Princess Grace. "How did you meet Prince Rainier? I've been told that the time was 1955, when you visited Cannes for the annual film festival, but I'd like to hear your version."

She said, "Pierre Galante, one of the editors of *Paris Match*—he's married to Olivia de Havilland—asked me if I would go to Monaco so he could make a picture story of my visit for his magazine. He was anxious for me to meet Prince Rainier. He promised to make the arrangements. I said I'd be happy to if I had the time."

"Is it true," I asked, "that if you'd had more time you would have chosen another dress instead of the one you wore? Somebody told me you were unhappy afterward because your dress had a strong floral design which seemed a little busy for a photographic story. I think 'busy' is the word for it. I've heard also that you had to rush your hairdo so frantically that when you took off for Monaco from Cannes in a car, you still had a towel wrapped around your head."

"It was hectic," she admitted. "I had had a press conference that morning in Cannes with hordes of newspapermen and I spent the morning talking and posing for pictures; then, at the end of that session, somebody said, 'We have to go to Monaco at once!'

"'It's impossible,' I said. 'I can't.' For one thing, my entry in the film festival was being shown that evening; so the whole thing seemed madly out of the question. Also I was a little put out that no one had told me sooner that this was the day to go to Monaco. But somehow I did it. There was no time to have lunch; I just got dressed, did up my hair and dashed. To make things even worse, our car had an accident on the way, but we made it in time." It didn't sound quite like a springboard for romance, but I waited for her to go on.

"I met the prince," she said. "And we wandered around the palace and the palace gardens. Then there was another dash back to Cannes, where the American representatives to the film festival were holding a reception that evening, and I was to be in the receiving line. I had to shake hands with fifteen hundred people. After the reception I myself gave a dinner party for ten people, and after that my film was screened. To wind things up, Paramount gave a party for me which ended at four o'clock in the morning. All in all, it was a pretty wild day; but as hectic as it was, it was the most important day in my life, for one of the people I met that day was the man I was to marry."

I thought it would be interesting to get somebody else's version of that meeting. I had been told that Father Tucker, the palace chaplain and pastor of the Church of St. Charles in Monte Carlo, was popularly regarded as a white-haired, rubicund cupid in canonicals who helped bring about the engagement of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly, so I spent an unhurried afternoon in Father Tucker's study while he told me the story of his part in the betrothal. "I had never met Grace Kelly at the time she dropped in at the palace when she happened to be in Cannes for the 1955 Film Festival," he said. "As she has probably told you, her visit with the prince and to the palace was arranged by the Paris news-photographic magazine, *Match*."

(Continued on Page 92)

Ironically, she portrayed a marriageable princess who falls in love with a commoner in *The Swan*, with British actor Alec Guinness. The 1956 film was one of the last she made.

Grace played opposite Stewart Granger in *Green Fire* (1954), probably the least enjoyable role of her short acting career.

The movie she and her husband often show for friends is *To Catch a Thief* (1954), which she made on the Riviera with Cary Grant.

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THE BOY FROM THE WOODS

What was the strange gift he brought out of the depths of the forest?

By RICHARD SAVAGE

It was late in the afternoon, almost dusk, when the last of the campers had left. The head counselor had taken a large group to the city by train; parents had driven up to collect the others. Now the final car was just departing up the camp road, while the director stood with hand raised in a farewell gesture. His smile remained fixed for some moments after the car was out of sight. Finally he relaxed, and the smile—affable but professional—slowly faded. As he stood there motionless his gaze became almost vacant, reflecting the blankness of the nearby pine woods, where the trees stood so still in the lengthening shadows that they seemed to have lost even the memory of motion. Within that dark wall of pine trees was a sanctuary of stillness, of mystery; for the present unfelt, unsensed by the man who confronted it.

So sunk was he in this strange lassitude that he didn't hear the approach of the camp's caretaker. "Yah, sure, it's yust going to be kind of lonesome without the kids," said the wiry old Swede, resting on his upturned wheelbarrow.

With an effort Warren Cole roused himself, trying to push up out of the depths into which he'd fallen. "That's right, Fred," he said absently. "It's always lonesome just after they leave." But he knew he was troubled by something more than the sudden emptiness of the cabins and the playing fields. Somehow there was no longer the sense of fulfillment he had once felt during his early years of camping. Something was missing. Vaguely he had sensed this more than once during the past few years, but had always shrugged off the discontent, attributing it to some problem of the moment.

"And ay want to say," rambled the good-natured Swede, "they were one nice bunch of kids, yah, sure! Yust helped me lots of ways. Ay got to know them pretty goot."

Cole felt himself give an inward start. Confined to his office in the main lodge, tied up with countless administrative details, how many boys had he really got to know? At meals he saw them and sometimes at the night's activities in the main lodge, but ——

"Yes," said the director mechanically, "they were nice kids."

"Oh, it was a goot season, Mr. Cole. Yah, sure, a goot season." Fred saw the need for cheering his employer.

"That's right, Fred." The tone was hollow, the words barely audible. But somewhere in the recesses of his mind Cole made an additional comment. *Yes, a good season. Program clicked . . . nearly a hundred boys . . . made more profit than I've ever had from a season. . . .* Suddenly he straightened up and for the first time looked directly at his caretaker.

"It was a good season, Fred." He paused. "But it's going to be my last." He spoke with determination, almost fiercely. The decision was made. But he didn't know whether he felt better for it or not. There was a moment of silence. The caretaker scratched the stubble on his jutting chin and swallowed a few times, staring at his employer.

"Aren't you feeling so goot, Mr. Cole?" asked Fred, helpless to think of anything else.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the director. He tried to recover his usual brisk manner. "We'll talk about it later, eh?"

Fred nodded. "Well, ay guess you'll be wanting supper soon," he said, too bewildered to question the matter further. "So you yust come to the kitchen when you're ready, and ay will ——"

"Don't bother fixing me anything tonight, Fred. I'll get myself something a little later. You go on now and eat your own supper. I'll—I'll just wander around for a while."

He listened till the footsteps and sound of the wheelbarrow had faded up the path toward the main lodge. Stillness again. A deep, primordial stillness, yet big with life—the myriad life waiting, listening in the forest. Each motionless (Continued on Page 74)

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

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Quite suddenly the boy appeared
at the edge of the woods.

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Is there widespread cheating among the recipients of Aid to Dependent Children?

Does this billion-dollar-a-year program for fatherless families foster illegitimacy?

Are We Paying an "Illegitimacy Bonus"?

A report on the abuses.

By LEONARD GROSS

Early last year I called upon the welfare director of a turbulent Midwest county to investigate a wave of public resentment that had swept over this country's Aid to Dependent Children program.

In Philadelphia, I told him, the district attorney had stated that "a hard-core group of young colored girls" in that city could be found "down at the corner taproom . . . buying drinks for the boy friend" with public funds intended to feed their illegitimate children. In several states legislators had charged that promiscuous women were conceiving babies out of wedlock in a deliberate attempt to live off the taxpayers. North Carolina lawmakers had just proposed that these women be sterilized after two such births.

In New York City a social worker had gained wide publicity for his assertion that in fully 65 per cent of fatherless-family cases, the mothers were gypping taxpayers in one way or another—one of them for as much as $200 a month. Whereas many of these "ADC mothers" swore they had been deserted, they simply hid husband or boy friend when investigators came around.

Report after report had portrayed social workers buffaloed by cheats. If the charges were true, the Aid to Dependent Children program—founded under the Social Security Act of 1935 to keep fatherless families intact—had become a national game of fraud. In 1959, for the first time, its stakes would surpass $1,000,000,000.

How, I asked the welfare director, had a program so humanely conceived become as much an object of public scorn as the illegitimate children it was increasingly obliged to keep alive?

Instead of answering me the director asked if I was willing to put the question to members of his staff. I said of course. The next day he presented them—twenty-three social workers massed silently at a conference table, every one with hostile eyes on me.

(Continued on Page 69)

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THE OTHER WIFE

How can a man love another woman without being faithless to the one he married?

By JACK FINNEY

"...Will let me know the number of the pattern," my wife was saying, following me down the hall toward our bedroom, "and I can knit it myself if I get the blocking done."

I think she said blocking, anyway—whatever that means. And I nodded, unbuttoning my shirt as I walked; it had been hot out today, and I was eager to get out of my office clothes. I began thinking about a dark-green eight-thousand-dollar sports car I'd seen during noon hour in that big showroom on Park Avenue.

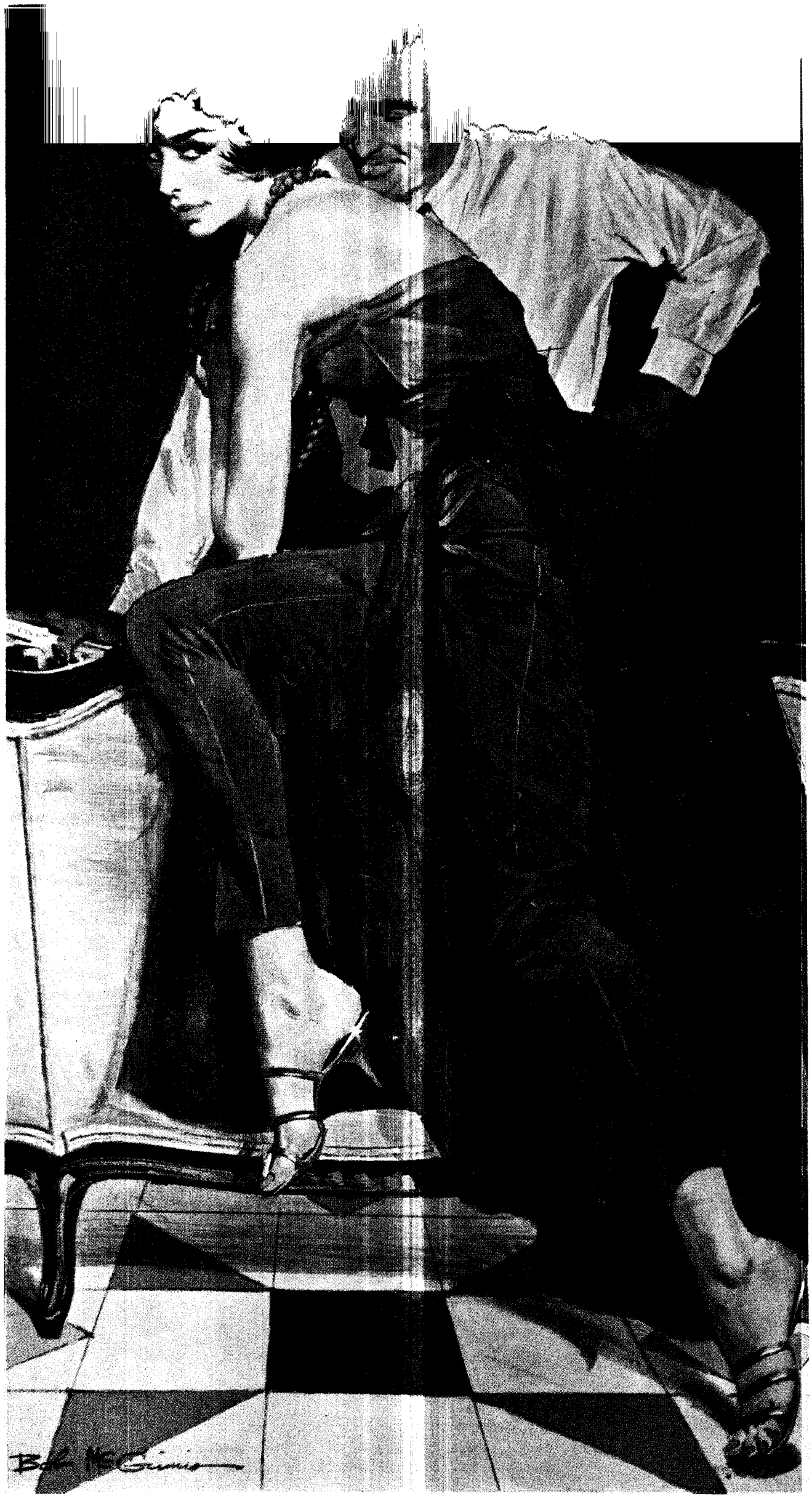
". . . kind of a ribbed pattern with a matching freggel-heggis," my wife seemed to be saying as I stopped at my dresser. I tossed my shirt on the bed and turned to the mirror, arching my chest.

". . . middy collar, batten-barton sleeves with sixteen rows of smeddlycup balderdashes. . . ." Pretty good chest and shoulders, I thought, staring in the mirror; I'm twenty-six years old, kind of thin faced, not bad-looking, not good-looking.

". . . dropped hem, doppelganger waist, maroon-green, and a sort of frimble-framble daisystitch. . . ." Probably want two or three thousand bucks down on a car like that, I thought; the payments'd be more than the rent on this whole apartment. I began emptying the change out of my pants pockets, glancing at each of the coins. When I was a kid there used to be an ad in a boys' magazine; "Coin collecting can be PROFITABLE," it read, "and FUN too! Why don't you start TODAY!" It explained that a 1913 Liberty-head nickel—"And many others!"—was worth thousands, and I guess I'm still looking for one.

"So what do you think?" Marion was saying. "You think they'd go well together?"

"Sure." I nodded at her reflection in my dresser mirror; she stood leaning in the bedroom doorway, arms folded, staring at the back of my head. (Continued on Page 54)



"Now I know why I go to the office every day," he said. "It's so I can come home to this."

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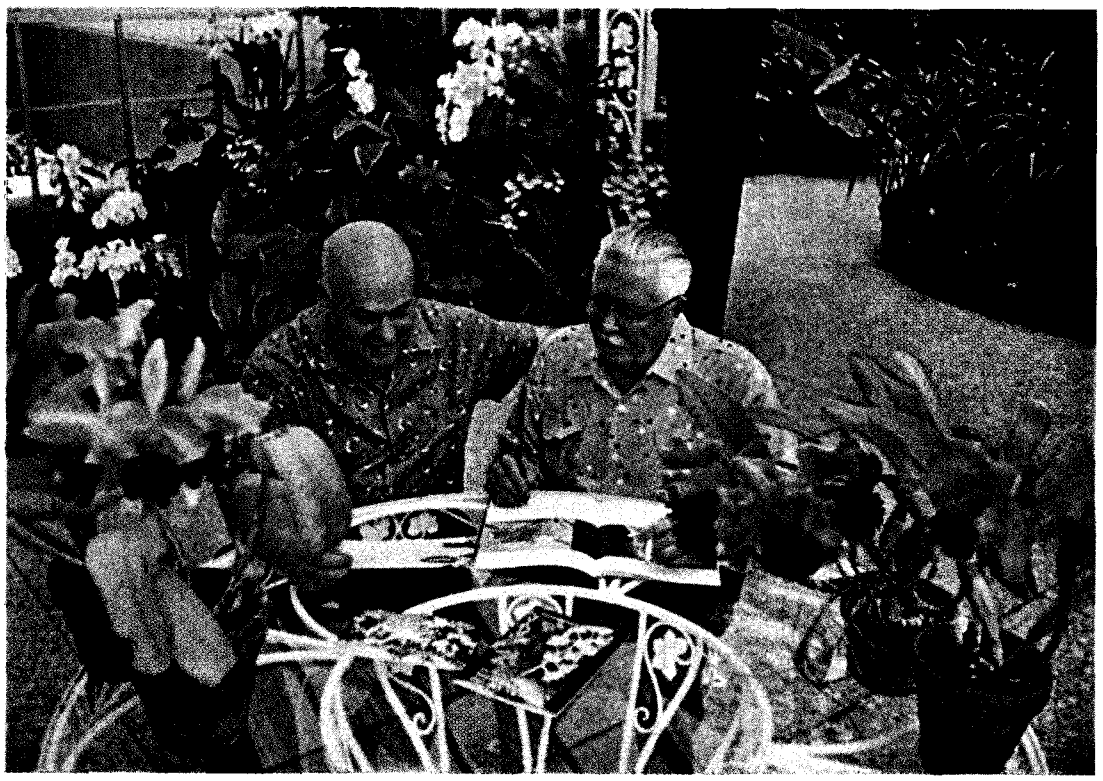
ORCHIDS for EVERYBODY

Long one of the most exotic of flowers, the orchid may become as common as the carnation because of the plant-growing wizardry of this California oil millionaire.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR



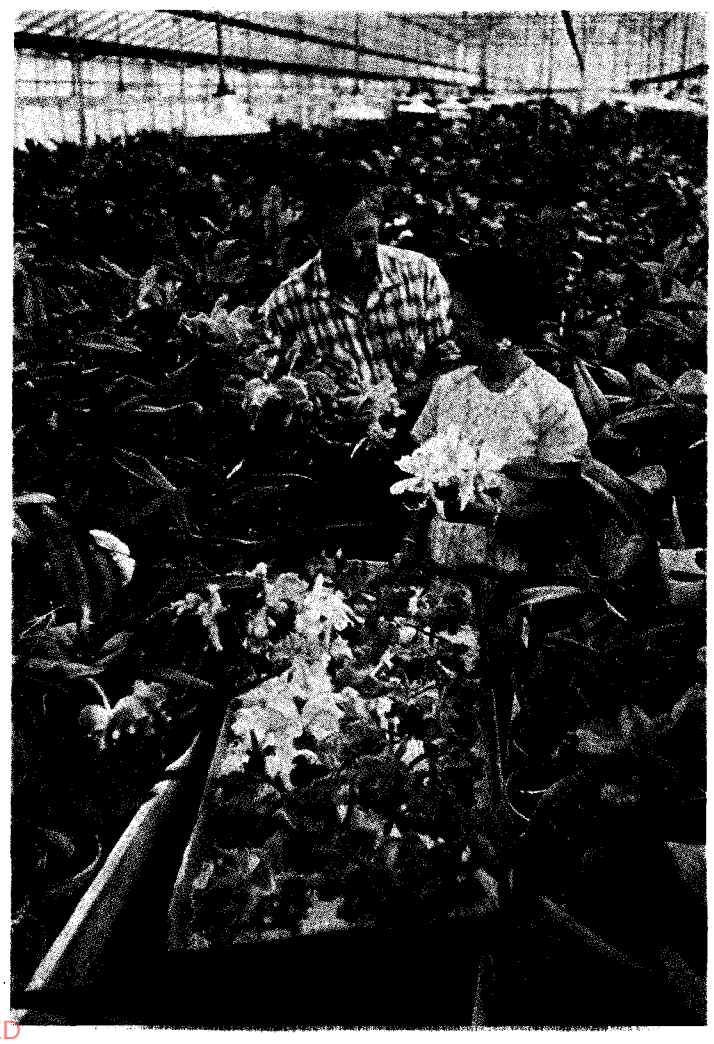
Oilman Sam Mosher (right) with Kermit Hernlund, the flower grower who helped him turn his orchid-raising brainstorm into a multimillion-dollar business. Hernlund now manages the revolutionary operation.

The old-fashioned notion that an orchid is a luxury, something a woman can expect to wear only on Mother's Day or when fancied up for a theater party, long has annoyed a round, jolly California oilman named Samuel B. Mosher. As a result, he now operates the world's most prodigious orchid farm, and his ambition is to grow so many of the once-rare flowers that every housewife can afford to keep a spray of them on the breakfast table. Exposure to the beauty of orchid blossoms, believes Mosher, would undoubtedly put the whole family in an inspired mood for the entire day.

In his crusade to make orchids an everyday item, Mosher has ruthlessly expedited the love life of his favorite flower, has outraged old-line fanciers who have prospered by propagating orchids on a rarity basis, and has sparked a technological revolution in this staid branch of the flower industry. Aided by Kermit Hernlund, a stout, balding engineer, Mosher has been able to produce orchids on a factory-in-the-field scale, in much the same way that other California farmers grow lettuce and carrots.

Normally the life span of the orchid, from dust-fine seed to full-blown blossoms, is seven years or more; but Mosher and Hernlund have developed ingenious methods which condense this cycle to just three summers. Ten years ago there wasn't an orchid on Mosher's seaside Rancho Dos Pueblos, seventeen miles north of Santa Barbara, but today there are around 3,000,000 of them growing there, most of the adult plants thriving outdoors with only laths of screens to shade them from the sun, while a few of the more tender varieties grow in humidified (Continued on Page 88)

Dos Pueblos orchid farm is situated on a 4500-acre tract seventeen miles up the Pacific Coast from Santa Barbara, Calif. Its annual yield is 2,000,000 blossoms.



These lavender blooms are cattleyas, the most familiar of all orchids. Dos Pueblos harvests about 10,000 cattleyas a week.

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The tropical glade above, an exhibit in one of the Dos Pueblos public greenhouses, simulates the orchid's native habitat. Visiting camera clubs often bring along their own models to pose amid the greenery.

At right, the Rosanna "Pinkie," pedigreed parent of many of the amazing Dos Pueblos hybrid orchids. The original plant was purchased from the Rothschild collection in England. Mosher has rejected offers of $1000 for a single "Pinkie" blossom, because its valuable pollen could launch a rival hybrid farm.

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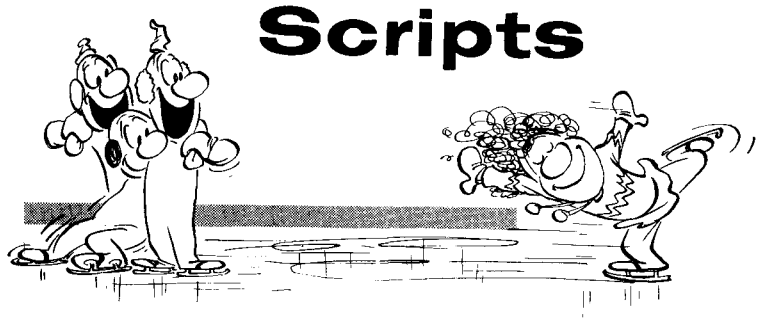
Post Scripts



Trophies

His walls are crowded
With elk and moose,
Marlin and mallard,
Grouse and goose.
Her trophies are rather
Few and slim.
In fact, all she ever bagged
Was him.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Shirt Tale

Who could iron them like no other?
His mother.
Who thanks her stars for new drip-dry?
I.

BETTY ISLER

"I think we'd better have another little talk."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Spreading the News

June, 1954

Someone new has come to town:
Little Miss Melinda Brown!
Golden ringlets, big blue eyes,
We just have to advertise!
Born on Thursday, June the three,
Weighed six pounds (she was quite wee);
Daddy Joe and Mommy Sue
Think she's darling -- so will you!

Joe and Sue Brown

Are pleased to announce

Susan Elizabeth Brown

Born August 2, 1955

Blue eyes, reddish-gold hair

Weighed seven pounds, two ounces!

Announcing
Patricia Anne
Born November 14, 1956
7 lbs.
The Joe Browns

Marcia Lee Brown

December 4, 1957

... and that's about all the news for now. Oh, by the way, we had another girl right after the holidays.

Love,
Sue

Jan. 17, 1959

HEADLINE NEWS!! STOP-PRESS!! HEADLINE NEWS!! STOP-PRESS!!
STOP THE PRESSES!! IT'S A BOY!! GOOD NEWS TODAY!! A BOY!!!
GOOD NEWS!!! OH, BOY!
OH, BOY!! GOOD-
IT'S A BOY!! NEWS!!
BOY, OH, BOY! BOY--
GOOD NEWS! OH-
IT'S A BOY!! BOY!!
HEADLINE STOP--
NEWS!!!! PRESS!!
STOP THE HEADLINE-
PRESSES! NEWS!!
GOOD NEWS IT'S A BOY!!!
TODAY!!! GOOD NEWS!!!
IT'S A BOY!! STOP-PRESS!!
STP-PRESS!! OH, BOY!!!
BOY, OH, BOY! IT'S A BOY!!
GOOD NEWS!! STOP
HEADLINE NEWS! THE
STOP PRESS!! PRESSES!!!
IT'S A BOY!! GOOD NEWS TODAY!! HEADLINE NEWS!! STOP-PRESS!!
HEADLINE NEWS!! STOP-PRESS!! HEADLINE NEWS!! STOP-PRESS!!

IT'S A BOY!

JOSEPH TRENTON BROWN, JR.
BORN JANUARY 30, 1960
WEIGHT: 7 lbs. 15½ oz.
PROUD PARENTS:
JOE AND SUE BROWN
(SNAPSHOT FOLLOWS.)

KAY NELSON

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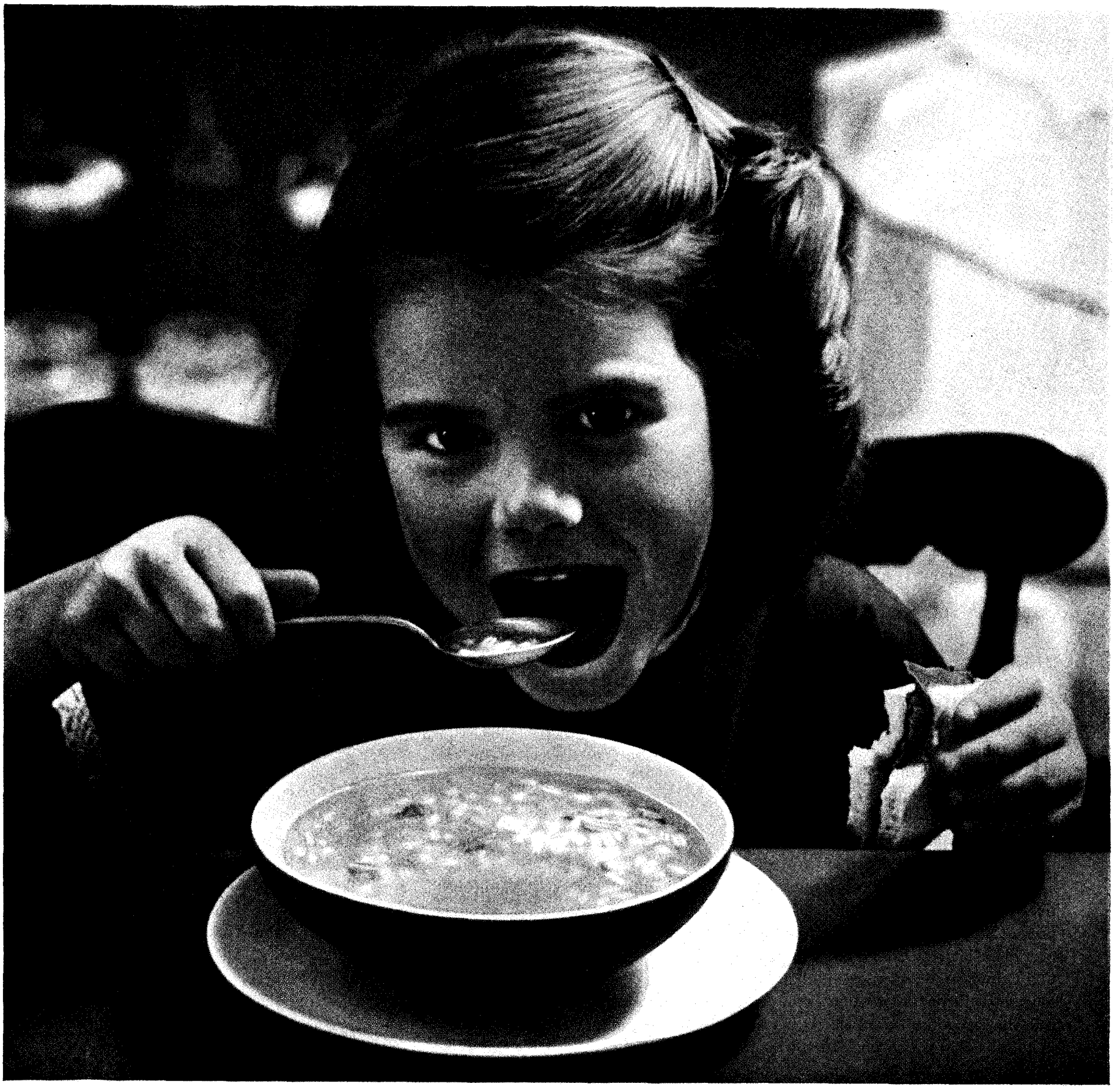

Good things begin to happen . . .

when the lady of the house has soup for lunch

She's the star of the tricycle set—and anyone can see what good things are happening to her! A good healthy appetite. A nice, happy disposition. It's a sure bet *her* mother knows what good things soup can do for little girls (and boys, too).

For soup has proteins and vitamins and minerals to help boys and girls grow good and strong. And soup looks so good, smells so good, tastes so good—children just naturally clean the bowl.

That's Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup our little miss is wolfing down. Sunny, golden broth. Tender chicken meat. Fluffy, long-grain rice. No wonder she loves it so.

And it's only one of dozens of wonderful Campbell's Soups that make lunch nourishing for boys and girls. Vegetable Soups. Beef Soups. Chicken Soups. Soups that can give the whole family an extra measure of good nutrition every single day.

By the way . . . *have you had your soup today?*

Once a day...every day...enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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An Appreciation of Old Crow On Its 125th Anniversary

By ROBERT RUARK

Newspaper columnist and author of "Poor No More," "Something of Value," and "The Old Man and the Boy."

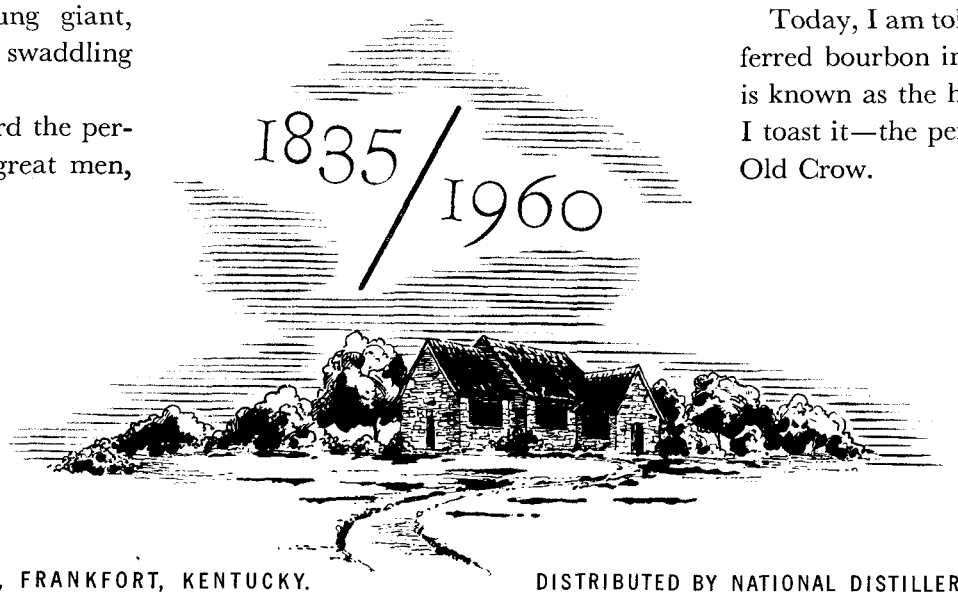
I am a writer and not a professional whiskey expert, but as one familiar with the American scene, the name of Old Crow is one I've known for quite a piece of my life hereabouts.

I have read that it was Old Crow that raised the quality of bourbon from a native, primitive level in Kentucky to its present high standards. When it first appeared in 1835, the experts of the day said Old Crow was the finest quality bourbon anyone had ever tasted. It was the first time that scientific methods had been used in the making of bourbon. In a way, it marked the temper of the times. It was another example of the young giant, America, coming out of its swaddling clothes.

It is rare for history to record the personal whiskey preferences of great men, but there are newspaper articles, books, letters, printed reports of speeches, etc., with particular references to Old Crow. For example: Henry Clay, the brilliant statesman and Senator, is reported as riding far out of his way to meet James Crow and personally order Old Crow by the barrel for his Washington home. Daniel Webster, one of the great intellects of our country, pronounced Old Crow "the finest in the world." Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, John C. Breckenridge, General John Hunt Morgan, Kentucky's Governor Letcher, were among other leaders who publicly praised this great Kentucky product.

There is a record that Mark Twain personally ordered it for his favorite tavern in Elmira, New York. Jack London said Old Crow was "best," and O. Henry called it "superb." There are also records indicating that Old Crow was such a prized brand that over the years it had to defend itself against over 1,800 imitators and forgeries.

Today, I am told, it is still the most preferred bourbon in all our land. Today it is known as the historic bourbon. Today I toast it—the perfect bourbon, good old Old Crow.



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY. DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY. 86 PROOF.

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The Monitor Affair

She was beautiful and knew influential Yankees. She made a perfect rebel spy.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"It is not a ship," John Ericsson told his young assistant, Eric Nelson. "It is a revolution." Ericsson's "revolution" was his *Monitor*, a warship of radical design. With its iron hull and rotating gun turret it could, said the crusty Swedish inventor, sweep wooden navies from the seas. However, despite the imminence of war between the North and South, short-sighted officials in Washington refused to authorize the building of the ship. Ericsson was too outspoken for their taste, and his ideas too wild.

Elsewhere Ericsson's genius did not go unappreciated. Carlotta Ouverard, a Southern conspirator operating in New York City, was already laying plans to win Ericsson's services for the rebel cause.

II

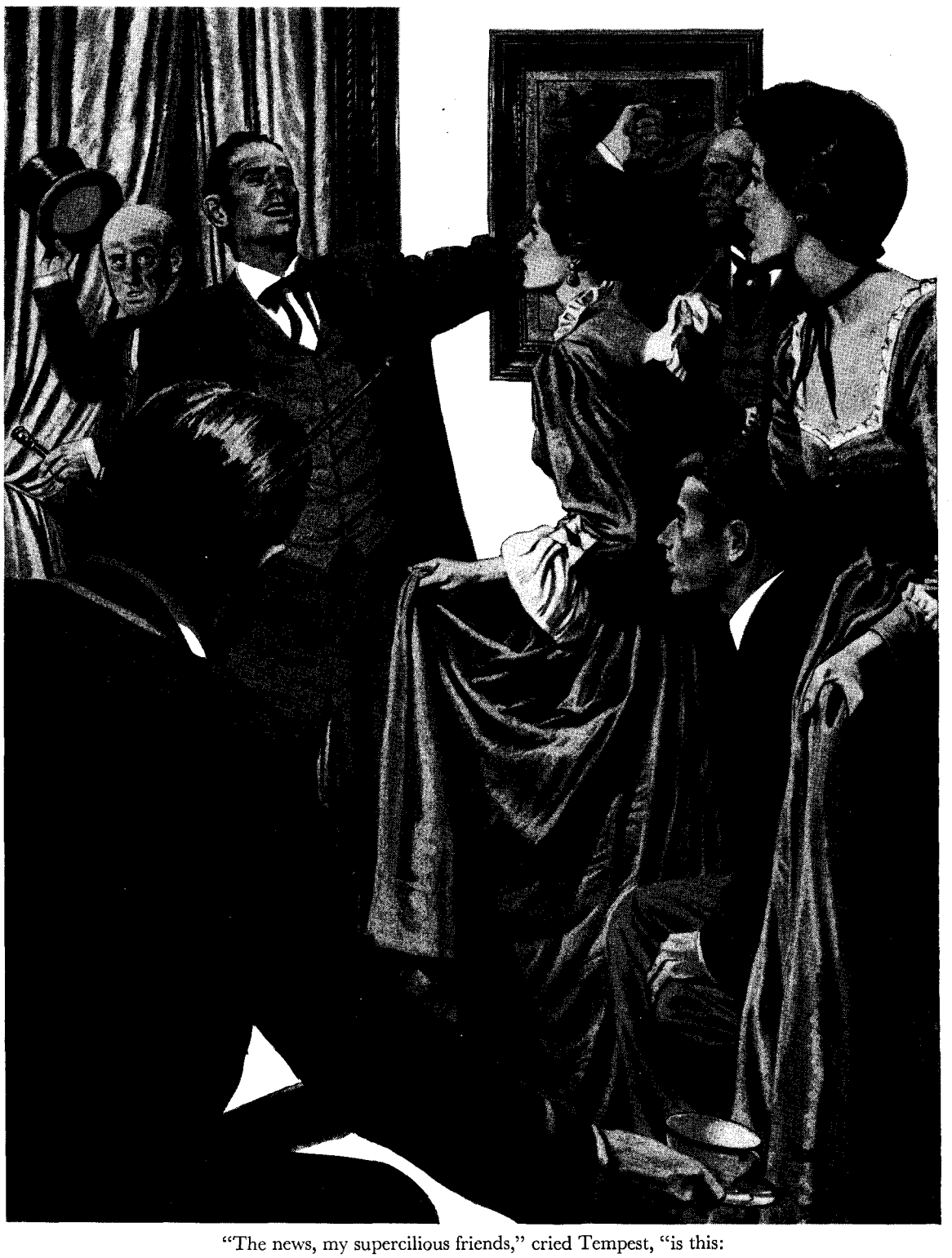
John Ericsson sat in a straight-backed chair in his office, a cloth fastened around his neck to protect his coat while a barber did his artistic best with the great engineer's hair. It was graying, which Mr. Ericsson resented, and he was not in the least embarrassed that Eric Nelson—or for that matter any other visitor—should watch the barber applying dye. If someone raised his brows Ericsson would set him right with vigor. "I have fifty-eight years," he would bellow. "To grow old I do not like. My hair betrays my age. I wish to look young. Not for others. I do not give a damn if others think I am old or young. But for myself. When I look in the mirror I am angry to see gray hairs. So I dye them. I fool myself. Why not? They are my hairs."

"You do not look a day over forty, Sir John," Eric said with mock earnestness. The young man had studied carefully John Ericsson's moods and humors, and knew when he might venture upon a jocular familiarity, or when it was safest to be gravely respectful. Frequently he ironically addressed his employer as Sir John. It was a title rightfully his because the Swedish Government had created him a Knight of the Order of Vasa, in recognition of his scientific accomplishments. Ericsson was proud of this honor, as he was of the many other marks of esteem conferred upon him by governments and organizations. But he pretended to scorn them.

"You make fun," he said indulgently. "I also make fun. Titles! Honors! You do not eat them. You do not pay wages with them. Royal Academy of Sciences! Ho! I am a member. But no salary. New York Mechanics Institute awards me this gold medal for inventing that fire engine. It I cannot sell. Member of this. Fellow of that. Honors when I need cash! Look you. For years I work to perfect this warship *Princeton*. With my propeller. With engines. For that do I get even empty honors? No. I am reviled. The thousands of dollars the Navy owes me are withheld."

His voice was bitter now as it always was when he mentioned Washington and the armchair officers and bureaucrats who had dealt so shabbily with him and who regarded him and his abilities with backward-looking skepticism. Because on a trial trip of the *Princeton*, a gun—not of his designing—had exploded, killing members of the Cabinet: Secretary of State Upshur, Secretary of the Navy Gilmer and other important persons. Though he was in no way blameworthy, a stigma attached itself to his name.

Ericsson had vowed never again to go to the nation's Capital or to have dealings with the men who ruled the Navy. And yet, with his Nordic, practical (Continued on Page 83)



"The news, my supercilious friends," cried Tempest, "is this:
The war between the North and South has just begun!"

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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR—AND NO NEW CAR LIKE THE 1960 BUICK LE SABRE FOUR-DOOR HARDTOP

YOU'LL FEEL A NEW DRIVING THRILL IN THE EASIEST HANDLING, BEST RIDING BUICK YET!

According to many enthusiastic owners, the best thing of all about this best of Buicks is the way it drives. For all its substance and power, it's so responsive to the driver, so easy to handle, so effortless to park. Ask your Quality Buick Dealer to let you take a turn behind the wheel of a Turbine Drive Buick. Discover first hand how enjoyable driving can be.

BETTER BRAKES—Today's traffic and today's roads call for safer, more durable, more reliable brakes than ever. In repeated tests over punishing mountain roads, Buick's extraordinary brakes—fin-cooled with aluminum drums up front—easily out-perform competition. The Buick brakes stop best and last longer. These exclusive brakes are built into every Buick.

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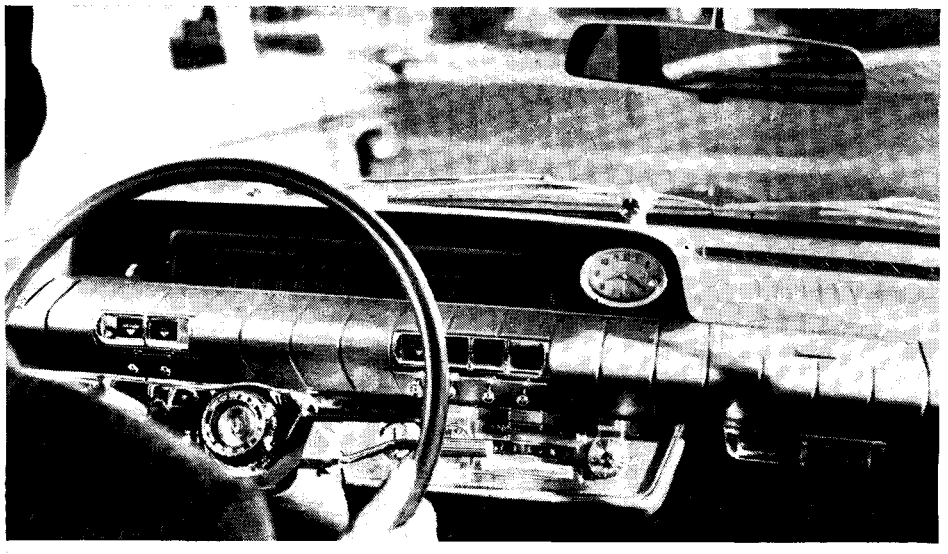
SMOOTH, TROUBLE-FREE TURBINE DRIVE*—No lag, no lurch, no click in a Buick—just a smooth flow of power under your control at all times. Turbine Drive is truly different. Other automatic transmissions must shift gears, but when you put your Buick in "Drive," no gears ever shift. And Turbine Drive stays smooth indefinitely, without adjustment, because it operates without many of the parts which are required in conventional automatic drives.

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST ON LE SABRE, STANDARD ON INVICTA AND ELECTRA



BIGNESS AND HANDLING EASE—Big country. Big roads. Big families. Big trips. No point in cramping anything or anyone. Today's family needs a roomy car. It also needs an agile one. So Buick builds a good, strong, quiet, solid, safer, family-size automobile . . . that handles and parks and answers its driver with little effort and great certainty.

POWER AND ECONOMY—Effortless cruising and quick, sure passing call for more reserve power than a driver normally uses. Everybody wants this extra spirit, but nobody wants to squander gasoline money to get it. Today's Buick Wildcat V-8 engines put at your beck and call plenty of reserve to handle easily and surely any driving or passing situation you are likely to encounter. Yet these superbly efficient engines are amazingly modest users of fuel. (An alternate new LeSabre engine gives Buick performance on money-saving regular gas.)

TAKE A TURN IN THE
TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60

BUICK'S ALL-TIME BEST!

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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The Middle-Aged Blues (Continued from Page 20)

But he did feel that the same young men should refer to Molly as "ma'am" instead of "doll."

But he supposed the crowning blow was when he informed Louisa that he was going, one weekend, to Eugene, to see his college basketball team play the University of Oregon. "It'll be good to see Jack again. He was my basketball coach in college, you know."

Louisa looked up from a stack of hi-fi records. "Gee, dad, is he still alive?"

"Certainly he's still alive. I'm not ninety years old, you know. Jack isn't more than fifty-two or fifty-three."

"Oh," Louisa said doubtfully.

"When you're forty-five, you'll realize that you aren't exactly senile. After all, I'm a few years younger than Cary Grant."

"Gee, I didn't know he was that old. He certainly doesn't look it."

Harry left the room, mumbling to himself. The plain implication was that although Cary Grant didn't look his age, Harry Donovan most certainly looked his.

He went into his den, settled down in a big leather chair and opened a book. Presently, Molly came in, sat down and said, "Harry, do you think I have any talent?"

"Talent? What kind of talent?"

"I think a woman with her family practically raised should have an outlet."

Harry put his book aside and frowned inwardly. Molly now, he knew, was in one of those moods of hers in which, from time to time, she became dissatisfied with her role as housewife and mother and started speaking vaguely of "outlets" and "hobbies" and "living a full, rich life."

"Good idea," Harry said. "What sort of outlet did you have in mind?"

"I don't think we should just sit and stagnate," Molly said.

"I didn't know," Harry said, "that we were sitting and stagnating."

"But we are," Molly said. "We've become too complacent, content to settle down and grow old ungracefully." Molly stood up and started pacing the den. "We used to dream of Italy and France and Brazil. We used to have a zest for living. We were young in heart and mind and body. Now look ——"

"Molly, we aren't kids any more."

"I know that," Molly said, "but we don't have to act like grandma and grandpa. You go to the office each day, play golf Thursday and Saturday afternoons, and the rest of the time collapse like a broken stepladder when you come home. You're overweight, which ——"

"All right," Harry said sharply, "so I'm a few pounds overweight, but let's not make a Federal case out of it."

"Which makes you dull, tired and uninterested in anything but the office and thirty-six holes of golf a week."

"How did all this get started?" Harry yelped. "I'm sitting here, reading a book, not giving anyone any trouble. I'm not dead yet, but what's all this talk about weight, and being dull and tired. Why," he said, waving his arms, "Louisa thought that Jack Friel was dead because he was my college coach. What are you trying to do—turn back the clock? I know you don't look anywhere near forty-one, so ——"

"And I'm not going to act like forty-one, either." Molly said. "I'm going to do something with my life."

"Fine," Harry said. "Do something."

"I'm glad you approve," Molly said. "I intend to." She marched out of the den.

Harry sat and stared at the wall. *It will pass, Donovan. This has happened before and it will happen again.* However, he did not like that crack which Molly made about his being overweight, which made him dull, tired and interested only in his job and thirty-six holes of golf. What did she want him to do—take up sports-car racing, or weight lifting or rush home each night with flowers and murmur, "Come with me to the kasbah"? And what wild scheme did she have now for doing something with her life? Harry picked up his book. *Don't speculate, Donovan. It will get you nowhere. Probably, after a good night's sleep, Molly will concern herself more with a recipe for veal-scallopine than with doing something significant with her life.* On this happy thought, Harry Donovan went to bed.

The next day he walked into his office and greeted his secretary, Mrs. McKenzie, a gray-haired woman of indeterminate years and vast disenchantment. He sat at his desk and got to work. Presently he said, "Mrs. McKenzie, do I seem old to you? Do I seem dull and tired?"

"What are you doing—thinking up a television commercial? Take Super-dooper for pink blood."

"Never mind."

"You're forty-five years old."

"I know."

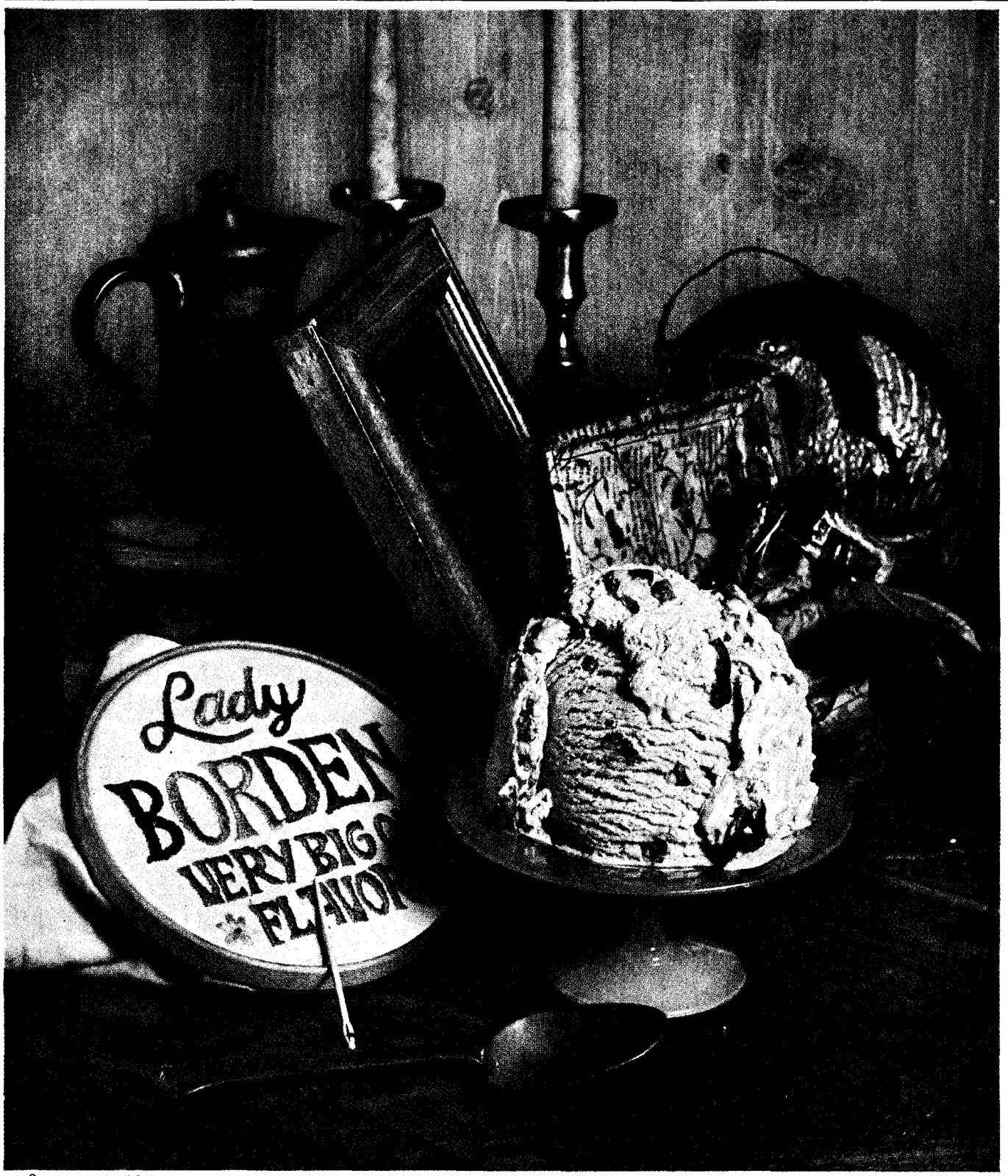
"You look forty-five—no more, no less. Don't fight it."

"I am in complete agreement. I just thought ——"

"So Molly still looks like a college girl. You can't fight that either."

"I don't want to fight it."

"Well, you can't join it, so forget it."



©1960, THE BORDEN CO. AVAILABLE IN CANADA IN QUEBEC AND ONTARIO PROVINCES

Lady Borden New Black Cherry Crisp—well worth inventing a holiday, so you can pamper yourself with it today. Made with that old-time patience it takes to gentle real, thick cream into spooning-rich ice cream. Plus a dash of the new-in-flavor—succulent black cherries, surprised with bits of crunchy bisque. This kind of luxury costs a bit more...but the reward in flavor is very, very big!

Vanilla, too, has that very special flair in Lady Borden's Burgundy Carton.

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"Sometimes I wonder why I don't fire you," he said.

"Sometimes I wonder why I don't quit."

"Now that we have that settled, let's get to work," Harry said.

On his way home that night, Harry picked up a dozen long-stemmed red roses. The price made him wince, but he had long since learned that nothing hauled Molly out of one of her moods like an unexpected gift. She loved presents and always tore into the box like a kid on Christmas day, and always said, "Oh, Harry! You darling!" She often shed a tear or two and always saved the card.

Harry wrote on his card, "These were the loveliest I could find. Too bad they don't do you justice."

He marched into the house and yelled, "Molly!" There was no answer. Frowning, he put the roses on the coffee table and mixed a Martini. He had just finished when Louisa came home.

"Where's your mother?" he said.

Louisa shrugged. "Darned if I know, dad. She got all gussied up about ten this morning and left. She didn't say where she was going."

"I see," Harry said.

At six o'clock he heard a car in the driveway. He went to the window and looked out. Molly was climbing out of a sports car which, Harry knew, was priced at around six thousand dollars. At the wheel was a crew-cut character with a mustache, who smiled at Molly, and took off.

Molly came bursting into the house, as radiant as a sunbeam. "Oh, you're home, Harry. I know I'm late, but I have the most wonderful news." She saw the box of roses on the coffee table, opened the box, glanced at the roses, said, "Harry, you're sweet."

"I got long-stemmed ones," Harry said.

Molly took off her coat and said, "Sit down, Harry."

Harry sat down. "Who was that joker who brought you home?"

"Dale DeForrest," Molly said.

"Oh. Who's he?"

"You never heard of Dale DeForrest? He just owns the most exclusive gown shop in town. And Harry, don't start shouting and waving your arms, but I'm going to work for him."

"Selling gowns?"

"Well, not exactly."

"What do you mean—not exactly?"

"Well, that's what I started out to do. Edith Dennison told me that there was an opening down there for a saleswoman, and that he preferred young matrons because they weren't always sitting around talking about their boy friends instead of taking care of customers. So I went down and applied. Well, he was just darling."

"Yeah?" Harry said.

"And would you believe it! Dale DeForrest is forty-eight years old. Why, he doesn't look a day over thirty-five. Of course, he has that lean and hungry look. Well, anyway, we got talking, and he couldn't believe that I was forty-one."

"Sounds like a mutual-admiration society."

"And he wants me to be a model! Isn't that just the most wonderful thing you ever heard?"

"A what!" Harry shouted.

"Model. Part-time, of course. The rest of the time I'd be a saleswoman."

"Oh, no you don't! I am not going to have my wife parading around in a negligee before some old joker buying it for his girl friend. I will not ——"

"Oh, simmer down. I'm not going to parade around in any negligee. I will merely model gowns for prospective buyers. Is there anything wrong in that? Dale said that I certainly had the figure for it."

"Oh, it's Dale, is it? And what does he call you—doll?"

"Why, Harry, you sound jealous."

"I am not jealous," Harry said, "but Mr. Dale DeForrest just better understand that you are an employee of his and nothing else. I know these guys and their models. I wasn't born yesterday. Him and his mustache and his sports car and his looking thirty-five. I don't suppose he has a wife tucked away somewhere, knitting his socks while he's being charming?"

"I wouldn't know," Molly said airily. "But there's no denying the fact that he is forty-eight and that he does look thirty-five."

"Well, bully for him," Harry muttered.

The next morning Harry performed the unaccustomed task of driving his wife to work on his way to his own office. He pulled up in front of the imposing building that had a sign which said simply, DEFORREST'S.

"What time shall I pick you up?"

"Oh, don't bother," Molly said. "Dale will probably drive me home, or I can take a cab."

Harry drove to his office in a state of extreme disenchantment. He hung up his coat and hat and stared out of the window.

Mrs. McKenzie came into the office. "The bank called," she said, "about the insurance on the Times Building."

"All right," he said.

"All right!" she said. "If you remember, you worked on that deal for a week, and it's a nice chunk of business."

"O.K., O.K., so it's a nice chunk of business." He turned away from the window. "Do you know a character by the name of Dale DeForrest?"

"I've heard of him," Mrs. McKenzie said. "At my age and state of disrepair, hearing of him is as close as I'll get. He gives lessons to wolves and prefers young married dames. I hear he has a houseboat on the river and a cruiser that's out of this world."

Harry gave a slight leap. "Is that so?"

"Uh-huh. Why? You going to sell him some insurance?"

Harry shook his head. "Molly has suddenly decided to be a career woman. She went to work for him today."

Mrs. McKenzie gave some thought to the matter. "Well," she said finally, "if you have to take a shot at him, don't miss. You'd have a full platoon of husbands willing to chip in for a good defense attorney."

Harry spent a great deal of the morning gloomily engrossed in his own thoughts and shortcomings. The fact of Molly's going to work for Mr. Dale DeForrest didn't bother him so much as the events leading up to the fact. Molly had never shown any signs of becoming really discontented, but Harry knew that discontent did exist. On the other hand, Molly had never before said that he was overweight to the extent of being dull, tired and uninterested in anything but the office and golf.

At noon he stopped in at Hugh's drugstore for lunch, picked a magazine off the stand, ordered a sandwich and coffee and then idly thumbed through the magazine. The first article he saw had for a title FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOR EXECUTIVES.

He sipped his coffee and started reading. "Busy executives," the article began, "acutely conscious of the tendency to lop off elderly men, are now making a determined effort to turn back the clock. It's easier than it seems. For a few hundred dollars, plus some expenditure of time and effort, an executive can chop as much as ten years off his appearance."

Harry bit into his sandwich, mumbled a brief hello to an old friend and avidly turned back to the article.

"Starting with a body-building course," the article continued, "which tones up muscles, puts springs in the old legs, gives a feeling of well-being and alertness, the chairbound executive can cut from two to five years off his appearance by this step alone. Next, by a judicious selection of clothing, he may cut another year. If he is bald, or partly bald, he may want to go in for a hairpiece. Do you wear glasses? Contact lenses may be the answer. Porcelain caps on tired teeth and touching up gray hair with a tinting solution could take off another year or two. A busy executive needn't look his age. A little thought, effort and some expenditure of money can let him find his own fountain of youth."

Harry finished his coffee, bought the magazine and went back to the office. The phrase "starting with a body-building course" was foremost in his mind. Clearly enough he remembered the times he had stood in front of the full-length mirror in his shorts, sucking in his stomach and telling himself that his waistline was thirty-six, when he knew full well that it was thirty-eight. Fifteen years ago it had been thirty-two.

He pulled the phone book toward him and thumbed through the yellow pages, looking for a name that he had seen in the sports pages of the paper. He ran his finger down the column. Here it was. "Let Pete Scarpoli take inches off your waist, pounds off the scales. Scarpoli Body Building Institute."

He reached for his hat and said to Mrs. McKenzie, "I'm going to be out for a while. I'll call in."

The Scarpoli Body Building Institute was on the second floor of a two-story building. Harry climbed the stairs and pushed open a door marked OFFICE. A thick-chested man glanced up as Harry entered. "Good afternoon."

"Are you," Harry asked, "Pete Scarpoli?" The man nodded. "I saw your advertisement in the paper. I'm an insurance man. Spend most of my time sitting at a desk."

"I can see that," Pete Scarpoli said.

"Well, the reason I came in was ——"

"You're about sixteen pounds overweight," Mr. Scarpoli said, eying Harry critically. He sighed. "We'll do what we can. When did you have your last physical checkup?"

"Three weeks ago. Clean bill of health. Donovan's the name."

Pete Scarpoli stood up, went to the door and yelled, "Tony!"

Presently a young man wearing trousers and a T shirt, which bulged at the seams, came in.

"Tony, get Mr. Donovan some trunks and shoes, take his measurements and weigh him in. If you have time, Mr. Donovan, we can get you started this afternoon. Tomorrow you can start the evening class. Seven-thirty to eight-thirty. We'll have you peeled down in no time, Mr. Donovan. When you get through, stop in and I'll give you a diet. It's important to follow it to the letter. Diet and exercise is the ticket."

Tony and Harry left the office. Tony took Harry's measurements, shook his head and pursed his lips. He had Harry step on the scales. "One eighty-three on the nose. We'll start easy and work you up gradually, Mr. Donovan."

When Harry got home that evening, he felt as if he had been wrung out and hung up to dry. He went into the house through the kitchen door. Louisa was putting his favorite dish of pork chops, smothered with undiluted cream-of-mushroom soup, into the oven. Harry's mouth watered, and he then sternly reminded himself of the diet list in his pocket.

"Your mother home?"

"Uh-huh. She's upstairs changing clothes. Some cat brought her home in the coolest set of wheels you ever saw."

"Speak English," Harry snapped.

"Mr. DeForrest," Louisa said distinctly, "escorted mother home, driving a sports car."

"Old Pete isn't much of a hunter, but he sure gets a big kick out of coming on these outings!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Harry went into the front room, walking with care lest his muscles unravel. Molly came in and stared at him.

"Harry, is anything wrong?"

Harry did not feel at the moment like explaining his fountain-of-youth program to Molly. "Stopped in at the club for a little handball. May have overdone a bit."

"Do you think you should be playing handball at your age?"

"My age!" Harry screamed. "I'm not dead yet. Of course, I don't look thirty-five, like your Mr. DeForrest, but ——"

"Dale tells me that he plays squash rackets to keep in shape," Molly said. "Very strenuous, I understand."

"And I suppose," Harry said, "that he always drives his new employees home? Just so they won't feel too exhausted after a day in the salt mines."

"That remark," Molly said, "was not called for."

"I got the word on that character today," Harry said. "He gives lessons to wolves and prefers young married women."

"Oh, Harry, don't be silly. He's just being kind and considerate."

"M'm-m," Harry said. "By the way, here's a diet that Doctor Hennessey gave me today. He thinks I should lose a little weight."

Molly scanned the list. "Lamb chops! Oh, Harry, I haven't any lamb chops. I fixed pork chops for tonight."

"I'll run down to the market and get a couple of lamb chops. You and Louisa can eat the pork chops."

"All right. How about a martini?"

Harry peered at the diet. There was black coffee, there was bouillon, there was tea. There was no martini. "I'll fix you one," he said.

The next morning Harry swung his feet out of bed, took a few steps and every muscle in his body went on strike. He creaked into the bathroom and got into a hot shower. Ten minutes later he toweled himself dry and felt that he might live.

But by the time he was dressed, he started to stiffen up. He hobbled downstairs. Louisa was in the breakfast room, eating a bowl of peaches. Molly was frying eggs. They stared at him as he shuffled into the room.

"What in the world?" Molly said.

"Muscles stiffened up a little. The handball."

"Gee, maybe you should take that cane to work, dad," Louisa said. "The one granddad had."

"I don't need granddad's cane!"

"Well, don't bite my head off. Granddad said it helped him."

"When granddad used that cane," Harry said calmly, "he was eighty-one years old and had arthritis."

Molly put bacon and eggs in front of Louisa. She put half a grapefruit, a piece of dry toast, one boiled egg and a cup of black coffee in front of Harry.

Mrs. McKenzie stared at him as he walked into the office. "There's a joke about this," she said. "I say, 'Have an accident?' and you say, 'No, thanks, I just had one.'"

"Very funny," Harry said. "I heard that joke when I was ten."

That noon he ate some cottage cheese and pineapple and drank a glass of skim milk.

When he got home, Molly was in the kitchen. Mindful of the evening class at Pete Scarpoli's, he said, "Molly, Doctor Hennessey has lined me up with some evening gymnasium classes for a while—five nights a week. He says my muscles need a little toning."

"From the way you reacted to the handball," Molly said, "I'd say that he's understating the case a bit."

"Well, just wait until I get through at Scarpoli's. You'll see the new Donovan—refurbished, reconstructed, full of vim and vitality.

"How's he going to do this—with injections?"

When he arrived at Scarpoli's that night, Tony assigned him to a group of men who looked as if they were getting in shape for the octogenarians' home.

"Just for a few evenings, Mr. Donovan," Tony said, "while those sore muscles loosen up."

The old goats whom Harry joined seemed to have legs made of steel springs and joints of rubber, but in four days, by supreme effort, he managed to have himself moved into a group his own age.

Each morning he drove Molly to work and watched, green-eyed, as she gaily tripped into DeForrest's. She was always home when he arrived from the office. Fully aware that she couldn't get home that early unless she were driven by Dale DeForrest, he said nothing. On Molly's part, she said nothing to Harry, which seemed rather ominous. Harry redoubled his efforts to be forty-five and look thirty-five.

By the end of the second week, even Mrs. McKenzie admitted that he looked like a new man. "You haven't got some young dame stashed away, have you?" she said. "If I were Molly, all this youthful body building would have me suspicious."

"That's ridiculous."

"I know it is, but what man in his foolish forties ever believes it?"

"Just because a man is in his forties, he doesn't have to act like an idiot. I don't know who started that foolish-forties routine anyway."

"Men in their forties."

By the end of the third week he was down to one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and his clothes looked as if they had been handed down by a linebacker for the Baltimore Colts. Mindful of the article which had started him on the search for youth, he stopped in at The Clothes Horse, a shop he had heretofore avoided because some of the styles seemed much too youthful. The place was staffed by a squad of young bandits, one of whom took him in tow and slipped a cashmere sports coat on him.

"Of course," this psychologist said, "this fits across the shoulders, but it will have to come in a bit at the waist. These aren't made for a man in your fine physical condition."

After that, a hypnotized Harry Donovan bought the sports coat, two pairs of gray flannels, an Italian-silk suit and one of lightweight flannel. Moving as if he were in a trance, he selected two pairs of loafers, six pairs of socks, six shirts and five ties. As he was about to buy a white dinner jacket, he came to his senses and made his escape. The young man told him, as he left, that everything would be ready by four-thirty.

Harry walked down the street and turned into Dick's Barbershop. Dick draped Harry with the barbershop bib and said, "The usual?"

Harry was about to nod and then stopped. "I don't think so, Dick," he said. "I feel the need of a change. Maybe something more youthful?"

"Well, I guess I could take a little more off the top. Sort of a crew cut. If you'd touch up those gray hairs, it would help."

Harry brightened. "What do you mean—touch them up?"

Dick reached over on a shelf. "Here's some stuff—Graygo, they call it. It's guaranteed to bring the gray hairs back to their natural color."

Harry peered at the bottle. "Well, now ——" he said.

When he left the shop, the Graygo was in his overcoat pocket. He was as nervous as if he were carrying a live grenade. Mrs. McKenzie raised her eyebrows when he walked in. "For a moment I thought it was Garry Moore."

"Never mind. Can't I get my hair cut short if I want?"

"You certainly can—and did. Now if you could do something about your birth certificate, you could apply for flying cadet."

At four-thirty Harry left his office, picked up his new raiment and went home. No one was there. He hid the Graygo in the pocket of his bathrobe, peeled off his clothes and started from scratch. He took a shower, washed his hair and used the Graygo. He put on clean underwear, new socks, loafers, new gray flannels, new shirt, and selected one of the five ties. He shrugged himself into the cashmere jacket and stood in front of the mirror. He put one hand in his pocket and leered at himself. *Ha! Bring on Mr. Dale DeForrest. So he's forty-eight and looks thirty-five, eh? You don't look so bad yourself, Donovan.* He went downstairs and picked up the evening paper. Presently he heard Molly and Louisa coming in through the back door. He put down the paper and went into the kitchen. Molly, with shopping plunder, was standing by the breakfast table. "Hello," Harry said.

Molly looked at him and dropped the packages. One of them was a dozen eggs. "Yikes!" she yelped, and then stared. "Harry?"

"Dad?" Louisa said doubtfully.

"What's wrong with everyone? I just got some new clothes."

"Mother," Louisa said, "Dad has a crew cut."

"So I see," Molly said. She marched out of the kitchen. Harry followed her. She went upstairs. He stood in the middle of the living room, wondering now just what he had done wrong.

Presently Molly said, "Harry, could you come up here?"

Harry went upstairs. Molly was standing in the middle of their bedroom, looking as stricken as if she had found Brigitte Bardot hiding in the closet. Wordlessly she brought one hand around in front of her. In it was the bottle of Graygo which Harry had forgotten to hide after he used it. "I saw Doctor Hennessey today," Molly said. "I told him that the diet was working fine, and that the body-building course was doing wonders."

Harry winced.

"He asked me what body-building course and what diet."

"Molly, let me explain. I ——"

Molly started to cry. She sat on the bed and bawled her head off. Harry patted her shoulder. Presently the water works subsided, Molly raised her head and said, "Stop patting me!"

"Molly," he said miserably, "if you'd just let me ——"

Molly looked up at him tragically. "I found three gray hairs today, and I'm going to be a grandmother." She sobbed a few moments. Harry handed her a handkerchief. "And now that I'm old and gray," she said dramatically, "you're going to abandon me for some blonde."

"Holy Toledo!" Harry screamed. "How you arrived at that is ——"

She held up the bottle of Graygo. "Touching up your hair, going on a diet, taking a body-building course, buying fancy clothes. Oh, I can see the signs. All right. Louisa and I will get along. It'll be hard, but we ——"

"Molly, stop it!"

"Getting a crew cut. The next thing will be a sports car, I suppose, and then ——"

"All right!" Harry yelped. "What about you? What about all your conversation about sitting and stagnating. What about that DeForrest character and his ——"

"I quit at DeForrest's after the third day," Molly said. "He was too insistent on a quiet dinner and an evening cruise on his boat."

"Then why did you let me drive you to work in the morning? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, you were worrying so beautifully about Dale and dieting and building muscle, and all, that I didn't want to have you stop worrying, or you'd have stopped dieting. And then you got so rejuvenated that I started worrying myself, especially when I found out that I'm going to be a grandmother. I got a letter today from Michael. They're going to have a baby. Oh, I'm so happy!" Molly started the freshet again.

"You're so happy you're bawling?"

"Uh-huh. Imagine, having a little baby around again."

He put his arm around her. "Molly, there is no blonde." He told her about the magazine article. "I was getting tired of being taken for your father or your uncle or an old goat out with his secretary."

Molly kissed him. "I wasn't sure. But then I don't suppose I ever should be. I like to think some blonde would try and steal you."

Harry tried to follow the logic and gave up. "Look, to celebrate being potential grandparents, let's let Louisa cook her own dinner. I hereby invite you, grandma, to Amato's, for drink, food and dancing."

Molly brightened. Harry knew that all he had to do was wave a night club in front of Molly and she was off like a rocket.

Harry arrayed himself in his new silk suit. He looked at himself in the mirror. The gap in the years had been narrowed. By the lord Henry, now nobody would think that Molly was his second wife or that he was dating some young girl.

They walked into Amato's and approached the headwaiter. As they did so, a young man, walking fast, came out of the bar. He collided with Harry and Molly.

He backed off and said, "Please pardon me, sir." He looked at Molly and added, "And you too, doll." He walked away.

"Imagine," Molly said, "and me practically a grandmother!"

"Uh-huh," Harry said. "With three gray hairs." Harry Donovan, feeling forty-five, looking ten years older than his wife and not minding it at all, followed grandma into the night club.

THE END

O Husband Mine

By May Richstone

Breakfast, my love, with me
gaily.
Make it apparent what
pleasure,
What joy you consider it daily
To commune with a wife who's
a treasure.

Let love be a flame that burns
brightly
Instead of a flickering taper.
Dear heart, converse with me
lightly—
Or pass me some part of that
paper!

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PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

AT THE SAME PRICE AS REGULAR!

Now the World's Best Milk of Magnesia is yours in this new mint-flavored form that tastes wonderfully clean and refreshing.

As a laxative, Phillips' gives more complete relief!

Phillips' gives more *complete* relief than laxatives which act only on constipation. This is because Phillips' is actually *more* than a laxative. It also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation. Works leisurely, too —without embarrassing urgency. Three tablespoonfuls of Phillips', taken with water at bedtime when necessary, not only help you get a good night's sleep, but when morning comes, bring you the relief you need to start your day feeling bright and refreshed.

As an antacid, Phillips' settles your stomach in seconds!

Scientific tests show that—in just a matter of seconds—Phillips' neutralizes the excess stomach acids which cause upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion. The reason Phillips' works with remarkable speed is because it is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered. Almost before you know it, Phillips' eases away that hot, gnawing sensation in your stomach—and you're feeling fine again.

REGULAR PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CONTINUES UNCHANGED!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the new flavored form *does not* replace regular Phillips'. For the innumerable people who wish to continue using regular Phillips', it will, of course, always be available—in exactly the same high quality form you've known for years.

NEW, FLAVORED PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

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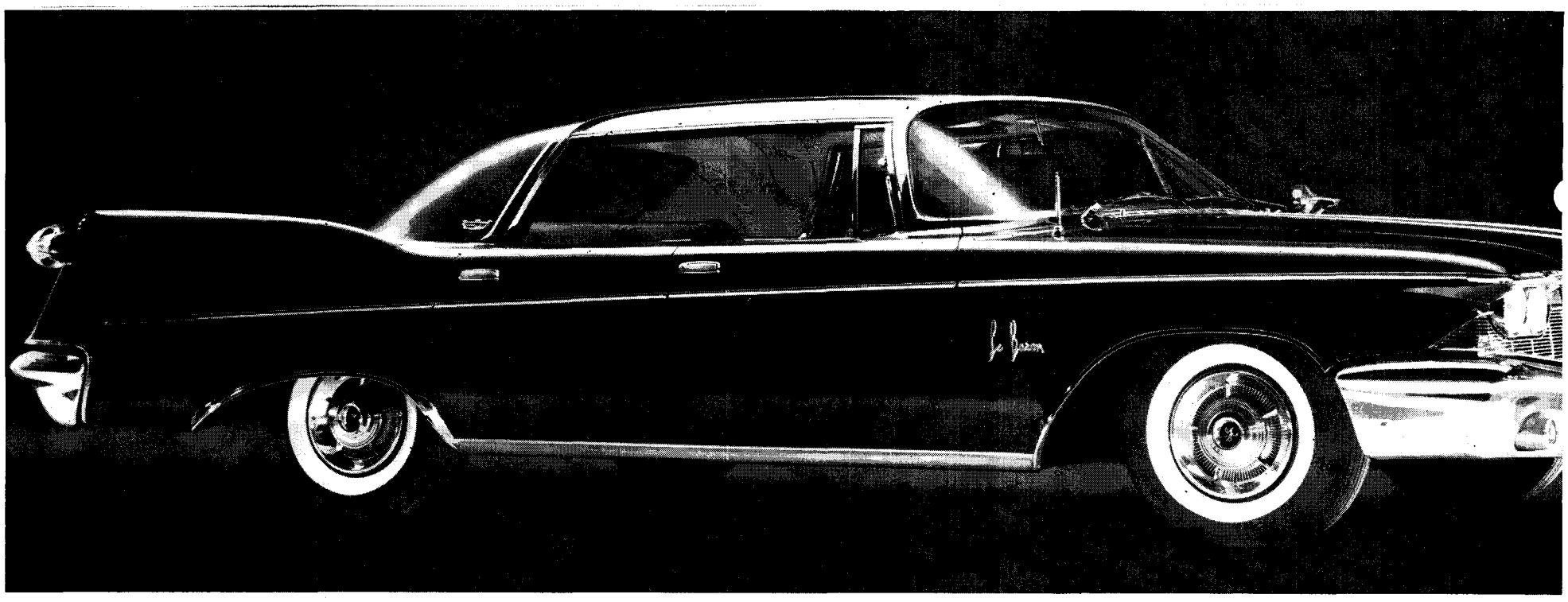


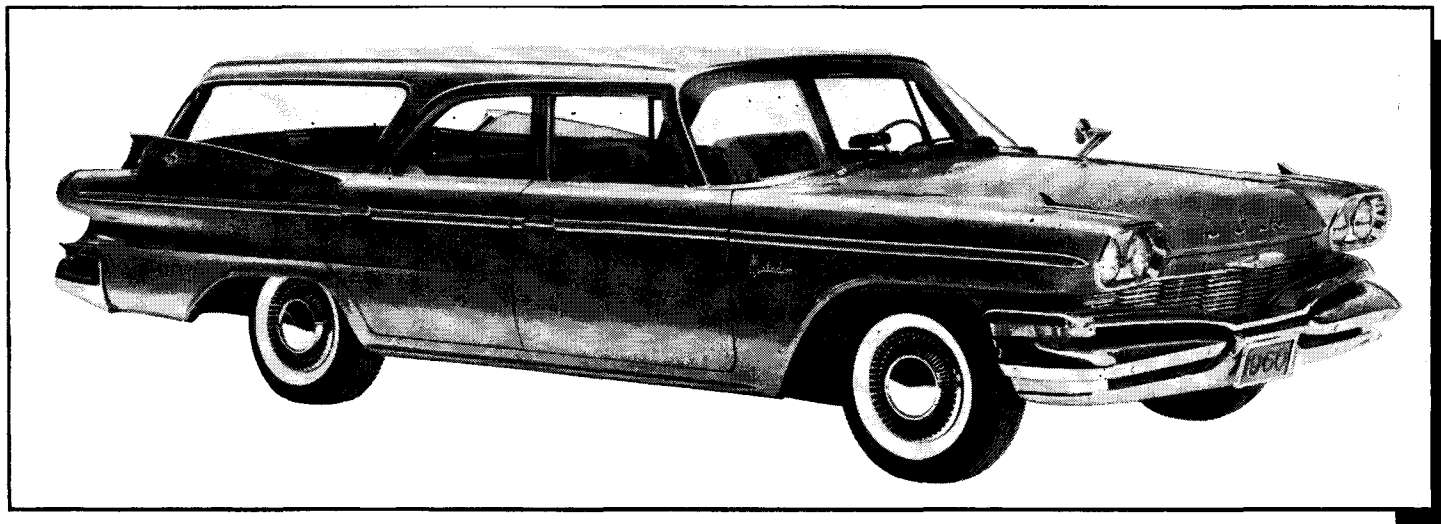
NEW IMPERIAL—America's most carefully built car . . . luxury without compromise.

Which car fits you best?

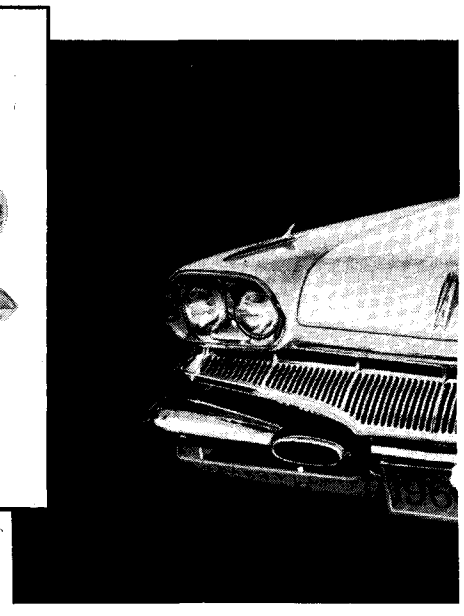
NEW CHRYSLER—built a new way . . . surrounds you with silent strength.

Are you a neighborhood-stop-and-go driver?
Do you drive 300 miles, or more, a week?
Do you have more than a splash of Scotch blood?
Are you looking for an economy car that's styled with the best of them?
Do you want plenty of room for sitting?
Do you want luxury without compromise?
Do you have a large family of small children?
Have you always had a yen to own an imported car, *too?*

Whatever you want in a car, we've got for you in one of these new 1960 cars from Chrysler Corporation.



NEW DODGE—the car with youthful beauty . . . styled with the natural lines of motion.



1960's DODGE DART—

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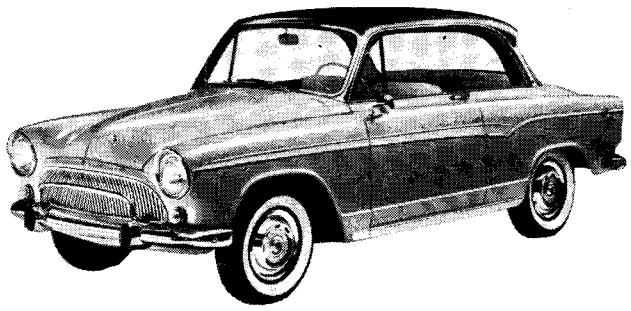

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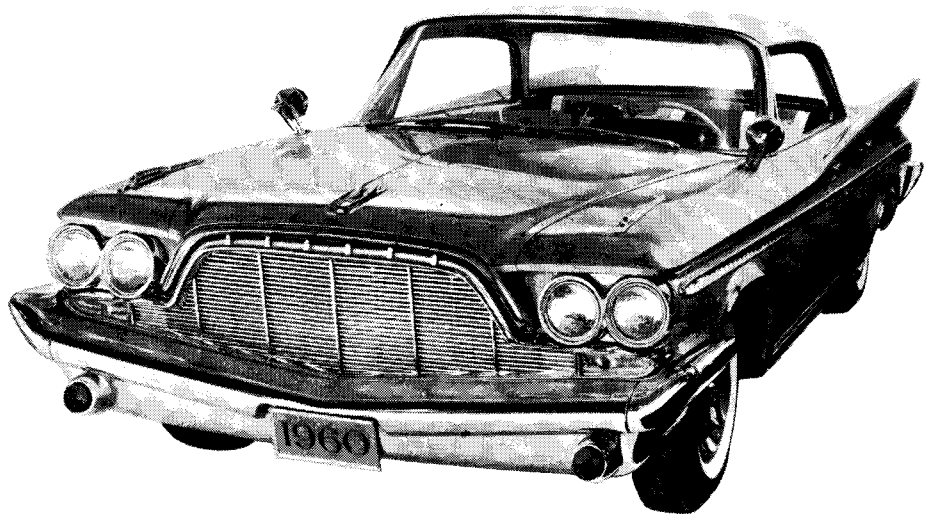
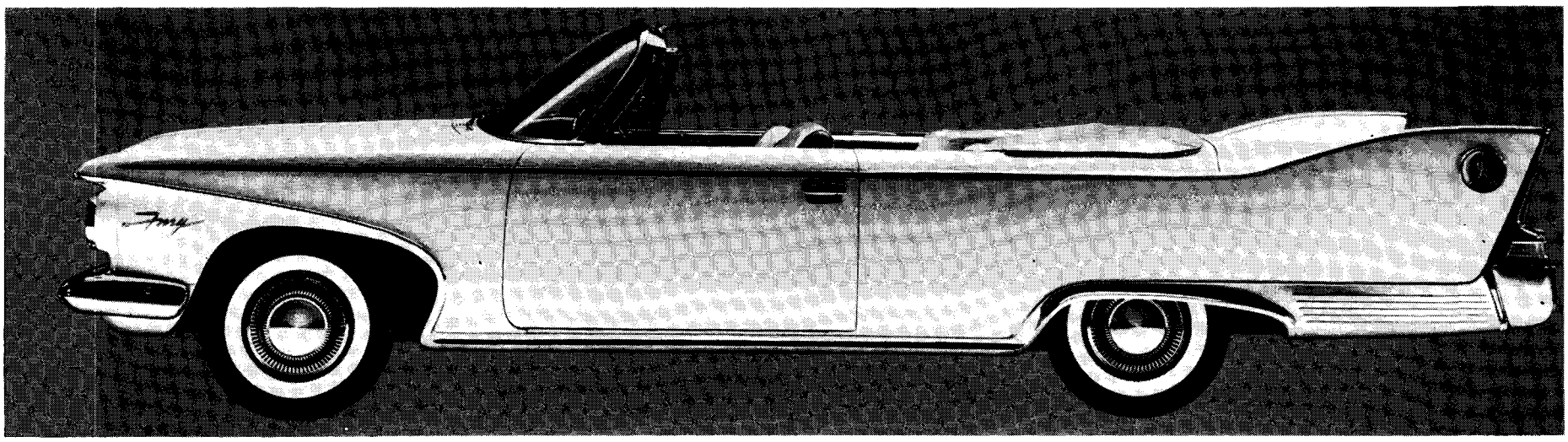


NEW DE SOTO—the quiet look of quality...with action as quick as your command.



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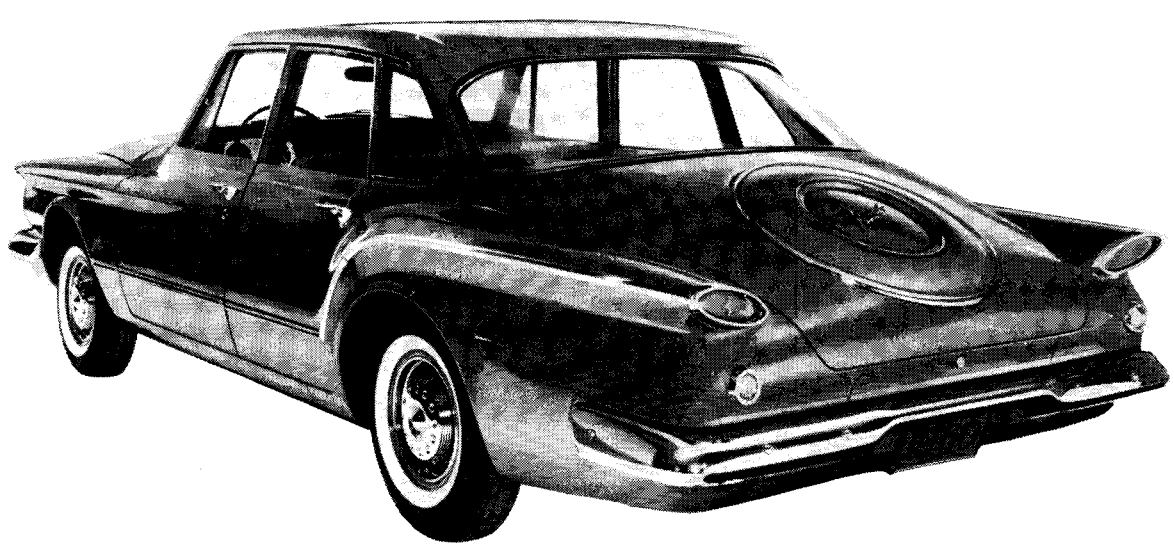
PURE AUTOMOBILE...For the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.

The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet

from CHRYSLER CORPORATION

VALIANT **PLYMOUTH** **DODGE DART** **DODGE** **DE SOTO** **CHRYSLER** **IMPERIAL**

a complete new line of full-sized cars...Chrysler Corporation's new entry in the popular-priced field.



1960's VALIANT—Chrysler Corporation's new 6-passenger economy car... the car you'd want at any price.

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Method Three for Murder (Continued from Page 17)

to set up for myself, and before I even got down to the sidewalk here was a pretty girl offering me fifty bucks just for consultation.

"I'm afraid not," I told her, "since I no longer belong here. If that's your taxi waiting, that will do fine, especially with the driver gone." A glance had shown me that there was no one behind the wheel of the cab at the curb. Probably, having been told to wait for her, he had beat it to Al's Diner at the corner of Tenth Avenue.

She shook her head. "I don't ——" she began, and let it hang. She glanced around. "Why not here? It shouldn't take very long. I just want you to help me win a bet." She sat on the landing, swaying a little as she bent. "Have a seat."

I sat down beside her, not crowding. I had often sat there watching the neighborhood kids at stoop ball.

"Do I pay in advance?" she asked.

"No, thanks; I'll trust you. What's the bet about?"

"Well"—she was squinting at me in the dim light—"I had an argument with a friend of mine. She said there were ninety-three women cab drivers in New York, and she thought it was dangerous because sometimes things happen in cabs that it takes a man to handle. I said things like that can happen anywhere just as well as in cabs, and we had an argument, and she bet me fifty dollars she could prove that something dangerous could happen in a cab that couldn't happen anywhere else. She thought up some things, but I made her admit they could happen other places too. Then she said what if a woman cab driver left her empty cab to go into a building for something, and when she came back there was a dead woman in the cab? She claimed that won the bet, and the trouble was I didn't know enough about what you're supposed to do when you find a dead body. That's what I want you to tell me. I'm sure she's wrong. And I'll pay you the fifty dollars."

I was squinting back at her. "You don't look it," I stated.

"I don't look what?"

"Loony. Two things. First, the same thing could happen if she were driving a private car instead of a cab, and why didn't you tell her that? Second, where's the danger? She merely finds a phone and notifies the police. It would be a nuisance, but you said dangerous."

"Oh, of course." She bit her lip. "I left something out. It's not her cab. She has a friend who is a cab driver, and she wanted to see what driving a cab was like, and her friend let her take it. So she can't notify the police because her friend broke some law when she let her take the cab, and she broke one, too, driving a cab without a license, so it wouldn't have been the same if she had been driving a private car. And the only way I can win the bet is to prove that it wouldn't be dangerous. She doesn't know how the dead woman got in the cab or anything about it. All she has to do is get the body out of the cab, but that might be dangerous unless she did it just right. That's what I want you to tell me, so I won't make some awful mistake—I mean when I tell my friend why it wouldn't be dangerous. Things like where would she go to—to take it out of the cab—and would she have to wait until late at night, and how would she make sure there were no traces left in the cab."

"I see." I had stopped squinting. "What's your name?"

She shook her head. "You don't have to know. I'm just consulting you." She stuck her fingers in the pocket of her jacket, came out with a purse and opened it.

I reached to snap it shut. "That can wait. I certainly wouldn't take your money without knowing your name. Of course, you can make one up."

"Why should I?" She gestured. "All right. My name is Mira Holt. Mira with an *i*." She opened the purse again.

"Hold it," I told her. "A couple of questions. The dead woman she finds in the cab—does she recognize her?"

"No; how could she?"

"She could if she knew her when she was alive."

"She didn't."

"Good. That helps. You say she left her empty cab to go into a building for something. For what?"

"Oh, just anything. I don't know. That doesn't matter."

"It might, but if you don't know, you can't tell me. I want to make it clear, Miss Holt, that I accept without question all that you have told me. Because I am a trained detective, I am chronically suspicious, but you are so frank and intelligent and pleasing to look at that I wouldn't dream of doubting you. A man who was sap enough to size you up wrong might even suspect you of feeding him a phony, and go and take a look in that taxi, but not me. I don't even ask you where the driver is. In short, I trust you fully. That's understood?"

Her lips were tight. She was probably frowning, but the peak of her cap screened her brow. "I guess so." She wasn't at all sure. "But maybe, if that's how you feel, it would be better ——"

"No. It's better like this. Much better. About this situation your friend thought up and claims she won the bet—it has many aspects. You say you didn't know enough about what you're supposed to do when you find a dead body. First and foremost, you're supposed to notify the police immediately. That goes for everybody, but it's a must for a private detective—me, for instance—if he wants to keep his license. Is that clear?"

"Yes." She nodded. "I see."

"Also you're not supposed to touch the body or anything near it. Also you're not supposed to leave it unguarded, but that's not so important because you may have to in order to call a policeman. As for your idea that all she has to do is get the body out of the cab, and where would she go to ditch it, and would she have to wait until late at night, and so on, I admit it has possibilities and I could make a lot of practical suggestions. But you have to show that it could be done without danger, and that's too big an order. That's what licks you. Forget it. However, your friend hasn't won the bet. She was to produce a situation showing that a woman cab driver runs special risks as a hackie, and in this case the danger comes from the fact that she was not driving the cab. So your friend ——"

"That's no help. You know very well ——"

"Shut up. I beg your pardon."

"You said you could make some practical suggestions."

"I was carried away. The idea of disposing of a dead body is fascinating as long as it's only an idea. By the way, I took one thing for granted that I shouldn't have—that your friend specified that the woman had died by violence. If she could have died of natural causes ——"

"No. She had been stabbed. There was a knife, the handle of a knife ——"

"Then it's impossible. A hackie letting someone else drive his cab is a misdemeanor, and so is driving a cab without a license, but driving off with a dead body with a knife sticking in it, and dumping it somewhere and not reporting it—that's a felony. Good for at least a year and probably more."

She gripped my arm, leaning to me. "But not if she did it right! Not if no one ever knew! I told you one thing wrong—she did recognize her! She did know her when she was alive! So she can't ——"

"Hold it," I growled. "Give me some money quick. Pay me. A dollar bill, five—don't sit and stare. See that police car? If it goes on by —— No, it's stopping. Pay me!"

She was going to panic. She started up, but my hand on her shoulder stopped her and held her down. She opened the purse and took out folded bills without fumbling, and I took them and put them in my pocket. "Staring is O.K.," I told her, not too loud. "People stare at police cars. Stay put and keep your mouth shut. I'm going to take a look. Naturally I'm curious."

That was perfectly true. I was curious. The prowl car had stopped, and a cop, not the one who was driving, had got out and circled around to the door of the taxi on his side and was opening it as I reached the sidewalk. When you have a reputation for cheek, you should live up to it, so I crossed to the door on my side and pulled it open. The seat was empty, but in front of it was a spread of brown canvas held up by whatever was under it. The cop, lifting a corner of the canvas, snarled at me, "Back up, you," and I retreated half a step, but he hadn't said to close the door, so I had a good view when he pulled the canvas off. More light would have helped, but there was enough to see that it was a woman, or had been, and that the knife whose handle was perpendicular to her ribs was all the way in.

"Good heavens!" I said with feeling.

"Shut that door!" the cop barked. "No—don't touch it!"

"I already have."

"I saw you. Beat it! No! What's your name?"

"Goodwin. Archie Goodwin. This is Nero Wolfe's house, and ——"

"I know it is, and I know about you. Is this your cab?"

"Certainly not. I'm not a hackie."

"I know you're not. I mean ——" He stopped. Apparently he had realized that the function of a prowl cop on finding a corpse is not to argue with onlookers. His head jerked around. "Climb out, Bill. D.O.A. I'll call in." The cop behind the wheel wriggled out, and the one in command wriggled in, and I mounted the stoop and sat down beside my client, noting that she had removed the cap and apparently had stashed it.

I kept my voice low, though it wasn't necessary, for the cop was talking on his radio. "In about eight minutes," I said, "experts will begin arriving. They will not be strangers to me. Since, as far as I know, you merely came to get me to tell you how to win a bet, when they start asking questions I'll be glad to answer them if you want to leave it to me."

She was gripping my arm again. "You looked in. You saw ——"

"Shut up, and I don't beg your pardon. You talk too much. Even if I still lived and worked here we wouldn't go inside because it wouldn't be natural, with policemen in a prowl car finding a corpse in a taxi parked at the curb. Oh, I haven't mentioned that—that there's a dead woman in the taxi. I mention it now because naturally I would, and naturally I would stick around to watch developments. I'm talking to keep you from talking, because naturally we would talk. I've had practice answering questions, and I know some of the rules. There are only three methods that are any good in the long run. You have strong fingers."

"I'm sorry." Her grip relaxed a little, but she held on. "What are the three methods?"

"One. Button your lip. Answer nothing whatever. Two. Tell the truth straight through—the works. Three. Tell a simple basic lie with no trimmings and stick to it. If you try a fancy lie, or a mixture of truth and lies, or part of the truth, but try to save some, you're sunk. Of course, as far as I know, there is no reason why you shouldn't just tell the truth."

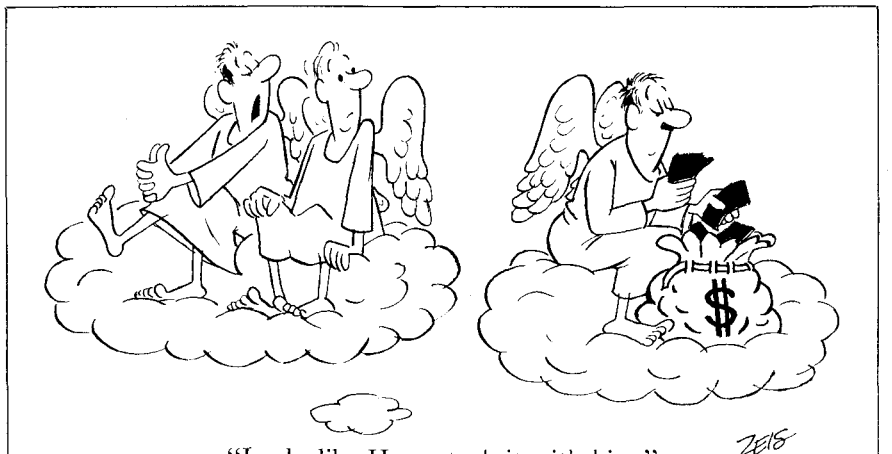
"You said to leave it to you."

"Yes, but they won't. There are very few people in their jurisdiction they wouldn't rather leave it to than me, on account of certain —— Here they come."

An official car rolled to a stop behind the prowl car, and Inspector Cramer of Homicide West climbed out.

If you are surprised that an inspector had come in response to a report that a corpse had been found, I wasn't. The report had of course given the location, in front of Nine-eighteen West Thirty-fifth Street, and that address held memories, most of them sour, for the personnel at Homicide West, from Cramer down. A violent death that was in any way connected with Nero Wolfe made them itch, and presumably the report had included the item that Archie Goodwin was present.

My client and I watched the routine activities from our grandstand seat. They were swift, efficient and thorough. Traffic was detoured at the corner of Ninth Avenue. A section of the street and sidewalk was roped off to enclose the taxi. Floodlights were focused on the taxi and surroundings. A photographer took shots from various angles. Pedestrians from both directions were shunted across the street, where a crowd gathered behind the rope. Some twenty city employees, in uniform and out, were on the scene in less than half an hour after the cop had made the radio call—five of them known to me by name (*Continued on Page 50*)



"Looks like Harry took it with him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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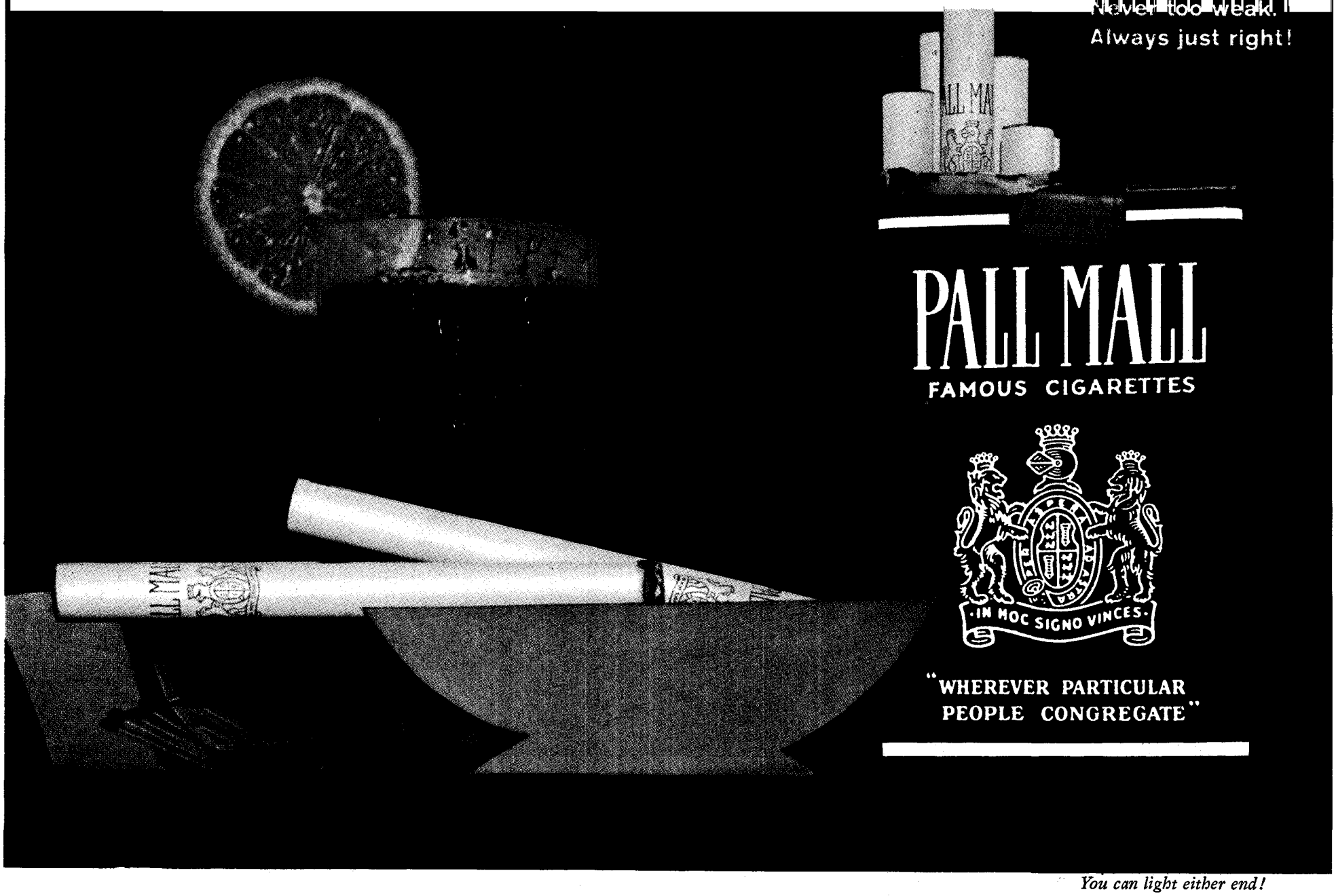

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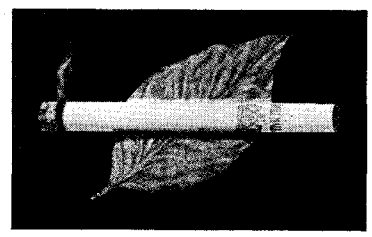

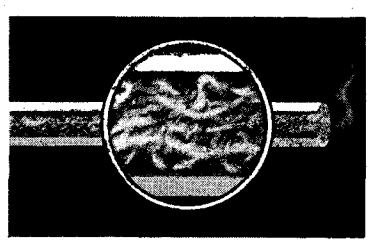

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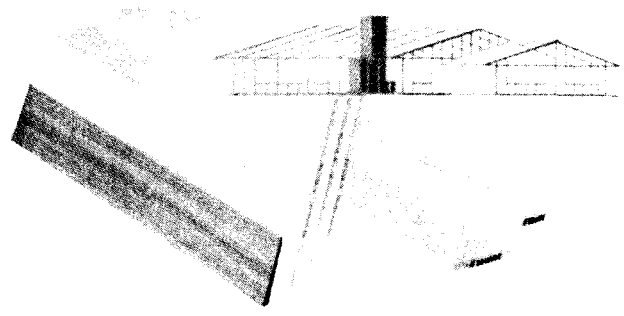

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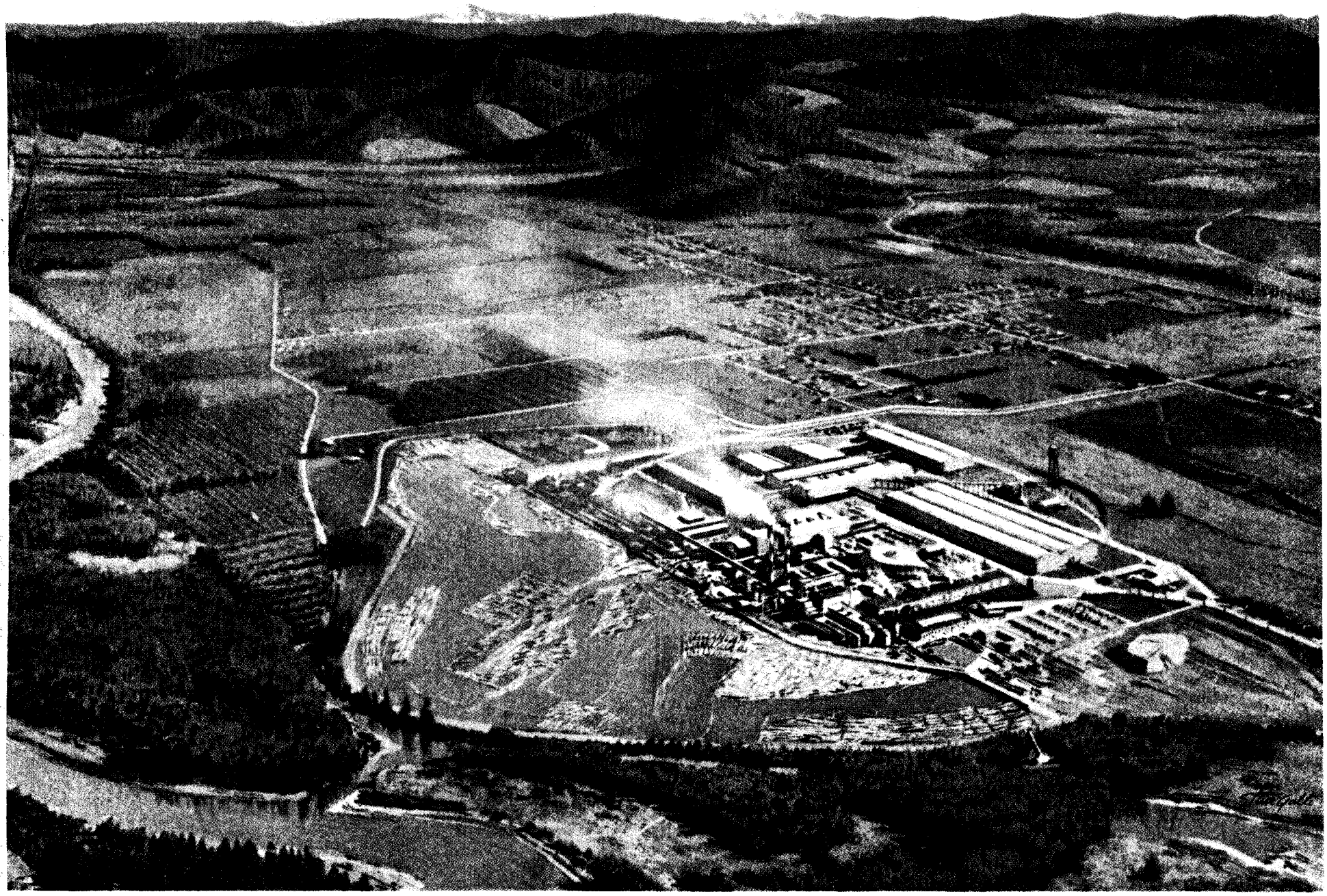

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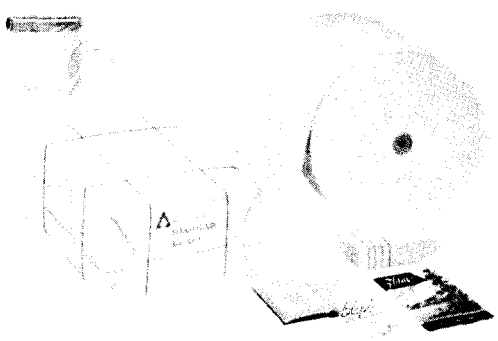

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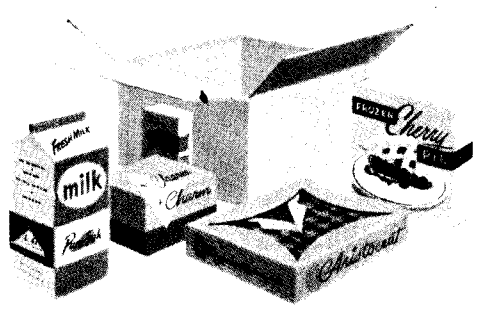
Wood cellulose, nature's own miracle raw material, is used in an amazing variety of products, including such diverse items as paper, cellophane, rayon and lacquer. To help supply today's demand for wood cellulose, our firm operates 11 mills which produce sulfite, sulfate and semi-chemical pulps. Several also make foodboards, containerboards or corrugating media.

Our pulps and paperboards are produced under strict quality control standards. Many manufacturers convert these versatile materials into consumer and industrial products used by people all across the nation.



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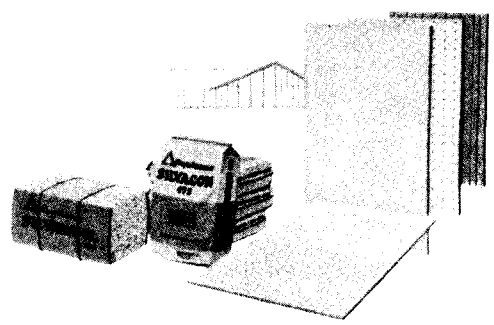

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(*Continued from Page 46*) and four others by sight. The second floodlight had just been turned on when Cramer came around the front of the taxi, crossed to the steps, mounted the first few and faced me.

"All right," he said. "Let's go in. I might as well have you and Wolfe together and this woman too. That may simplify it. Open the door."

"On the contrary," I said, not moving, "it would complicate it. Mr. Wolfe is in the office, reading a book, and knows nothing of all this and cares less. If I went in and told him you wanted to see him, and what about, you know what he would say, and so do I. Nothing doing."

"Who came here in that taxi?"

"I don't know. I know nothing whatever about the taxi. When I came out it was there at the curb."

"When did you come out?"

"Twenty minutes past nine."

"Why did you come out?"

"To find a place to spend the night. I have quit my job, so if you're determined to see Mr. Wolfe you'll have to ring."

"You're telling me you've quit?"

"Right. I don't work here any more."

"Oh, no! I thought you and Wolfe had tried all the wrinkles there are, but this is a new one. Do you expect me to buy it?"

"It's not a wrinkle. I meant it. I wouldn't sign a pledge never to sleep here again because that depends on Mr. Wolfe's handling of a certain problem, but when I left the house I meant it. The problem has no connection with that taxi."

"Did this woman leave the house with you?"

"No. When I opened the door, coming out, she was coming up the steps. She said she wanted to see Nero Wolfe, and when I told her I no longer worked for him, and anyway he probably wouldn't see her, she said she guessed that for what she wanted I would be better than Wolfe. She offered to pay me fifty dollars for consultation on how to win a bet she had made, and we sat here to consult. We had been here fifteen or twenty minutes when the prowl car came along and stopped by the taxi, which had been standing there when I left the house, and naturally I was curious and went to take a look. The officer asked me my name and I told him. When he went to his radio to report, I came back to my client, but we didn't do much consulting on account of the commotion. That's the crop."

"Had you ever seen this woman before?"

"No."

"What was the bet she wanted to consult about?"

"That's her affair. She's here; ask her."

"Did she come in that taxi?"

"Not to my knowledge. Ask her."

"Did you see her get out of the taxi?"

"No. She was halfway up the stoop when I opened the door."

"Did you see anyone get out of the taxi? Or near it?"

"No."

"What's her name?"

"Ask her."

His head moved. "Is your name Judith Bram?"

That was no news for me, since my view through the open door had included the framed picture of the hackie and her name. As well as I had been able to tell, the picture was not of my client.

"No," she said.

"What is it?"

"Mira Holt. Mira with an *i*." Her voice was clear and steady.

"Did you drive that taxi here?"

"No."

"Did you come here in it?"

"No."

So she had picked Method Three, a simple basic lie.

"Did you have an appointment to see Nero Wolfe?"

"No."

"Where do you live?"

"Seven-fourteen East Eighty-first Street."

"What is your occupation?"

"Modeling. Mostly fashion modeling."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, but I don't live with my husband."

"What's your husband's name?"

She opened her mouth and closed it again. Then she said, "Waldo Kearns. I use my own name."

"Are you divorced?"

"No."

"Was that taxi here when you arrived?"

"I don't know. I didn't notice, but I suppose it was because it didn't come after we sat down."

"How did you come here?"

"I don't think that matters."

"I'll decide that. How did you come?"

"No. For instance, if somebody drove me here, or near here, you would ask him, and I might not want you to. No." So she also knew what "no trimmings" meant.

"I advise you," Cramer advised her, "to tell me how you came."

"I would rather not."

"What was the bet you wanted to consult about?"

"That doesn't matter either. It was a private bet with a friend." Her head turned. "You're a detective, Mr. Goodwin, so you ought to know, do I have to tell him about my private affairs just because I was sitting here with you?"

"Of course not," I assured her. "Not unless he shows some connection between your private affairs and his public affairs, and he hasn't. It's entirely up to you whether ——"

"What the devil is all this?" Nero Wolfe bellowed.

I twisted around and so did my client. The door was wide open, and he was standing, his bulk towering above us. "What's going on?" he demanded.

Since I was merely an ex-employee and Cramer was an inspector, I thought it fitting to let him reply, but he didn't. Apparently he was too flabbergasted at seeing Wolfe actually stick his nose outdoors. Wolfe advanced a step. "Archie, I asked a question."

I had stood up. "Yes, sir, I heard you. Miss Holt, this is Mr. Wolfe. Miss Mira Holt. When I left the house she was coming up the steps. I had never seen her before. When I told her I was no longer in your employ, she said I would be better than you and asked to consult me. She has paid me. We sat down to confer. There was an empty taxi parked at the curb, no driver in it. A police car came along and stopped, and a cop found a dead body, female, in the taxi under a piece of canvas. I was there looking in when he removed the canvas. I came back up the stoop to sit with my client. We recessed our conference to watch the proceedings. Officers arrived promptly, including Inspector Cramer. When he got around to it, he came and questioned us. I knew nothing about the taxi or its contents and said so. She told him she had not driven the taxi here and hadn't come in it. She gave him her name and address and occupation, but refused to answer questions about her private affairs—for instance, what she was consulting me about. I was telling her that that was entirely up to her, when you appeared."

Wolfe grunted. "Why didn't you bring Miss Holt inside?"

"Because it's not my house—or my office."

"Nonsense. There is the front room. If you wish to stand on ceremony, I invite you to use it for consultation with your client. Sitting here in this hubbub is absurd. Have you any further information for Mr. Cramer?"

"No."

"Have you, Miss Holt?"

She was on her feet beside me. "I didn't have any," she said. "I haven't got any."

"Then get away from this turmoil. Come in."

Cramer found his tongue. "Just a minute." He had come on up to the stoop and was at my elbow, eyes focused on Wolfe. "This is all very neat—too damn neat. Goodwin says he quit his job. Did he?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Pfui. That's egregious, Mr. Cramer, and you know it."

"Did it have anything to do with Miss Holt or what she was coming to consult about?"

"No."

"Or with the fact that a taxi was parked at your door with a dead body in it?"

"No."

"Did you know Miss Holt was coming?"

"No. Nor, patently, did Mr. Goodwin."

"Did you know the taxi was out here?"

"No. I am bearing with you, sir. You persist beyond reason. If Mr. Goodwin or I were involved in the circumstances that brought you here, or Miss Holt, would he have sat here with her, awaiting your assault? You know him, and you know me. . . . Come, Archie. Bring your client."

He turned.

I told Cramer, "I'll be glad to type up statements and bring them down," touched Mira Holt's arm and followed her inside, Wolfe having preceded us.

When I had shut the door and the lock had clicked, Wolfe spoke, "Since there's no telephone in the front room, perhaps the office would be better. I will go to my room."

"Thank you," I said politely. "But it might be still better for us to leave the back way. You may not want us here when I explain the situation. Miss Holt drove that taxi here. A friend of hers named Judith Bram is one of the ninety-three female hackies in New York, and she let Miss Holt take her cab—or maybe Miss Holt took it without Miss Bram's knowledge. She left ——"

"No," Mira said. "Judy let me take it."

"Possible," I conceded. "You're a pretty good liar. Let me finish. . . . She left it, empty, in front of a building and went into the building for something, and when she came back there was a dead body in it, a woman, with a knife between its ribs. Either it was covered with a canvas or she ——"

"I covered it," Mira said. "I found the canvas under the driver's seat."

"She's levelheaded," I told Wolfe. "Somewhat. She couldn't notify the police, because not only had she and her friend violated the law but also she had recognized the dead woman. She knew her. She decided to come and consult you and me. I met her on the stoop. She told me a cockeyed tale about a bet she had made with a friend, which I'll skip. I said somewhat levelheaded. I let her see that I knew she was feeding me soap, but kept her from blurting it out. So I told Cramer no lies, but she did, and did a good job. But the lies won't keep long. It's barely possible that Judith Bram will deny that she let someone take her cab, but sooner or later ——"

"I tried to phone her," Mira said, "but she didn't answer. I was going to tell her to say that someone stole it."

"Quit interrupting me. Did you ever hear of fingerprints? Did you see them working on that cab? . . . So I have a client who is in a double-breasted jam. I'll know more about it after she tells me things. The point is, did she kill that woman? If I thought she did I would bow out quick. I would already have bowed out because it would have been hopeless. But she didn't. One will get you ten that she didn't. If she had ——"

That interruption wasn't words; it was her lips against mine and her palms covering my ears. If she had been Wolfe's client, I would have shoved her off quick, because that sort of demonstration only ruffles him; but she was mine and there was no point in hurting her feelings. I even patted her shoulder. When she was through I resumed:

"—— If she had killed her she would not have driven here with the corpse for a passenger to tell you, or even me, a goofy tale about a bet with a friend. Not a chance. She would have dumped the corpse somewhere. Make it twenty to one. Add to that my observation of her while we sat there on the stoop, and it's thirty to one. Therefore, I am keeping the fee she paid me, and I'm—by the way ——" I reached in my pocket for the bills she had given me, unfolded them and counted. Three twenties, three tens and a five. Returning two twenties and a ten to my pocket, I offered her the rest. "Your change. I'm keeping fifty."

She hesitated, then took it. "I'll pay you more. What are you going to do?"

"I'll know better after you answer some questions. One that shouldn't wait: What did you do with the cap?"

"I have it." She patted her front.

"Good." I returned to Wolfe. "So we'll be going. Thank you again for your offer of hospitality, but Cramer may be ringing the bell any minute. . . . We'll go out the rear, Miss Holt. This way."

"No." Wolfe snapped it. "This is preposterous. Give me half of that fifty dollars."

I raised a brow. "For what?"

"To pay me. You have helped me with many problems; surely I can help you with one. I am not being quixotic. I do not accept your headstrong decision that our long association has ended, but even if it has, your repute is inextricably involved with mine. I have never tried to do a job without your help; why should you try to do one without mine?"

I wanted to grin at him, but he might have misunderstood. "O.K.," I said, and got a twenty from the pocket where I had put the fee, and a five from my wallet, and handed them to him. Taking them, he turned and headed for the office, and Mira and I followed.

Where to sit was a delicate question, not for Wolfe—who of course went to his oversized custom-built chair behind his desk, nor for the client, as Wolfe wiggled a finger to indicate the red leather chair that would put her facing him—but for me. The desk at right angles to Wolfe's was no longer mine. I had a hand on one of the yellow chairs, to move it it up, when Wolfe growled, "Confound it, don't be frivolous. We have a job to do."

I went and sat where I had belonged, and asked him, "Do I proceed?"

"Certainly."

I looked at her. "I would like," I said, "to be corroborated. Did you kill that woman?"

"No. No!"

"O.K. Out with it. This time Method Two, the truth. Judith Bram is a friend of yours?" (*Continued on Page 52*)

The girl who cries wolf may just be greeting an old acquaintance.

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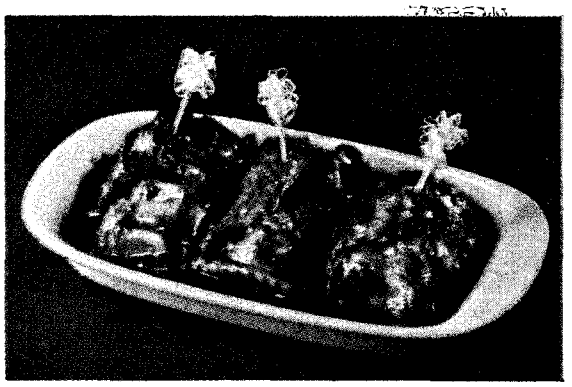

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(*Continued from Page 50*)

"Yes."

"Did she let you take her cab?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I asked her to."

"Why did you ask her to?"

"Because—it's a long story."

"Make it as short as you can. We may not have much time."

She was on the edge of the chair, which would have held two of her. "I have known Judy three years. She was a model, too, but she didn't like it. She's very unconventional. She had money she had inherited, and she bought a cab and a license about a year ago. She cruises when she feels like it, but she has some regular customers who think it's chic to ride in a cab with a girl driver, and my husband is one of them. He often ——"

"Your husband?" Wolfe demanded. "*Miss* Holt?"

"They don't live together," I told him. "Not divorced, but she uses her own name. Fashion model. . . . Go ahead."

"My husband's name is Waldo Kearns. He paints pictures, but doesn't sell any. He has money. He often calls Judy to take him somewhere, and he called last night when I was with her and told her to come for him at eight o'clock this evening, and I asked Judy to let me go instead of her. I have been trying to see him for months, to have a talk with him, and he refuses to see me. He doesn't answer my letters. I want a divorce and he doesn't. I think the reason ——"

"Skip it. Get on."

"Well, Judy said I could take the cab, and this evening at seven o'clock I went to her place, and she brought it from the garage, gave me her cap and jacket, and I drove it to ——"

"Where is her place?"

"Bowdoin Street—number seventeen—in the Village."

"I know. You took the cab there?"

"Yes. I drove it to Ferrell Street. It's west of Varick, below ——"

"I know where it is."

"Then you know it's a dead end. Close to the end is an alley that goes between walls to a little house. That's my husband's. I lived there with him about a year. I got there a little before eight and turned around and parked in front of the alley. Judy had said she always waited for him there. He didn't come. I didn't want to go to the house, because as soon as he saw me he would shut the door on me, but when he hadn't come at half-past eight I got out and went ——"

"You're sure of the time?"

"Yes. I looked at my watch. Of course."

"What does it say now?"

She lifted her wrist. "Two minutes after eleven."

"Right. You went through the alley?"

"Yes—to the house. There's a brass knocker on the door, no bell. I knocked with it, but nobody came. I knocked several times. I could hear the radio or television going inside—I could just barely hear it—so I knocked loud. He couldn't have recognized me through a window because it was too dark and I had the cap pulled down. Of course, it could have been Morton, his man, as he calls him, playing the radio, but I don't think so because he would have heard the knocker and come to the door. I finally gave up and went back to the cab, and as I was getting in I saw her. At first I thought it was a trick he had played, but when I looked closer I saw the knife, and then I recognized her, and she was dead. If I hadn't turned around and gripped the wheel as hard as I could, I think I would have fainted. I never have fainted. I sat there ——"

"Who was it?"

"It was Phoebe Arden. She was the reason my husband didn't want a divorce. I'm sure she was, or anyway one of the reasons. I think he thought that as long as he was still married to me she couldn't expect him to marry her, and neither could anyone else. But I wasn't thinking about that while I sat there; I was thinking what to do. I knew the right thing was to call the police, but I was driving Judy's cab and, what was worse, I would have to admit I knew who she was, and they would find out about her and my husband. I don't know how long I sat there."

"It must have been quite a while. You left the cab to go to the house at eight-thirty. How long were you gone?"

"I don't know. I knocked several times, and looked in at the windows, and then knocked some more." She considered. "At least ten minutes."

"Then you were back at the cab at eight-forty, and from there to here wouldn't take more than ten minutes, and you got here at nine-twenty. Did you sit there half an hour?"

"No. I decided to get her—to get it out of the cab. I found that canvas under the driver's seat. I thought the best place would be somewhere along the river front, and I drove there, but didn't see a good place, and men tried to stop me twice, and once when I stopped for a light a man opened the door, and when I told him I was making a delivery he almost climbed in anyway. Then I thought I would just leave the cab somewhere, anywhere, and I went to a phone booth to call Judy and tell her to say the cab had been stolen, but there was no answer. Then I thought of Nero Wolfe and you, and I drove here. I didn't have much time to make that up

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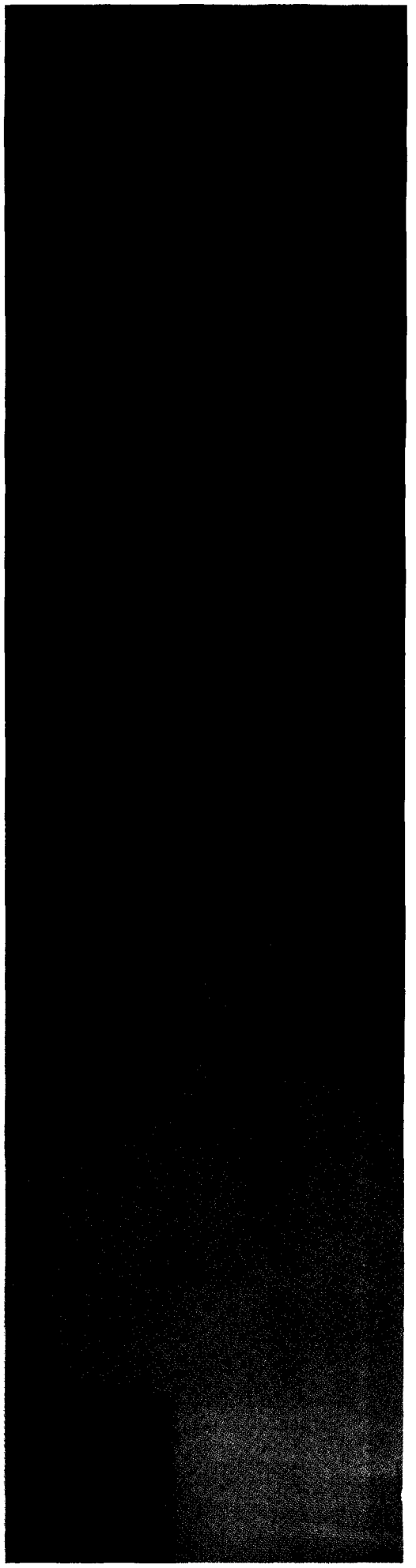
From the Highway to the Stars



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about the bet; just on my way here. I knew it wasn't much good while I was telling it."

"So did I." I was frowning at her. "I want you to realize one thing. I believe you when you say you didn't kill her, but it doesn't follow that I swallow you whole. For instance, the divorce situation. If the fact is that your husband wanted one so he could marry Phoebe Arden, and you balked, that would make it different."

"No." She was frowning back. "I've told you the truth, every word. I lied to you out there, but if I lied to you now I'd be a fool."

"You sure would. How good a friend of yours is Judy Bram?"

"She's my best friend. She's a little wild, but I like her. I love her."

"Are you sure she rates it?"

"Yes."

I turned to Wolfe. "Since you're helping on this, and I fully appreciate it, our minds should meet. Do you accept it that she didn't kill her?"

"As a working hypothesis, yes."

"Then isn't it likely that she was killed by someone who knew that Miss Holt would be driving the cab—since Kearns didn't show, taking her away from the cab, and the radio or television was on in the house?"

"Likely, but far from certain. It could have been impromptu. Or the embarrassment could have been meant for Miss Bram, not for Miss Holt."

I returned to Mira. "How close are Judy Bram and your husband?"

"Close?" The frown was getting chronic. "They aren't close. If you mean intimate, I doubt if Judy has ever allowed any man to be intimate. My husband may have tried. I suppose he has."

"Could Judy have had any reason to kill Phoebe Arden?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Isn't it possible that Judy, unknown to you, had got an idea that she would like to break the ice with your husband, and Phoebe Arden was in the way?"

"I suppose it is, but I don't believe it."

"You heard what I asked Mr. Wolfe and what he answered. I still like it that whoever killed her knew that you were going to drive the cab there. It's possible that Judy Bram told someone."

"Yes, it's possible, but I don't believe it. Judy wouldn't. She just wouldn't."

"It's also possible that you told someone. Did you?"

Her lips twitched—twice. Two seconds. "No," she said.

"You're lying. I haven't time to be polite. You're lying. Whom did you tell?"

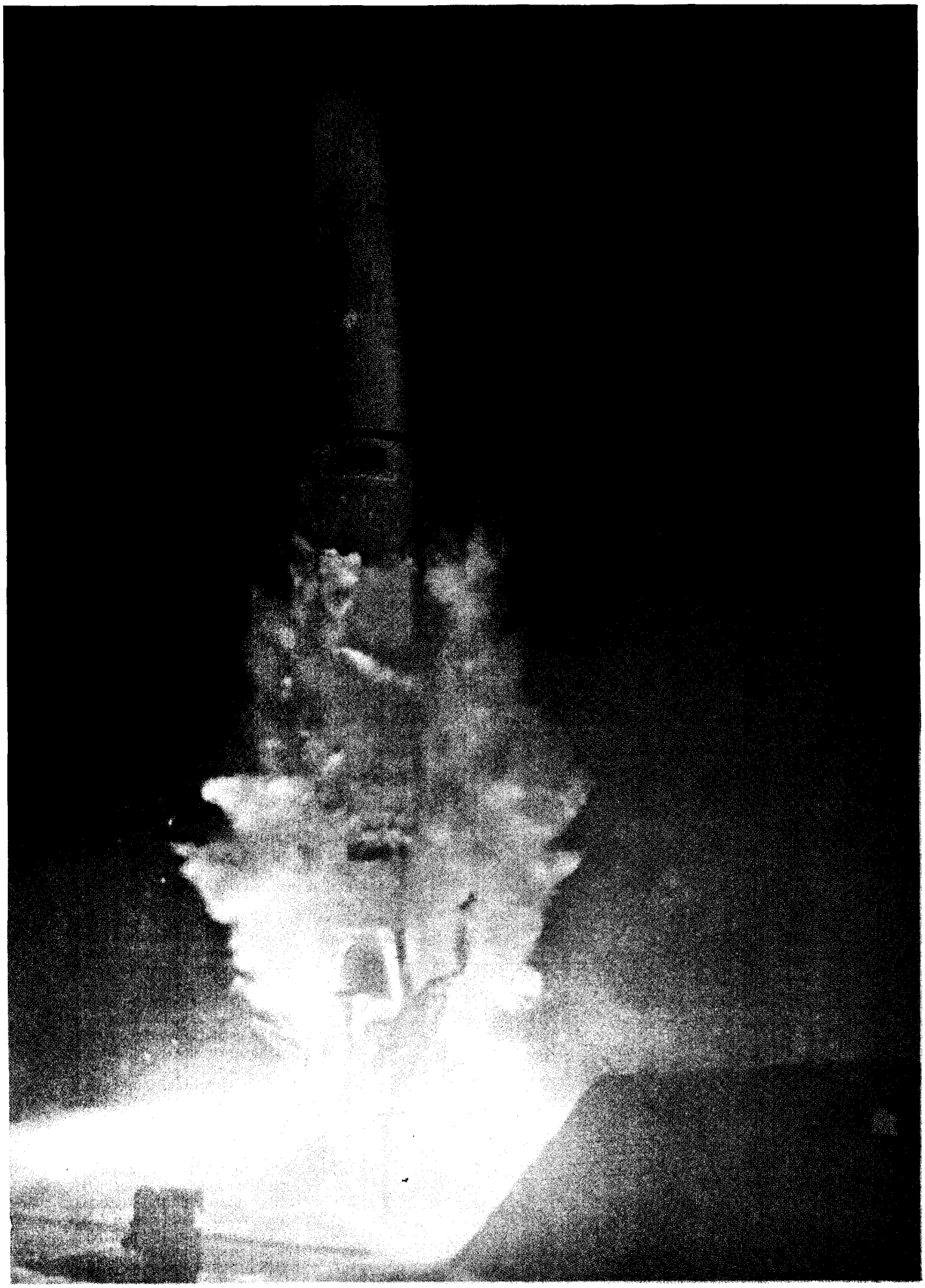
"I'm not going to say. The person I told couldn't possibly have—have done anything. Some things are not possible."

"Who was it?"

"No, Mr. Goodwin. Really."

I got the twenty and ten from my pocket and a twenty from my wallet, got up and went to her. "Here's your fifty bucks," I said. "Count me out. You can leave the back way."

"But I tell you he couldn't!"



Observation Car

The largest-patterned Argyle socks
With colors loud and shocking,
Can never snag my eye as does
The dull-beige nylon stocking.

Laurence Eisenlohr

"Then he won't get hurt. I won't bite him, but I've got to know everything you do or it's no good."

Her lips twitched again. "You would really do that? Just give me up?"

"I sure would. I will."

She sighed. "I phoned a friend of mine last evening and told him. His name is Gilbert Irving."

"Is he more than a friend?"

"No. He is married and so am I. We're friends, that's all."

"Does he know your husband?"

"Yes. They've known each other for years, but they've never been close."

"Did he know Phoebe Arden?"

"He had met her. He didn't know her."

"Why did you tell him about your plan to drive the cab?"

"Because I wanted to know what he thought of it. He is very—a very intelligent man."

"What did he think of it?"

"He thought it was foolish. Not foolish exactly—useless. He thought my husband would refuse to listen to me. Honestly, Mr. Goodwin, this is foolish. There is absolutely no ——"

The doorbell rang. I had taken three steps before I remembered that I no longer worked there; then, not wishing to be frivolous, I continued to the hall and took a look through the one-way glass panel of the front door. A man and a woman were there on the stoop. A glance was enough to recognize Inspector Cramer, but it took closer inspection for the woman, and I moved down the hall. Even then I wasn't positive, as the light had been dim on the picture of the female hackie in the taxi, but I was sure enough. It was Judith Bram.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Other Wife

Continued from Page 31)

"They'd look fine." I brought a dime up to my eyes for a closer look; it was minted in 1958 and had a profile of Woodrow Wilson, and I turned to Marion. "Hey, look," I said, "here's a new kind of dime—Woodrow Wilson." But she wouldn't look at my hand. She just stood there with her arms folded, glaring at me; and I said, "Now what? What have I done wrong now?" Marion wouldn't answer, and I walked to my closet and began looking for some wash pants. After a moment I said coaxingly, "Come on, Sweetfeet, what'd I do wrong?"

"Oh, Al!" she wailed. "You don't listen to me; you really don't! Half the time you don't hear a word I say!"

"Why, sure I do, honey." I was rattling the hangers, hunting for my pants. "You were talking about knitting."

"An orange sweater, I said, Al—orange. I *knew* you weren't listening and asked you how an orange sweater would go with —— Close your eyes."

"What?"

"No, don't turn around! And close your eyes." I closed them, and Marion said, "Now, without any peeking, because I'll see you, tell me what I'm wearing right now."

It was ridiculous. In the last five minutes, since I'd come home from the office, I must have glanced at Marion maybe two or three times. I'd kissed her when I walked into the apartment, or I was pretty sure I had. Yet standing at my closet now, eyes closed, I couldn't for the life of me say what she was wearing. I worked at it; I could actually hear the sound of her breathing just behind me and could picture her standing there, a small girl five feet three inches tall, weighing just over a hundred pounds, twenty-four years old, nice complexion, pretty face, honey-blond hair, and wearing—wearing ——

"Well, am I wearing a dress, slacks, medieval armor, or standing here stark naked?"

"A dress."

"What color?"

"Ah—dark green?"

"Am I wearing stockings?"

"Yes."

"Is my hair done up, shaved off or in a pony tail?"

"Done up."

"O.K., you can look now."

Of course the instant I turned around to look, I remembered. There she stood, eyes blazing, her bare foot angrily tapping the floor, and she was wearing sky-blue wash slacks and a white cotton blouse. As she swung away to walk out of the room and down the hall, her pony tail was bobbing furiously.

Well, brother—and you, too, sister—unless the rice is still in your hair, you know what came next: the hurt, indignant silence. I got into slacks, short-sleeved shirt and huarachos, strolled into the living room, and there on the davenport sat Madame Defarge grimly studying the list, disguised as a magazine, of next day's guillotine victims. I knew whose name headed the list; and I walked straight to the kitchen, mixed up some booze in tall glasses and found a screw driver in a kitchen drawer.

In the living room, coldly ignored by what had once been my radiant, laughing bride, I set the drinks on the coffee table, reached behind Marion's magazine and gripped her chin between thumb and forefinger. The magazine dropped, and I instantly inserted the tip of the screw driver between her front teeth, pried open her mouth, picked up a glass and tried to pour in some booze. She started to laugh, spilling some down her front, and I grinned, handing her the glass, and picked up mine. Sitting down beside her, I saluted Marion with my glass, then took a delightful sip; and as it hurried to my sluggish blood stream, I could feel the happy corpuscles dive in, laughing and shouting, and felt able to cope with the next item on the agenda, which followed immediately.

"You don't love me any more," said Marion.

"Oh, yes, I do." I leaned over to kiss her neck, glancing around the room over her shoulder.

"Oh, no, you don't; not really."

"Oh, yes, I do; really. Honey, where's that book I was reading last night?"

"There! You see! All you want to do is read all the time! You never want to go out! The honeymoon's certainly over around here, all right!"

"No, it isn't, Sweetknees; not at all. I feel exactly the way I did the day I proposed to you; I honestly do. Was there any mail?"

"Just some ads and a bill. You used to listen to every word I said before we were married and you always noticed what I wore and you complimented me and you sent me flowers and you brought me little surprises and"—suddenly she sat bolt upright—"remember those cute little notes you used to send me! I'd find them all the time," she said sadly, staring past my shoulder, her eyes widening wistfully. "Tucked in my purse maybe"—she smiled mournfully—"or in a glove. Or they'd come to the office on post cards, even in telegrams a couple times. All the other girls used to say they were just darling." She swung to face me. "Honey, why don't you ever ——"

"Help!" I said. "Help, help!"

"What do you mean?" Marion demanded coolly, and I tried to explain.

"Look, honey," I said briskly, putting an arm companionably around her shoulders, "we've been married four years. Of course the honeymoon's over! What kind of imbeciles," I asked with complete reasonableness, "would we be if it weren't? I love you, sure," I assured her, shrugging a shoulder. "Of course. You bet. Always glad to see you; any wife of old Al Pullen is a wife of mine! But after four years I walk up the stairs when I come home; I no longer run up three at a time. That's life," I said, clapping her cheerfully on the back. "Even four-alarm fires eventually die down, you know." I smiled at her fondly. "And as for cute little notes tucked in your purse—help, help!" I should have known better, I guess; there are certain things you just can't seem to explain to a woman.

I had trouble getting to sleep that night—the davenport is much too short for me—and it was around two-forty-five before I finally sank into a kind of exhausted and broken-backed coma. Breakfast next morning, you can believe me, was a glum affair at the town home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Pullen, devoted couple.

Who can say whether the events of the night before affected those which now followed? I certainly couldn't; I was too tired, dragging home from the office along Third Avenue, heading uptown from Thirty-fourth Street about five-thirty the next evening. I was tired, depressed, irritated and in no hurry at all to get home. It was hot and muggy outside, and I was certain Marion would give me cold cuts for supper—and all evening long, for that matter. My tie was pulled down, my collar open, hat shoved back, coat slung over one shoulder, and trudging along the sidewalk there I got to wishing things were different.

I didn't care how, exactly—just different. For example, how would things be right now, it occurred to me, if I'd majored in creative botany at college instead of physical ed? Or what would I be doing at this very moment if I'd gone to Siam with Tom Biehler that time? Or if I'd got the job with Enterprises, Incorporated, instead of Serv-Eez? Or if I hadn't broken off with what's-her-name, that big, black-haired girl who could sing *Japanese Sandman* through her nose?

At Thirty-sixth Street I stopped at the corner newsstand, planking my dime down on the counter before the man who ran it; we knew each other long since, though I don't think we've ever actually spoken. Glancing at me, he scooped up my dime, grabbed a paper from one of the stacks and folded it as he handed it to me; and I nodded my thanks, tucking it under my arm, and walked on. And that's when it happened; I glanced up at a brick building kitty-corner across the street, and there on a blank side wall three or four stories up was a painted advertisement—a narrow-waisted bottle filled with a reddish-brown beverage and lying half buried in a bed of blue-white ice. Painted just over the bottle in a familiar script were the words, "Drink Coco-Cola."

Do you see? It didn't say "Coca-Cola"; not quite. And staring up at that painted sign, I knew it was no sign painters' mistake. They don't make mistakes like that; not on great big outdoor signs that take a couple of men several days to paint. I knew it couldn't possibly be a rival soft drink either; the spelling and entire appearance of this ad were too close to those of Coca-Cola. No, I knew that sign was meant to read "Coco-Coola," and turning to walk on finally—well, it may strike you as insane what I felt certain I knew from just the sight of that painted sign high above a New York street.

But within two steps that feeling was confirmed. I glanced out at the street beside me; it was rush hour and the cars streamed past, clean cars and dirty ones, old and new. But every one of them was painted a single color only, mostly black, and there wasn't a tail fin or strip of chromium in sight. These were modern, fast, good-looking cars, you understand, but utterly different in design from any I'd ever before seen. The traffic lights on Third Avenue clicked to red, the cars slowed and stopped, and now as I walked along past them I was able to read some of their names. There were a Ford, a Buick, two Wintons, a Stutz, a Cadillac, a Dort, a Kissel, an Oldsmobile and at least four or five small Pierce-Arrows. Then, glancing down Thirty-seventh Street as I passed it, I saw a billboard advertising Picayune Cigarettes; "America's Largest-Selling Brand." And now a Third Avenue bus dragged past me, crammed with people as usual this time of day, but it was shaped a little differently and it was painted blue and white.

I spun suddenly around on the walk, looking frantically for the Empire State Building. But it was there, all right, just where it was supposed to be; and I actually sighed with relief. It was shorter, though—by a good ten stories at least. When had all this happened? I wondered dazedly and opened my paper, but there was nothing unusual in it—till I noticed the name at the top of the page. *New York Sun*, it said, and I stood on the sidewalk gaping at it; because the *Sun* hasn't been published in New York for years.

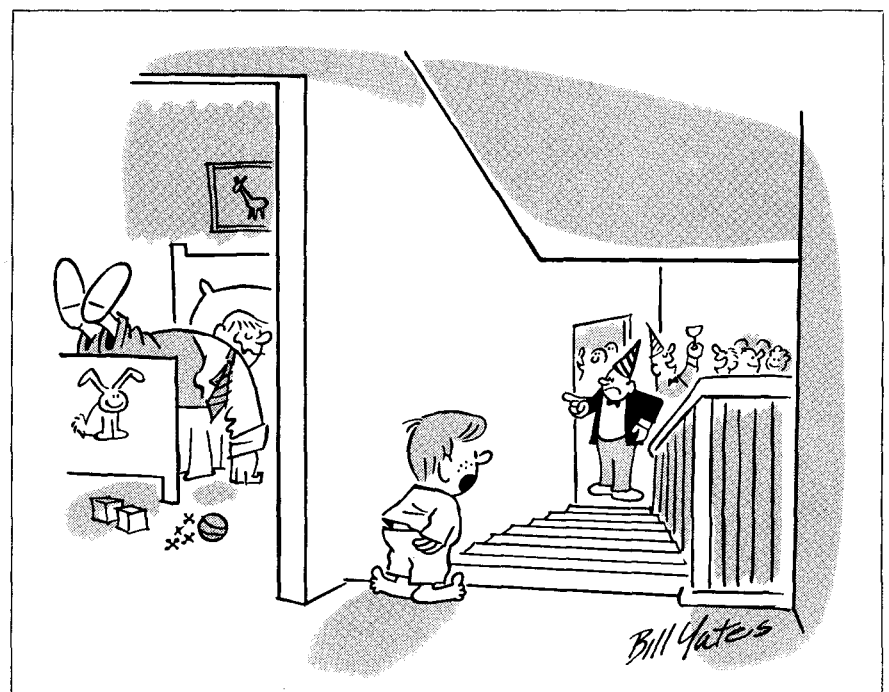
Do you understand now? I did, finally, but of course I like to read—when I get the chance, that is—and I'm extremely well grounded in science from all the science-fiction I've read. So I was certain, presently, that I knew what had happened; maybe you've figured it out too.

Years ago someone had to decide on a name for a new soft drink and finally picked "Coca-Cola." But certainly he considered other possible alternatives: and if the truth could be known, I'll bet one of them was "Coco-Coola." It's not a bad name—sounds cool and refreshing—and he may have come very close to deciding on it.

And how come Ford, Buick, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile survived while the Moon, Willys-Knight, Hupmobile and Kissel didn't? Well, at some point or other maybe a decision was made by the men who ran the Kissel Company, for example, which might just as easily have been made another way. If it had, maybe Kissel would have survived and be a familiar sight today.

Instead of Lucky Strikes, Camels and Chesterfields, we might be buying chiefly Picayunes, Sweet Caporals and Piedmonts. We might not have the Japanese beetle or the atom bomb. While the biggest newspaper in New York could be the *Sun*, and George Coopernagel might be President. If—what would the world be like right now, what would you or I be doing?—if only things in the past had happened just a tiny bit differently. There are thousands of possibilities, of course; there are

(*Continued on Page 56*)



"I can't go to bed! Mr. Ambruster got there first."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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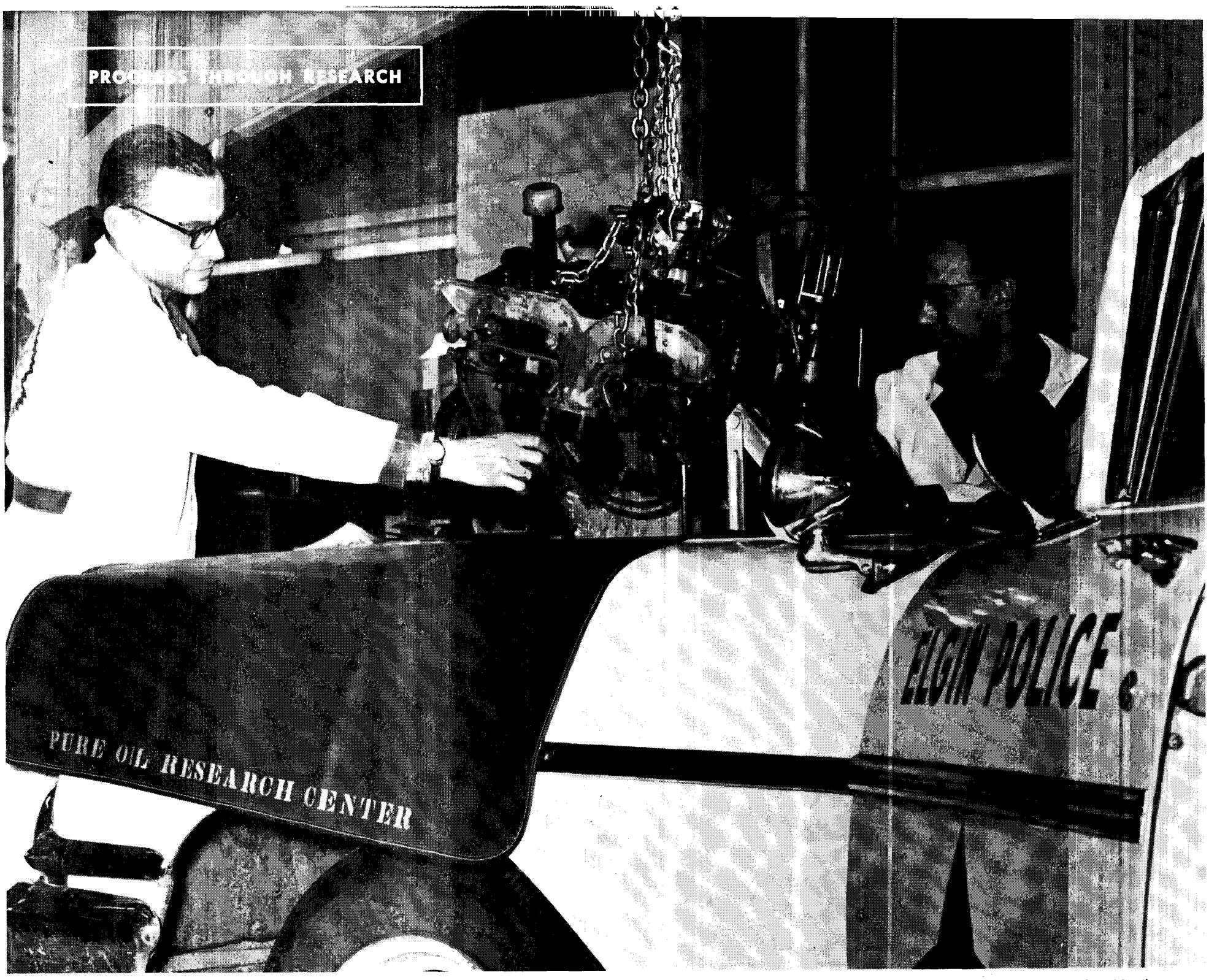

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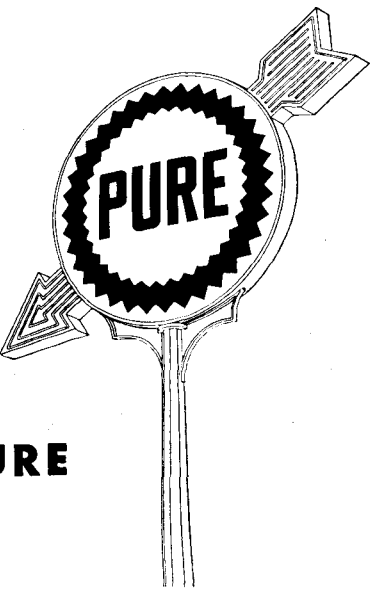

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 54*) millions and trillions. There is every conceivable kind of world, in fact; and a theory of considerable scientific standing—Einstein believed it—is that these other possible worlds actually exist; all of them, side by side and simultaneously with the one we happen to be familiar with.

I believed it too now, naturally; I knew what had happened, all right. Walking along Third Avenue through the late afternoon on my way home from the office, I had come to one of the tiny points where two of these alternate worlds intersected somehow. And I had walked off out of one into another slightly altered, somewhat different world of "If" that was every bit as real, and which existed quite as much, as the one I'd just left.

For maybe a block I walked on, stunned, but with a growing curiosity and excitement—because it had occurred to me to wonder where I was going. I was walking on with a definite purpose and destination, I realized; and when a traffic light beside me clicked to green, I took the opportunity to cross La Guardia Avenue, as it was labeled now, and then continue west along Thirty-ninth Street. I was going somewhere, no doubt about that; and in the instant of wondering where, I felt a chill along my spine. Because suddenly I knew.

All the memories of my life in another world, you understand, still existed in my mind; from distant past to the present. But beginning with the moment that I had turned from the newsstand to glance up at that painted sign, another set of memories—an alternate set of memories of my other life in this alternate world—began stirring to life underneath the first. But they were dim and faint yet, out of focus. I knew where I was going—vaguely; and I no more had to think how to get there than any other man on his way home from work. My legs simply moved in an old familiar pattern, carrying me up to the double glass doors of a big apartment building, and the doorman said, "Evening, Mr. Pullen. Hot today."

"You said it, Charley," I answered and walked on into the lobby; and then my legs were carrying me up the stairs to the second floor, then down a corridor to an apartment door which stood open. And just as I did every night, I realized, I walked into the living room, tossing my copy of the *Sun* to the davenport. I was wearing a suit I'd never seen before, I noticed, but it fitted me perfectly, of course, and was a little worn.

"Hi, I'm home," I heard my voice call out as always; and at one and the same time I knew, with complete and time-dulled familiarity—and also wondered with intense and fascinated curiosity—who in the world was going to answer; who in *this* world?

An oven door slammed in the kitchen as I turned to hang up my suit coat in the hall closet as always, then footsteps sounded on the wood floor between the kitchen and the living room. And as she said, "Hi, darling," I turned to see my wife walking toward me.

I had to admire my taste in this world. She was a big girl, tall and not quite slim; black-haired and with a very fair complexion; quite a pretty face with a single vertical frown line between her brows; and she had an absolutely gorgeous figure with long handsome legs. "Why, hel-lo," I said slowly. "What a preposterously good-looking female you are!"

Her jaw dropped in simple astonishment, her blue eyes narrowing suspiciously. I held my arms wide then, walking toward her delightedly, and while she accepted my embrace, she drew back to sniff my breath. She couldn't draw back very far, though, because my embrace—I simply couldn't help this—was tight and close; this fine-looking girl was a spectacular armful. "Now I know why I go to the office every day," I was saying as I nuzzled her lovely white neck, an extremely agreeable sensation. "There had to be a reason, and now I know what it is. It's so I can come home to this."

"Al, what in the world is the matter with you!" she said. Her voice was still astonished, but she'd quit trying to draw back.

"Nothing you can't remedy," I said, "in a variety of delightful ways," and I kissed her again.

"Honey," she murmured after a considerable time, "I have to fix supper," and she made a little token effort to get away.

"Supper can wait," I answered, and my voice was a full octave deeper, "but I can't." Again I kissed her, hard and eagerly, full on the lips. Her great big beautiful blue eyes widened in amazement—then they slowly closed and she smiled languorously.

Marion's face abruptly rose up in my mind. There in the forefront of my consciousness and conscience, suddenly, was her betrayed and indignant face, every bit as vivid as though she'd actually walked in through the door to discover this sultry brunette in my arms; and I could feel my face flame with guilt. Because I couldn't kid myself, I couldn't possibly deny the intensity of the pleasure I'd felt at this girl in my arms. I knew how very close I'd come to betraying Marion, and I felt terribly ashamed, and stood wondering—this long length of glorious girlhood still in my arms—how to end the situation, and with charm and grace. Now a moment later, her eyes opened, and she looked up at me questioningly, those full ripe moist lips slightly apart. "Hate to say this," I said then, sniffing the air thoughtfully, "but seems to me I smell something burning—besides me."

"Oh!"—she let out a little shriek, and as she ran to the kitchen I actually closed my eyes and sighed with a terrible relief. I didn't know how I'd walked into this other alternate world, or how I could leave it; but Marion was alive in my mind, while the world around me seemed unreal. In the kitchen I heard the oven door open, heard water run in the sink, then the momentary sizzle of cooking meat; and I walked quickly to the davenport and snatched up my copy of the *Sun*.

As I raised it to my face, the tap of high heels sounded on the wood floor just outside the kitchen door. There was silence as they crossed the rug toward me, then the davenport cushion beside me sank; I felt a deliciously warm breath on my cheek, and I had to lower my trembling, rattling newspaper, turn and manage to smile into the sloe eyes of the creature beside me.

Once again—my head slowly shaking in involuntary approval—I had to admire my own good taste; this was not a homely woman. "I turned the oven down," she murmured. "It might be better to have dinner a little later. When it gets cooler," she added softly.

I nodded quickly. "Good idea. Paper says it's the hottest day in five hundred years," I babbled. "Doctors advise complete immobility."

But the long-legged beauty beside me wasn't listening. "So I'm the reason you like to come home, am I?" she breathed into my ear. "It's been a long time, darling, since you said anything like that."

"H'm'm," I murmured and nodded frantically at the paper in my hands. "I see they're going to tear down City Hall," I muttered wildly, but she was blowing gently in my ear now; then she pulled the *Sun* from my paralyzed fingers, tossed it over her shoulder and leaned toward me. *Marion!* I was shrieking silently. *Help!* Then the raven-haired girl beside me had her arms around my neck, and I simply did not know what to do; I thought of pretending to faint, claiming sunstroke.

Then with the blinding force of a revelation it came to me. Through no fault of my own, I was in another world, another life. The girl in my arms—somehow that's where she was now—was singing softly, almost inaudibly. It took me a moment to recognize the tune; then finally I knew, finally I recognized this magnificent girl. "Just a Japanese Sand—man," she was singing softly through her lovely nose, and now I remembered fully everything about the alternate world I was in. I hadn't broken off with this girl at all—not in this particular world! Matter of fact, I suddenly realized, I'd never even met Marion in this world. It was even possible, it occurred to me now, that she'd never been born. In any case, this was the girl I'd married in this world. No denying it, this was my wife here beside me with her arms around my neck; we'd been married three years, in fact. And now I knew what to do—perfectly well.

Oh, boy! What a wonderful time Vera and I had in the months that followed. My work at the office was easy—no strain at all. I seemed to have an aptitude for it and, just as I'd always suspected, I made rather more money at Enterprises, Incorporated, than that Serv-Eez outfit ever paid in their lives. More than once, too, I left the office early, since no one seemed to mind, just to hurry back home—leaping up the stairs three at a time—to that lovely big old Vera again. And at least once every week I'd bring home a load of books under my arm, because she loved to read, just like me; and I'd made a wonderful discovery about this alternate world.

Life, you understand, was different in its details. The San Francisco Giants had won the 'Fifty-eight Series, for example; the Second Avenue El was still up; Yucatan gum was the big favorite; television was good; and several extremely prominent people whose names would astound you were in jail. But basically the two worlds were much the same. Drugstores, for example, looked and smelled just about the same; and one night on the way home from work I stopped in at a big drugstore to look over the racks of paper-back books and made a marvelous discovery.

There on the revolving metal racks were the familiar rows of glossy little books, every one of which, judging from the covers, seemed to be about an abnormally well-developed girl. Turning the rack slowly I saw books by William Faulkner, Bernard Glemser, Agatha Christie, and Charles Einstein, which I'd read and liked. Then, down near the bottom of the rack my eye was caught by the words, "By Mark Twain." The cover showed an old side-wheeler steamboat, and the title was *South From Cairo*. A reprint fitted out with a new title, I thought, feeling annoyed; and I picked up the book to see just which of Mark Twain's it really was. I've read every book he wrote—*Huckleberry Finn* at least a dozen times since I discovered it when I was eleven years old.

But the text of this book was new to me. It seemed to be an account, told in the first person by a young man of twenty, of his application for a job on a Mississippi steamboat. And then, from the bottom of a page, a name leaped out at me. "'Finn, sir,' I answered the captain," the text read, "'but mostly they call me Huckleberry.'"

For a moment I just stood there in the drugstore with my mouth hanging open; then I turned the little book in my hands. On the back cover was a photograph of Mark Twain; the familiar shock of white hair, the mustache, that wise old face. But underneath this the brief familiar account of his life ended with saying that he had died in 1918 in Mill Valley, California. Mark Twain had lived eight years longer in this alternate world, and had written—well, I didn't yet know how many more books he had written in this wonderful world, but I knew I was going to find out. And my hand was trembling as I walked up to the cashier and gave her two bits for my priceless copy of *South From Cairo*.

I love reading in bed, and that night I read a good half of my new Mark Twain in bed with Vera, and then afterward—well, afterward she fixed me a nice cool Tom Collins. And oh, boy, this was the life all right.

In the weeks that followed—that lanky length of violet-eyed womanhood cuddled up beside me, singing softly through her nose—I read a new novel by Ernest Hemingway; the best yet, I think. I read a serious, wonderfully good novel by James Thurber, and something else I'd been hoping to find for years—the sequel to a marvelous book called *Delilah*, by Marcus Goodrich. In fact, I read some of the best reading since Gutenberg kicked things off—a good deal of it aloud to Vera, who enjoyed it as much as I did. I read *Mistress Murder*, a hilarious detective story by George S. Kaufman; *The Queen Is Dead*, by George Bernard Shaw; *The Third Level*, a collection of short stories by someone or (*Continued on Page 58*)

"Yes, sir, table for six."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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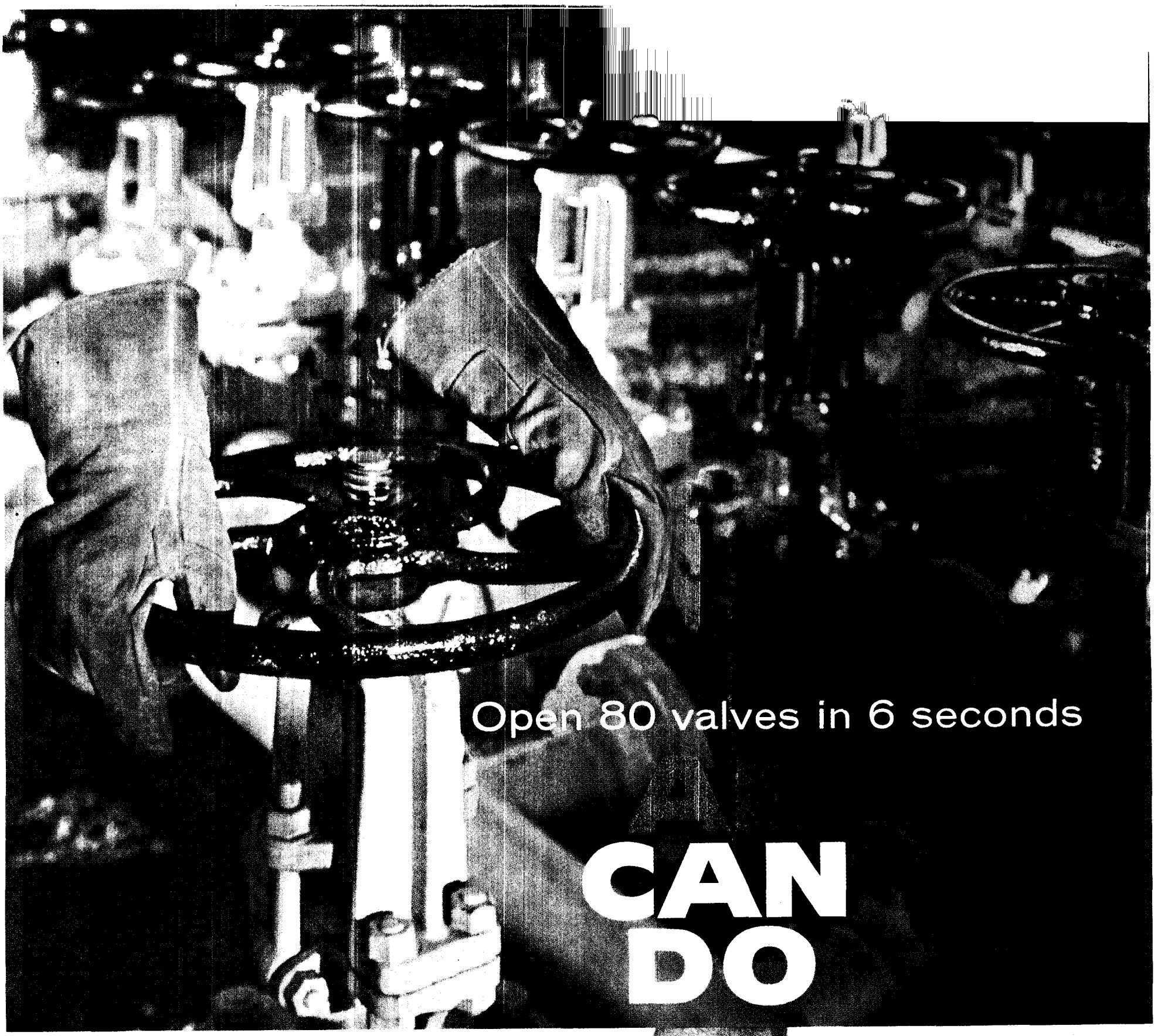

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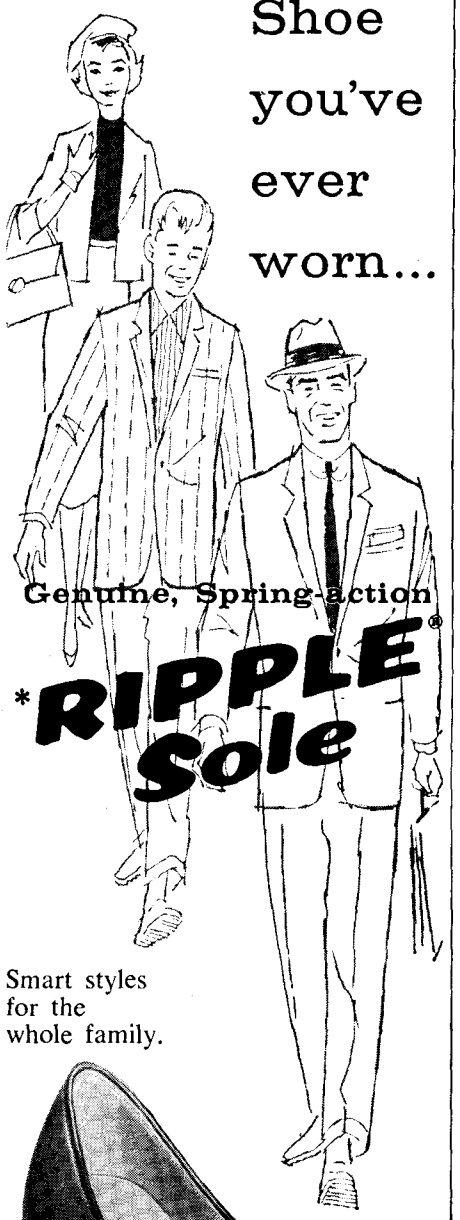

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(*Continued from Page 56*) other I never heard of, but not too bad; a wonderful novel by Allen Marple; a group of fine stories about the advertising business by Alfred Eichler; a terrific play by Orson Welles; and a whole new volume of Sherlock Holmes stories by A. Conan Doyle.

For four or five months, as Vera rather aptly remarked, I thought, it was like a second honeymoon. I did all the wonderful little things, she said, that I used to do on our honeymoon and before we were married; I even thought up some new ones. And then—all of a sudden one night—I wanted to go to a night club.

All of a sudden I wanted to get out of the house in the evening, and do something else for a change. Vera was astonished—wanted to know what was the matter with me, which is typical of a woman. If you don't react precisely the same way day after day after endless day, they think something must be wrong with you. They'll even insist on it. I didn't want any black-cherry ice cream for dessert, I told Vera one night at dinner. Why not, she wanted to know—which is idiotic if you stop to think about it. I didn't want any because I didn't want any, that's all! But being a woman she had to have a reason; so I said, "Because I don't like it."

"But of course you like it," she said. "You always used to like it!"

You see what I mean? Anyway, we did go to this night club, but it wasn't much fun. Vera got sleepy, and we left, and were home before twelve. Then she wasn't sleepy, but I was. Couple nights later I came home from the office and was changing my clothes; she said something or other, and I didn't hear her and didn't answer, and we actually had a little argument. She wanted to know why I always looked at every coin in my pocket, like an idiot, every time I changed clothes. I explained quietly enough; told her about the ad I used to read as a kid and how I was still looking for a 1913 Liberty-head nickel worth thousands of dollars, which was the truth.

But it wasn't the whole truth. As I looked through the coins I'd collected in my pocket during the day—the Woodrow Wilson dimes, the Grover Cleveland pennies, the nickels with George Coopernagel's profile, and all the other familiar coins of the world I now lived in—I understood something that had puzzled me once.

These other alternate worlds in which we also live intersect here and there—at a corner newsstand, for example, on Third Avenue in New York and at many another place, too, no doubt. And from these intersecting places every once in a while something from one of these worlds—a Woodrow Wilson dime, for example—will stray into another one. I'd found such a dime and when I happened to plank it down on the counter of that little newsstand, there at an intersection of the two alternate worlds, that dime bought a newspaper in the world it belonged in. And I walked off into that world with the *New York Sun* under my arm. I knew this now, and I'd known it long since. I understood it finally, but I didn't tell Vera. I simply told her I was looking for a 1913 Liberty-head nickel. I didn't tell her I was also looking for a Roosevelt dime.

I found one too. One night, finally, sure enough, there it lay in my palm; a dime with the profile of Franklin D. Roosevelt on its face. And when I slapped it down on the counter of the little newsstand next evening, there at the intersection of two alternate worlds, I was trembling. The man snatched up a paper, folding it as he handed it to me, and I tucked it under my arm and walked on for three or four steps, hardly daring to breathe. Then I opened the paper and looked at it. *New York World-Telegram*, the masthead read, and I began to run—all the way to Forty-fourth Street, then east to First Avenue and then up three flights of stairs.

I could hardly talk I was so out of breath when I burst into the apartment, but I managed to gasp out the only word that mattered. "Marion!" I said and grabbed her to me, almost choking her, because my arms hit the back of her head about where Vera's shoulders would have been. But she managed to talk, struggling to break loose, her voice sort of muffled against my coat.

"Al!" she said. "What in the world is the matter with you?"

For her, of course, I'd been here last night and every night for the months and years past. And of course, back in this world, I remembered it, too, but dimly, mistily. I stepped back now and looked down at the marvelous tiny size of Marion, at that wonderful, petite figure, at her exquisite and fragile blond beauty. "Nothing's the matter with me," I said, grinning down at her. "It's just that I've got a beautiful wife and was in a hurry to get home to her. Anything wrong with that?"

There wasn't; not a thing, and—well, it's been wonderful, my life with Marion, ever since. It's an exciting life; we're out three and four nights a week, I guess—dancing, the theater, visiting friends, going to night clubs, having dinner out, even bowling. It's the way things used to be, as Marion has aptly said. In fact, she remarked recently, it's like a second honeymoon, and she's wonderfully happy these days and so am I.

Oh, sometimes I'm a little tired at night lately. There are times after a tough day at Serv-Eez when I'd almost rather stay home and read a good book; it's been quite a while since I did. But I don't worry about that. Because the other night, about two-thirty in the morning, just back from The Mirimba, standing at my dresser looking through the coins in my pocket, I found it—another Woodrow Wilson dime. You come across them every once in a while, I've noticed, if you just keep your eyes open; Wilson dimes, Ulysses Grant quarters, Coopernagel nickels. And I've got my Wilson dime safely tucked away, and—well, I'm sure Vera, that lithe-limbed creature, will be mighty glad to see her husband suddenly acting his old self once again. I imagine it'll be like a third honeymoon. Just as—in time—it will be for Marion.

So there you are, brother, coin collecting can be profitable. And fun too! Why don't you start—tonight!

Warning at the Gate (Continued from Page 24)

the north, the peak made an impressive landmark as it looked out over mile after mile of rolling, sloping, desolate prairie covered in sere grasses, which in happier times were vibrant and supple in the breeze. Farther to the south—many miles indeed and across a burning desert—were other mountains and the stream called the Rio Grande.

The land had an aged appearance, lonesome and huge, that made a man feel small and insignificant and at the same time caused him to feel wild and free and absolutely unfettered. It stiffened the backbone of strong men, this country, and it sucked the spirit and the marrow from weak men—causing them to look for a smaller, more amiable land.

Lacey Edwards, tall and lean and burned a blackish-brown from many unshaded suns, did not view the approach of the horseman without a tingle of uneasiness. When the man was within hailing distance, Lacey slid down from his perch on the wall and lounged against the swung-back gate.

"Hello, there," Lacey said civilly. "Get down and come in."

"Well, now," said the dusty, grinning man, "I ain't never made it to heaven—so I cain't say for sure—but this place of yours must sure look like it!" He stepped from the saddle and stuck out his hand. "Bowers is th' name. Weldon Bowers."

"Lacey Edwards," he said gravely, "an' it ain't heaven but it's home. Put your hoss up to the trough. He looks mighty dry."

"He's dry, all right," said Weldon Bowers, his pinkish, sunburned face sobering. "An' he ain't the only one thirsty. We're movin' five hunnerd head o' mixed stock, headin' for new ground over in the far side of New Mexico. We've been trailin' dry for three days now, and Walt Groves—he's the owner—sent me out with orders not to come back without I found water. It looks," he said with another grin, "as though I still got a job."

Lacey started to say something from a troubled face, but at that moment a woman's voice said, "Lacey, you don't expect that man to drink out of the trough, do you?"

"Excuse my manners," Lacey said. "I had my mind on somethin' else. . . . This is my wife, Mr. Bowers."

"Glad to know you, ma'am," said the newcomer, hastily removing his hat and nodding his blond head. "If I looked surprised, it's because I sure didn't expect to see a woman out here. Admittin'," he said, "it's women who'll finally settle this here country."

"Yes," the woman said, her smooth, tanned features relaxing into the barest of smiles, "I suppose so. If the country just doesn't dry up into nothin' before we have a chance to get around to it."

"Ain't this drouth th' devil, though?" asked Bowers, wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeve while he had his hat off.

"Lord," Lacey said seriously, "it's the worst I've ever seen."

The woman brought a bucket of water and a dipper, and the men squatted in the shade of the house. Bowers took the dipper and drank greedily, "Ah-h, that's fine." He looked about with polite interest and said, "You got a reg'lar fort here, ain't you?"

"It used to come in handy," Lacey smiled, "what with Apaches an' Mexican bandits. You couldn't hardly keep a hoss without you slept on him."

"I'magine so." Bowers nodded thoughtfully. "It's a cinch you didn't have no neighbors to call on for help."

There was a moment's quiet spell, Bowers just resting easy and Lacey frowning a little—an abstract look on his high-cheeked face. "Well," Bowers said, "I'm sure wastin' time, considerin' th' shape th' herd was in when I left. It's right doubtful to think how many is goin' to make it over here."

Lacey got up, his face suddenly going cold and hard. "Don't bring your herd here, Bowers. Not for water."

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Puzzled curiosity twisted Bowers' face. Smiling, he said, "Don't bring the herd here? Is there other water around?"

"No," Lacey said, "this here is the only water for thirty miles as I know of."

"Then, man," Bowers said, still with the smile, "you are jokin'."

"Bowers, listen to me," Lacey said, looking embarrassed in spite of the sternness of his words. "You cain't water that herd here. Not one cow!"

"Man," said Bowers, his blue eyes getting bluer and colder, "if them cows don't water pretty quick, Walt Groves won't have enough left come mornin' to stock a ten-acre tract. That's gospel!"

"I'm ruined," Lacey said, "if he waters here."

"You got a well, ain't you?" Bowers said angrily.

"When was the last time you noticed th' wind ablowin'?" Lacey asked, his own anger dissolving his embarrassment.

Bowers rubbed a rope-burned finger across his cracked lips, "Three days, four days maybe—enough to speak of."

"It's been five days," Lacey said, all cordiality gone from his voice. "Five days that mill ain't turned over an' me livin' out here where the wind is a nuisance most of the time. That fan up there don't turn, I don't get no water."

"It'll blow again," Bowers said stubbornly, his face flushing red.

"Sure," Lacey agreed. "But when? Tomorrow? Next week? Man, if you bring that herd in here dyin' for water they'll suck that pond so dry it won't be nothin' but a mudslick. Then—if th' wind don't blow—what's my stock goin' to do? This here pond's the last water on this range."

"Well," Bowers said, his voice going soft and thick, "don't fool yo'self. Knowin' Walter Groves th' way I do, I cain't see him watchin' his cattle die when there's water for th' takin'."

"If he gets this water," Lacey said quietly, "he'll have to take it! There's others as has tried to take this place."

"I'll be goin', Edwards," Weldon Bowers said coolly. "But you can look for me back." He took a long, insolent look at the walls and the lay of the yard and set spurs to the sorrel, leaving a cloud of dust to settle on Lacey's shoulders. Lacey watched him go before he turned a brooding, troubled face upward to the blades of the windmill. "Hell," he said.

"Lacey," said the voice of the slender, full-bodied woman, "do you think you're doin' right? It's a hard thing you got in mind."

Lacey took his wife's strong, brown hand, "Ilene, there's two men. One of 'em will be ruined this time tomorrow. Ruined or maybe dead. I don't intend it should be me."

"Lacey," she said, "you're a good man an' a fair man. So, I wonder ——"

"What?" he asked, knowing full well what she had in mind.

"I wonder," she said softly, her brown eyes showing her love for him, "if you can go through with it."

"I'm goin' to try," he said stubbornly.

She fixed their supper while he worked quietly on his guns. Ilene looked at him frequently, obviously troubled, but made no comments. After they had eaten she asked him quietly, "Lacey, do you think this place is worth it?"

He stared out the door at the sullen, motionless, seemingly dead windmill. "I don't know. It's home. We've been here a long time."

"Still," she insisted without nagging, "I'd hate to lose you in a fight over somethin' like this. I'm too old to train another husband."

"Thirty?" he said with a quizzical smile, wondering for the thousandth time how he had ever managed to attract this woman. "Ilene, you ain't old. You're prettier now than you were ten years ago."

"Not age," she said, touching the back of his hand. "It's just that I've loved you too long."

He squeezed her hand and said sadly, "I know how you feel, Ilene. But there's some things a man feels he ought to do."

"I know," she nodded, averting her eyes. "I guess I wouldn't love you so much was you different."

"They're comin'," he said, picking up his shotgun. "Stay inside."

"No," Ilene said, reaching for the rifle. "I belong out there too."

Harshly he said, "Stay in here. I'll need my wits an' I won't have 'em with you out there."

"All right," she conceded, her eyes glittering. "But don't worry about your back. I'll be watchin' it for you."

He kissed her, a light kiss warm and full of meaning. "You're contrary," he said, "but I wouldn't have you any other way."

Weldon Bowers was a man of his word. He was back and there was another man with him—an older man, a bigger man, than Bowers.

They rode up to the gate where Lacey stood with the shotgun in the crook of his arm and they rode with their hands in sight.

"I reckon you're Walter Groves," Lacey said dryly.

"That's right," the man said.

They took time to study one another, Lacey seeing in Walter Groves a man common to the times. Groves obviously had not led an easy life, looking older than the forty years Lacey judged him to be. Making an allowance for the extra weight of the man, Groves had the look of an eagle—stern, hard, sharp-eyed. Yet, under other circumstances, he was the kind of man Lacey would have felt drawn to, and he recognized him as a kindred spirit.

"Weldon tells me," Groves said almost idly, "that you don't intend to let us water here."

"That's right," Lacey nodded, paying particular attention to Weldon Bowers.

"Well," Groves said, "it seems like a pretty hard thing."

Lacey shrugged. "Would you do any different?"

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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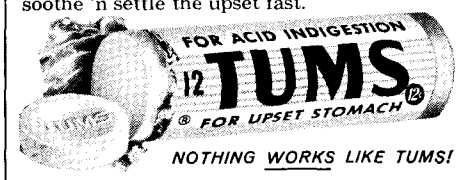

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"No," Groves admitted with a tiny, wry smile. "But I don't reckon you'd feel any different from me either."

Lacey turned so that the shotgun looked a little more directly at them. *Be careful*, he thought. *Walter Groves is not a man to pussyfoot around this way. It's not the man's way and he must be trying to get me careless and off balance. He's not the kind of man to take a reverse kindly, and you can tell by his eyes and his flat, level way of looking at you that he is no stranger to violence.*

"You better get out there and start turning your herd, Groves," Lacey said pointedly.

"You're more of a cattleman than that, Edwards," Groves said easily. "They've smelled your pond. Hell itself wouldn't turn 'em now."

"Maybe not," Lacey said harshly, "but they'll die right outside this wall!"

"The wall," Groves said with a nod at the opening in which Lacey stood, "has a gate in it."

"Don't get your hopes up, Groves. This gate won't open again 'til you're gone."

"Just a second," Weldon Bowers said in a smooth, silky tone edged faintly with eagerness, looking at Lacey but speaking to Groves. "Why fool around? I can take him. I got the feelin' I can."

Lacey made a quick evaluation, the leanness of his body tightening. *It's close*, he thought. *They're starting the play. I can't really watch them both. Which one? It's evident that Bowers is quick and itchy and very self-confident. Bowers is young and full of sap and he's the kind that would fight over anything just for the sake of a fight. He's dangerous, all right.*

But Groves—Groves is an older head and he's wise and he has much at stake. Groves would fight and Groves would kill; he would fight out of necessity and with distaste, but he would, all the same, fight very capably and he would strike hard when he struck.

It's a squeeze, Lacey thought, *and I'm a fool for walking out here in the open and exposing myself.* Lacey did not give up, because it was not in him to give up until he was irrevocably beaten. In the instant he had these thoughts he decided that it was Bowers' part to draw his attention so that Groves would have what amounted to a free hand for the actual execution. Careful not to make a precipitous move with the gun itself, Lacey shifted again so that the gun bore heavily on Groves.

"Why, now," Walter Groves said mildly, "I ain't right sure, Weldon. It seems those barrels are lookin' me right between the eyes."

Knowing that Bowers had the foolish pride that would make him accept personal danger as a challenge, Lacey said, "Boy, you even twitch a finger an' your boss'll get the first charge."

"He ain't got that thing cocked," Bowers said, still unconvinced, talking to Groves.

"Weldon, you're a good boy an' I like you just the way you are an' I like me all in one piece when I can keep me that way. Mr. Edwards here don't strike me as no green kid."

"The gun ain't cocked," Lacey said evenly, "because I thought we might avoid trouble. But—I can damn well cock it!"

"No doubt," Groves said dryly. "I ain't goin' to tempt you. Not right now. But in a little bit it'll be dark. There's five of us, an' you cain't watch every which way at once."

"No, that's right," Lacey said. "But I'm sure goin' to try."

"Man, reconsider," Groves said persuasively. "The wind's goin' to blow again. It always has!"

"Write me out a guarantee, then," Lacey said shortly. "Or, better still, call me up a breeze right now."

"Well," Groves said, a shadow crossing his face, "you don't leave me but one way out. But what about your wife? I don't relish bein' the cause of a woman bein' hurt."

Groves had shoved hard on the thorn in Lacey's flesh. "It's a worry," Lacey admitted. "But we've had other fights here—me an' her."

"Why don't you send her out? Does anything happen to you, I'll see that she's taken care of," Groves urged.

Still watching for a surprise action, Lacey let one corner of his mind consider the proposition—not doubting he could trust Groves in this matter.

"Mr. Groves," Ilene's ringing voice startled Lacey, "my place is with my husband. That's where I'll stay."

Proud of her spirit, yet annoyed with her for not minding him, Lacey shrugged and said quietly, "She's a right stubborn woman. I guess that's it."

"Yes," Groves said softly, reining his horse around, "I guess that's it, all right."

Lacey braced himself, expecting them to whirl back at the last instant, but the two men rode on across the grass to meet the advancing herd. Quickly Lacy shut and barred the gate. He took Ilene by the arm and hurried her across the yard to the cabin.

"Stay in here," he told her and traded the shotgun for the rifle as he went up the ladder and onto the flat roof of the cabin.

He looked across the grass and knew in one glance that the herd was indeed in the final stages of death by thirst. The beasts were scattered out and coming to the walls in a stumbling, wobble-kneed trot. They were not longhorns, these cattle. They had some of the blood, all right, but they were chunkier-built and shorter-legged and, while they were undoubtedly better beef cattle, they lacked the hardiness and the stamina of the longhorn. They were almost uniform in color, something you wouldn't see in a herd of the original Texas cattle, and their horns looked more like adornments than weapons for defense.

Groves and his men hung back, letting the cattle crowd against the wall. Lacey watched them and not the cattle and almost unthinkingly he levered the rifle. He looked to the south, hoping to see clouds which would give a hint of winds to come, but knew it was a futile gesture even as he looked. He cursed. He did not want to kill one of those men.

The cattle were milling around the walls, bawling piteously, and the noise they made was deafening and distracting. *Hush*, Lacey thought, *I do not like to hear you bawl that way. Stop your bawling and die.*

Lacey looked down the way the herd had come, and on the bareness of the land he could see the carcasses that had marked the trail for the last mile or two. Lacey closed his eyes for just a second or two, and Ilene wondered uneasily, as she stood on the top rung of the ladder, if this strong man was praying. *It would be strange if he was*, she thought. She had never seen him pray before in times of stress.

She wanted to go to him, but she stayed where she was and asked quietly and evenly, "Are they goin' to make a fight?"

Lacey opened his eyes but he did not look at her. "I think so," he said. "Get down and stay away from the windows."

The cattle were pushing against the walls and the stronger were treading on the weaker and the smaller, and in the quick glance he threw at them he saw that several of them were already down. Some were rearing up, like dogs begging to be fed, and placing their feet on the top of the wall. They were trying to scramble over but they were not made right, and Lacey looked away from them. He did not like looking at those cattle. Their water-starved tongues were not a pretty thing to see.

Groves and his men were riding in now, and Lacey dropped to his knees behind the parapet. Lacey stared at them, puzzled. They were riding in casually, those men. And they shouldn't be riding that way at all. They should be riding wildly and they should ride up swiftly and throw themselves from their ponies and hug the wall for shelter. But—they weren't. They weren't!

Suddenly, as he realized what they were up to, dismay flooded through his lean frame. *Damn Groves*, he thought, *for being a thinking man.* He cursed under his breath and watched the grinning Bowers and the three others pull up in a group as Walter Groves rode casually and slowly to the gate.

A group of cattle blocked Groves' way and he had to force his horse through them, and Lacey used that second to throw another glance at the other men; and again Bowers gave him a grinning, daredevil look. They had not moved, sitting their horses still and easy, and Lacey turned his attention on Groves.

The cattle were bawling steadily in hoarse, weak laments—stirring the dust with their dragging hoofs until it rose in a thick, choking cloud that almost obscured them. Groves was at the gate now and he looked across the yard to the roof, his eyes meeting and holding with Lacey's for a long moment.

"Get away from that gate, Groves!"

Groves ignored the shouted order, kneeing his horse closer to the gate and leaning over it to remove the bar that held it to. The explosion of the shot reverberated above the moaning of the cattle as Lacey threw his rifle up to his shoulder. The slug slammed home in the bar an inch or two from Groves' square brown hand, and that hand flinched hastily and pulled back.

Lacey could see the man take a deep breath and look at Lacey as though he were making a last-minute review of his judgment. *He thinks I won't shoot him because he didn't come in hostile*, Lacey thought. Angrily he shouted, "The second time's temptin' fate, Groves!"

The man at the gate nodded and slowly, very slowly, reached again for the bar. *I've got to show him*, Lacey thought desperately and threw the rifle up the second time. When he fired, Groves jerked back heavily and tumbled from his saddle.

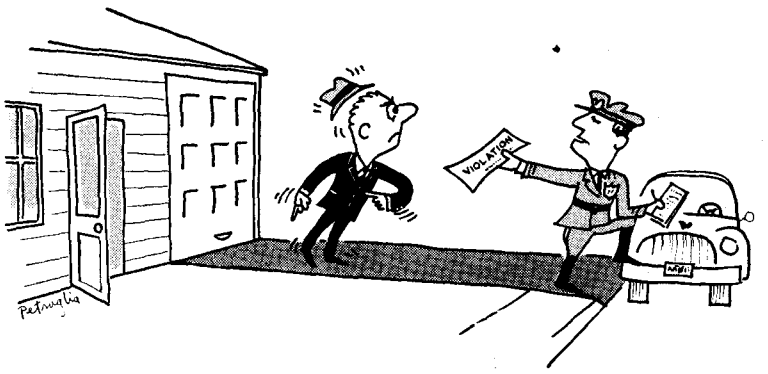
Bowers hollered, and it was an angry yell echoed by the others out there; feeling committed now, Lacey turned the rifle their way, but his heart was not in it—no matter what.

The bawling of the cattle welled up around him, and it seemed to Lacey it was his conscience shouting at him. Bowers was racing his horse across the grass now, but another movement caught Lacey's eye. He blinked. Groves was at the gate again, doggedly working at the bar with one hand. Lacey said a bad word and dropped his rifle as he vaulted over the parapet, scarcely grunting when he landed lightly on his toes. Walking easily, without haste but purposefully, Lacey went to the gate and lifted the bar.

"You're a fool if I ever saw one," Lacey said angrily.

"I ain't so dumb," grinned that big man. "I'm still alive, ain't I?"

"Yes," Lacey said as he grabbed the wounded man and pulled him out of the way of maddened stock surging through the gateway, "but I thought for a minute I was sure out of practice."



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Olaf paused at his home one busy day to grab a sandwich and a glass of milk before making further business calls. In his hurry he parked in front of his own driveway. He came out to find his car ticketed by Officer Clancy for blocking a private driveway. Furious, he retained a lawyer and went to court.

"The purpose of the ordinance prohibiting parking across driveways is to let the property owner get in and out of his garage—to protect his right of access," said Olaf's lawyer. "Therefore he should be permitted to block his own driveway if he wishes. It follows that Olaf did no wrong in parking where he did."

"The law plays no favorites," the prosecutor argued. "It says nothing about letting property owners block their own drives. Olaf parked where he should not have parked, so he is guilty."

If you were the judge, would you hold Olaf guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty. The court said that the ordinance must be enforced uniformly against everyone. Otherwise it would be discriminatory.

Based upon a 1959 New York decision.

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Bowers shoved his pony through the jammed-up cattle, shouting at the other men to hold the gate and let through only such stock as there was room for at the pond. He came over to where Groves and Lacey were standing and he grinned at Lacey, his eyes a warmer blue than they had been earlier.

"How's your arm, Walt?"

"It needs fixin'," grunted the big man.

Ilene was with them, suddenly, and she said in a relieved, smiling sort of tone, "If you'll come in the house, I'll fix it up for you."

"Thankee, Miz Edwards," Walt Groves said, pale and sweaty-faced, "I'll appreciate it. Seein' you, I'm jus' sorry your husband didn't shoot a little higher an' fix me up so's you'd have to look after me for a week or two."

"Don't kid me," Ilene laughed. "You don't feel near as perky as you're puttin' on."

"The intelligence of women," Walt said lugubriously as he followed her to the house.

Lacey was sitting glumly on the bench beside the door, watching his future go into the bellies of the shoving, fighting cows, when Groves came out of the house with his arm wrapped up. The wounded man coughed discreetly after a bit and said, "I ain't proud of what I did."

"Didn't figger you was," Lacey grunted.

"Looky, Edwards," Groves said hesitantly, "I've been thinkin'. Why don't you make a quick gather of your stock an' move out to New Mexico with us? I understand there's plenty of space and plenty of water in the spot we're headin' for. I was kinda thinkin'," he said, "of a partnership."

Lacey looked curiously at him, "You don't know nothin' about me."

"I think," Groves said with a meaningful, slow look, "me an' you know one another. How about it?"

"Well," Lacey said slowly, thinking of his years on this land and the meaning this land had for him, "it looks like I cain't stay here. Three or four days an' my own cows'll be dead."

"Lacey," Groves said, staring at the mudslick that had been a pond, "them cows still ain't real satisfied. We'll have to gather your stock in a hurry or we'll lose anyhow."

"My stuff is within a mile or so on account of the water. It won't take long, I reckon."

"Come morning, we'll get 'em," Groves said in a satisfied tone, getting up and sticking out his good left hand.

They drank their coffee in great, scalding gulps and moved out in the still darkness of four A.M. to saddle up. They made no conversation, each man busy with his own thoughts.

Ilene appeared at Lacey's shoulder, and he turned to her. "Pack what you have to have. I'll load it when I get back."

He said it flatly and not bitterly and not whiningly, but she knew what this move was doing to him, so she put her hands on his shoulders and rose on her toes to kiss him lightly amidst the darkness which sheltered them. "All right," she said.

Above them the windmill groaned. They all heard it as they heard the other noises of the morning. But it didn't register. The horses stamped their feet sleepily, and there was the jingle of spurs, and the squeak of leather, and grunts as cinches creased horses' bellies.

"Lacey, did you hear that?" Ilene asked.

"Hear what?" he answered abstractedly.

"I thought I heard the windmill turn just then."

They all stopped what they were doing then. They listened intently and stared at the top of the tower. "No, I don't hear anything," Lacey said finally.

Then the fan turned again. They all heard it and suddenly they could hear the tinny rattle of the blades and the protesting groan as the rods made their first descent. Wonderingly they moved over to the tower and looked up to see the skylighted fan and, sure enough, it was turning. Not fast, but it was turning!

"Good Lawd," Weldon Bowers said. "There ain't no breeze at all!"

Then the wind hit gustily, picking up the deep, fine dust of the yard and whipping it into their eyes. Above them the fan was singing busily and the rods began working steadily—clank-clunk-clank.

They moved in a body—as though motivated by the same instantaneous thought—to the water pipe. It took a while for the first thin trickle to gurgle out of the spout. It took a while but it was there. They felt the stream and smiled at one another, and suddenly the stream was bigger and it shot a little farther into the trough. After a while the trough would fill, and the water would splash over the lip and into the edge of the pond.

"Well," Lacey said as he fished a grain of sand from his eye, "I reckon you just lost a partner, Walter."

"Yeh, I guess so," Walter said. "But it ain't a loss I like. Well, boys," he said, "we better get started."

They shook hands all around, grinning embarrassed grins in the first light of morning. Ilene stepped up to Walter Groves and touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Mr. Groves, you come back to see us if you get a chance."

"I will," he said. "I surely will. But I'll wait for a wet year." THE END

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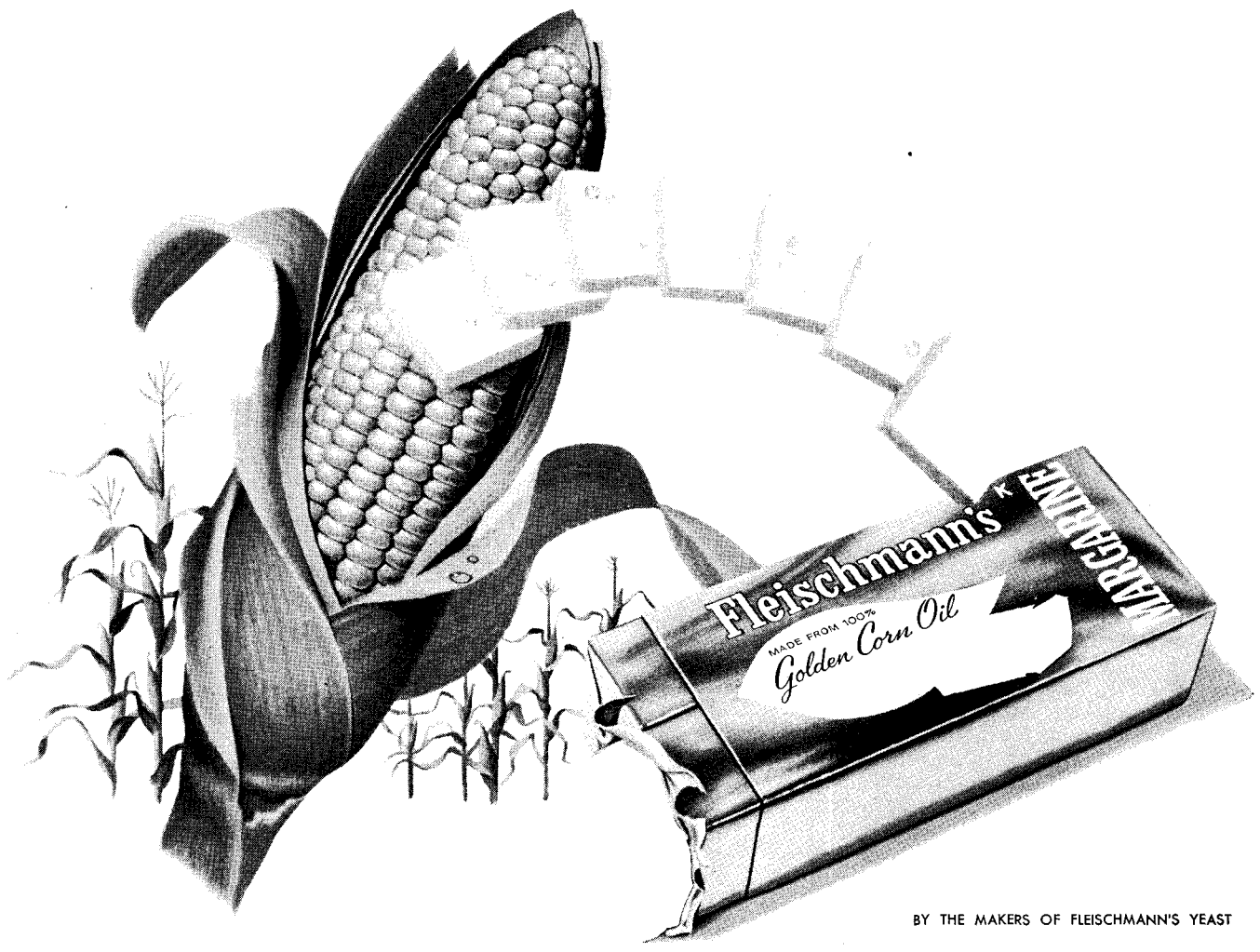

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The Myths of Cooperstown

(Continued from Page 18)

Cooperstown is forty miles from the nearest airport at Utica and sixty miles from the nearest railroad passenger station at Albany. It is an appropriately pastoral setting for a memorial to a national sport that evolved when the United States was a predominantly rural land. Cooperstown is not, however, a typical country community. Through special circumstances it has taken on an unusual character, with early Americana its chief stock in trade. This was another factor in the establishment of the Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.

A good point at which to start sorting things out is in 1905, when Albert G. Spalding, a pioneer of professional baseball who had become a sporting-goods manufacturer and publisher of a baseball guide, announced the appointment of a seven-man commission to determine when and where baseball began. People with information to contribute were invited to send it in.

Among those responding was Abner Graves, a native of Cooperstown. He had been inspired to go West by the California gold rush in 1849 and had stayed in the West thereafter. Writing to Spalding from Denver in 1905, Graves declared that baseball had been originated by Abner Doubleday in Cooperstown. Queried as to the exact date, he said in a subsequent letter that it was "either 1839, 1840 or 1841."

This is the only "evidence" of the Doubleday-Cooperstown story that ever existed, then or now. Incredibly it wound up being promulgated as the official finding of the investigating commission, whose members—all with distinguished baseball backgrounds—included two United States senators and several prominent businessmen. The chairman, A. G. Mills, was vice president of the Otis Elevator Company and a former president of the National League (1883–84).

Indications are that the only man who did anything more than lend his name to the study was Mills, and the limited extent of his contribution can be judged from a letter he wrote on December 20, 1907, some two and a half years after his appointment as chairman. Mills explained, "The understanding at the time was that the secretary of this commission, Mr. J.E. Sullivan, now president of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, would collect a lot of testimony and data for our consideration, but this it took him a long time to do; and, as a matter of fact, he did not issue it until last fall, while I was still in Europe, and since my return I have had little opportunity to wade through its several hundred pages. One point, however, attracted my attention. . . ."

The item that caught Mills' eye was the correspondence about Abner Doubleday. Albert Spalding had passed this material along for the scrutiny of the commission, with a covering note urging that it be given "special attention." It was logical for Mills to do so, since the investigation was really Spalding's baby in the first place. Also, Mills had been personally acquainted with Doubleday, who went from Cooperstown to West Point and ultimately rose to the rank of major general during the Civil War. Later Doubleday and Mills were members of the same veterans' organization in New York. When General Doubleday died in 1893, Mills commanded a guard of honor during the ensuing military rites.

Mills made one attempt at getting some corroboration of the Doubleday story. Without even waiting for the answer—which turned out to be negative—he drafted a statement on December 30, 1907, in which he not only accepted completely the Doubleday testimony of Abner Graves but also embellished it with speculations of his own which he presented as facts. Mills concluded the statement as follows.

> My deductions from the testimony submitted are:
>
> First. That Base Ball had its origin in the United States.
>
> Second. That the first scheme for playing it, according to the best available evidence obtainable to date, was devised by Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, N.Y., in 1839.

Albert Spalding chose to regard this as the final report of the investigating commission. None of the other members raised any objection. Mills' statement was duly published in full in Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide for 1908. Three years later all of the commission's files, including the original Abner Graves correspondence, were destroyed in a fire.

As for Graves himself, he next made news in 1924, when, at the age of ninety, he shot and fatally wounded his forty-eight-year-old wife. A jury found that he was mentally unbalanced at the time of the shooting. He was committed to the Colorado State Hospital, where he died in 1926.

In recent times, as will be demonstrated later, one outraged baseball scholar after another has figuratively put Graves on trial all over again because of his claims for Abner Doubleday. When the Doubleday story first came out in 1908, though, it had about as much impact as an empty sponge. Few people seemed to care one way or another. Even in Cooperstown, nobody did anything about it.

However, a seed had been planted. It first began to sprout in a modest way around the time of World War I. A small group of local men, led by Dr. Ernest L. Pitcher, Dr. Harry L. Cruttenden and L.J. Gross, decided that something should be done to perpetuate the Abner Doubleday baseball tradition in Cooperstown. Their idea was to establish a memorial field at what they understood to be the site of Doubleday's first game—a cow pasture right off Main Street which was known locally as "the Phinney lot."

How they came to hit upon this location is unclear today. It was only one of a number of places Abner Graves mentioned as the scene of Cooperstown ball games. In one letter Graves said, "I do not know, neither is it possible for anyone to know, on what spot the first game was played according to Doubleday's plan."

In any event, operating first on a private basis and eventually with chamber-of-commerce backing, the Cooperstown group succeeded in collecting enough money to lease the property and lay out a diamond with small wooden bleachers. In September, 1920, Doubleday Field was formally opened. Big-league baseball hadn't been sufficiently interested in the project to give any financial help, but John A. Heydler, president of the National League, did journey to Cooperstown to participate in the dedication ceremonies.

In 1923 the village of Cooperstown took title to the field, adding some public money to funds previously raised and completing the purchase for about $5000. From time to time thereafter the town put further sums into upkeep and improvements. In 1933 and 1934 the field was given a complete face lifting as a depression work-relief project.

This all represented a commendable display of civic enterprise for a town of less than 3000. However, it was hardly an imposing enough memorial to glamorize Cooperstown as a national baseball shrine. The era when Cooperstown would draw streams of baseball-minded visitors from all corners of the nation still wasn't in sight. The outlook abruptly changed in 1935 when Stephen C. Clark began to take a hand in things.

"Reflexes normal."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Clarks have been the dominant family in Cooperstown since the Civil War. In earlier times the leading family was the Coopers, beginning with Judge William Cooper, father of novelist James Fenimore Cooper. Judge Cooper might be described as a frontier counterpart of the modern real-estate developers. In 1786 he trekked 200 miles northwest of New York City and bought a large tract of near-wilderness land at the foot of Lake Otsego. In sixteen days he sold off 40,000 acres of it to eager settlers.

The settlement became a going concern, but it never really boomed. However, its location attracted a number of well-to-do people as summer residents. Among them was Edward Clark, whose wife had been born in Cooperstown and who bought a summer place there in 1854.

Clark was then on his way to amassing a great fortune. Originally he had been a successful young lawyer in association with his father-in-law, Ambrose Jordan. In 1848 he did some legal work for a mercurial inventor named Isaac M. Singer. In 1850, when Singer and his partner faced bankruptcy because of patent-infringement suits over Singer's latest invention, a sewing machine, Clark agreed to handle the case in exchange for a one-third share in I.M. Singer & Company. Soon after, with the business still in the struggling stage, Singer and Clark bought out the third man's interest for $6000.

Isaac Singer was the company's mechanical genius, but Edward Clark turned out to be its business dynamo. He was chiefly responsible for expanding it into a huge world-wide enterprise. In the process there was considerable friction between Clark and Singer. In 1867 Singer withdrew completely from the operation of the company, although continuing to share equally in its profits.

There were profits enough to make Edward Clark and his heirs very wealthy people indeed. Among other things, they came to own so much property in and around Cooperstown that they were in a position to control the development of the village.

They have bestowed such benefits upon it as a community gymnasium and a remarkably elaborate hospital. As far as local business activity was concerned, the Clarks wanted no factory smokestacks in Cooperstown. Instead, their policy has been to build it up as a summer resort—not just for the rich, as in the nineteenth century, but also for the average vacationer. This was where the baseball museum came in.

Stephen Carlton Clark, the man responsible for bringing the museum into existence, is a grandson of Edward Clark. Now seventy-seven, a rather retiring but firm-minded gentleman of the old school, he for many years has exercised a commanding role in The Clark Estates, Inc., which administers the family's widely diversified holdings. The Clarks are no longer active in the management of the Singer Company, although still represented on its board.

Stephen Clark has never been a baseball fan—"He doesn't know where first base is," a member of the museum staff declares. He has been much more absorbed in art; he is a trustee of both the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. However, he also has a historian's interest in early-American objects and customs.

Recently he recalled matter-of-factly, "One day back around 1935 I was talking to Walter Littell, the local newspaper editor. I used to talk things over with him from time to

(Continued on Page 64)

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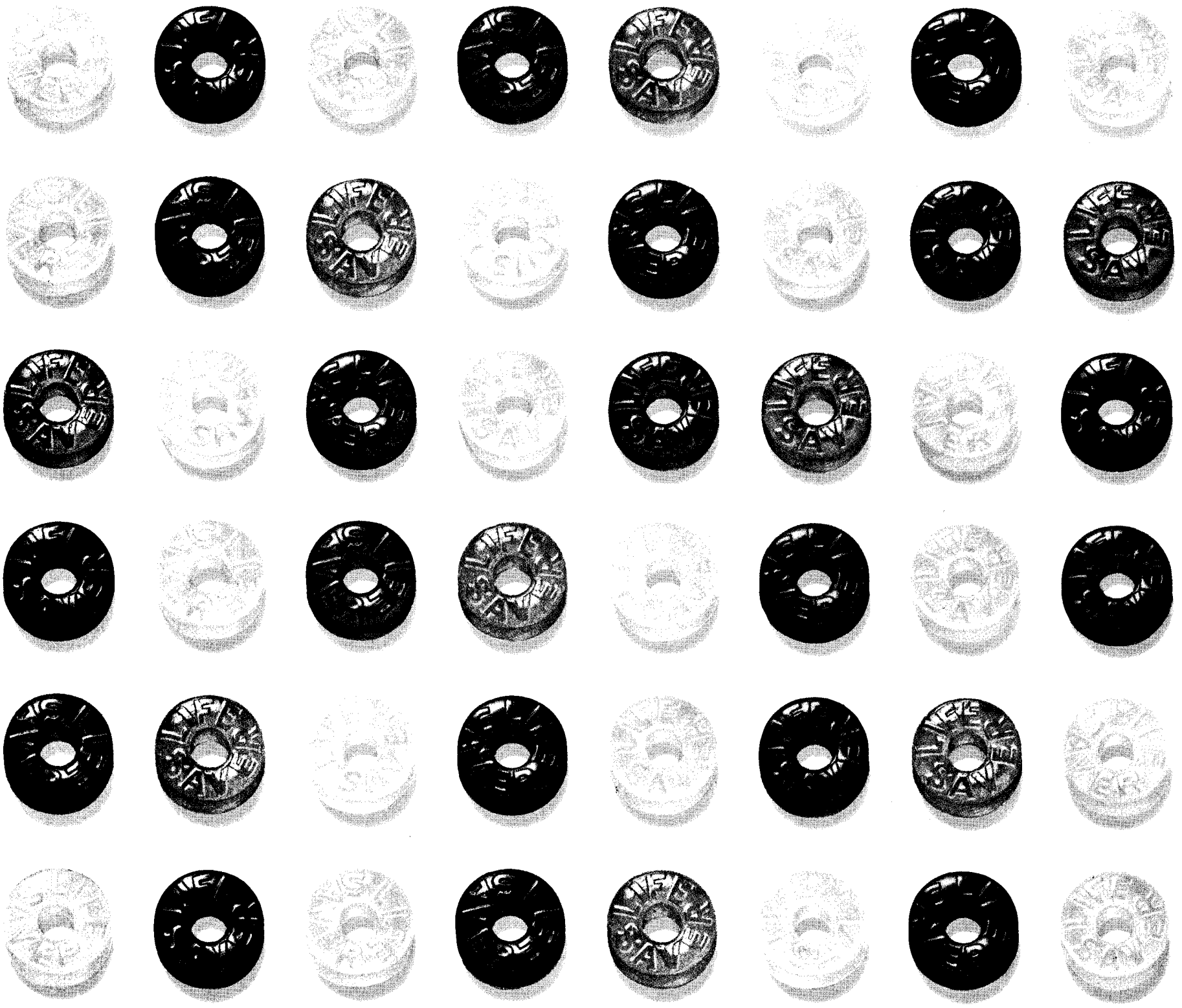

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(*Continued from Page 62*) time. He mentioned that a man over in Fly Creek had found an old baseball and was offering to sell it. I bought it for five dollars."

This was the ball which is now prominently displayed on the museum's first floor with the following identifying plaque.

THE ABNER DOUBLEDAY
BASEBALL

THIS BASEBALL WAS
PRESERVED IN THE
FAMILY OF
ABNER GRAVES
A SCHOOLMATE OF
ABNER DOUBLEDAY
UNTIL PRESENTED
TO THE
NATIONAL BASEBALL MUSEUM

At the time he bought the ball, Stephen Clark had no thought of erecting a museum to house it. His original idea simply was to set up a collection of baseball exhibits in a room in Cooperstown Village Club. The late Alexander Cleland, who had been running a Clark-financed boys' club in New York City, was put in charge.

Once started, though, the project snowballed. Clark and Cleland began visiting baseball officials to solicit their co-operation not only in acquiring exhibits but also in staging a baseball celebration in Cooperstown in 1939—the centennial of Abner Doubleday's supposed invention of the game.

Ford Frick, then president of the National League, did a lot to get organized baseball solidly behind the Cooperstown program. He also came up with the extra gimmick that has done more than anything else to keep Cooperstown in the sports news over the years. Cleland suggested that an official all-time, all-star team might be picked during the centennial year; and Frick said, "Why stop at that? Why not have a permanent Hall of Fame?"

In 1936, when the museum was still just a room in the Cooperstown Village Club, the first Hall of Fame election was staged by the Baseball Writers' Association. Chosen in this initial vote were five authentic superstars—Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Babe Ruth and Honus Wagner.

The museum moved into a handsome little building of its own in 1938. Its size was nearly doubled in 1950 with the addition of a new wing. In 1958 came a special wing for the display of Hall of Fame plaques. The plaques are set in niches in the Vermont-marble walls of a high-ceilinged room which has almost the air of a chapel.

All together, more than $500,000 of Clark capital has gone into the erection of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum. It probably would cost more than $1,000,000 to duplicate the structure today. The Clarks also have put a couple of hundred thousand dollars into building new stands at Doubleday Field, and it now compares favorably with most minor-league ball parks. The field itself is still owned and maintained by the village.

For a long time organized baseball made no direct financial contribution. The baseball people gave the Cooperstown setup their official blessing, without which it could never have won wide public acceptance, and they bore the cost of sending two major-league teams up to Doubleday Field every July to play an exhibition game on Hall of Fame Day, when newly selected "immortals"—if any—are formally inducted. The game generally draws a capacity crowd of 8500—about three times the population of Cooperstown—and the profits help to pay off the cost of improvements.

In addition, baseball now is making an annual cash donation of $37,000 to the Cooperstown program. Moreover, when the new Hall of Fame wing was decided upon a couple of years ago, Commissioner Ford Frick's treasury advanced part of the capital.

Frick and the presidents of the two major leagues are on the museum's board, which is unobtrusively headed by Stephen Clark. About half of the board members are Cooperstown citizens. The key man in keeping tabs on operations is vice president and secretary Paul S. Kerr, a poised and imperturbable administrator who for years has been Stephen Clark's right-hand man in The Clark Estates. Kerr recently served as national board chairman of Little League Baseball. In charge of the museum on the scene is brisk, breezy Sid Keener, a veteran baseball writer who was sports editor of the now-defunct St. Louis *Star-Times*.

Close to 150,000 visitors a year tour the museum, and it is able to meet running costs out of admission charges—seventy-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children. However, the balance sheet is not a controlling factor in the operation of the museum, which is incorporated on a nonprofit basis. The building is kept open 362 days a year, closing only on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. This is an uneconomical way to run the place, as the great majority of the patronage comes in the summer months. On some winter days the museum doesn't sell a single ticket.

After establishing the baseball museum, Stephen Clark instituted other historical attractions to bring tourists to Cooperstown—Fenimore House, now the headquarters of the New York State Historical Association, of which Stephen Clark is chairman of the board, and the Farmers' Museum and Village Crossroads.

The biggest event of the year in Cooperstown, however, is still Hall of Fame Day in July. There is always a number of old-time stars on hand. The late Cy Young used to come back every year. Ty Cobb, Frank Baker and Frank Frisch are regulars. Mrs. Christy Mathewson and Mrs. John McGraw—widows of Hall of Fame men—invariably attend together. Many a newly chosen member who was never suspected of sentimentality during his playing days has, upon receiving his plaque, choked up to the point where he could barely get out his words of acceptance.

At present a total of eighty-four men have plaques in the Hall of Fame. Some of the choices—and omissions—have generated considerable controversy. Some people still complain, for example, that Ray Schalk, the White Sox catcher of 1912–28—an excellent receiver, but only a .253 hitter—was shoved in ahead of more deserving candidates as the result of a well-organized electioneering campaign. Similarly, there are those who say that the baseball writers let their personal feelings outweigh their judgment when they voted in popular little Rabbit Maranville, a National League shortstop from 1912 to 1935, whose average was a mere .258.

On the reverse side of the coin there is continuing agitation on behalf of various old-timers who haven't got in as yet, ranging from such stars of the '90's as outfielder Billy Hamilton and pitcher Amos Rusie to more recent standouts like pitchers Eppa Rixey and Red Faber and outfielders Edd Roush and Max Carey.

Hall of Fame selection procedure has been modified from time to time. Nowadays it is divided into two separate operations, with "modern" ballplayers and old-timers coming up for consideration in alternate years.

The modern players—currently defined as men who have been retired at least five years but not more than thirty—are voted upon by ten-year members of the Baseball Writers' Association. Each voter can nominate as many as ten candidates to the Hall of Fame. To be elected, a man must be named on seventy-five per cent of the ballots.

No so-called modern ballplayer has qualified since 1956, when Joe Cronin and Hank Greenberg made it. The results of the latest Baseball Writers' poll are due to be announced this week.

Some baseball people complain that the requirements for the "moderns" are too strict, but a majority seems to prefer things that way. A greater amount of criticism has been directed at the selection of the old-timers, which is done by a special Committee on Veterans. J. G. Taylor Spink, long-time publisher of the baseball weekly, *The Sporting News*, lately has been leading the attack. Spink was chairman of the committee for several years, but he resigned last July and has since been campaigning to have more standouts of the old days admitted to the Hall of Fame. Recently there have been trial balloons in his influential paper urging a plaque for Spink himself.

Although only a comparatively few individuals are honored in the Hall of Fame, hundreds are represented in the museum part of the Cooperstown establishment. It would take a lengthy catalogue to list every exhibit in the house. The ball Cy Young pitched for the final out in winning his 500th major-league game in 1910 is there, and so is the bat with which Stan Musial got his 3000th base hit in 1958. The museum has the sliding pads Ty Cobb wore in his biggest base-stealing year, and the last Yankee uniforms and lockers used by Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio. There is a large collection of Babe Ruth memorabilia. Whoever your favorite ballplayer may be, the museum more than likely has something to remember him by.

One thing you won't find is any evidence that Abner Doubleday invented baseball in Cooperstown. The "Doubleday Ball" inscription, which was quoted earlier, makes no such claim. At nearby Doubleday Field there is still an old New York State highway marker proclaiming it the place "Where Baseball Was Invented and First Played," but there is nothing of this sort in the museum.

The Hall of Fame souvenir booklet refers to "the local belief of the game's origin in Cooperstown," and recounts how an investigating commission in 1908 accepted the Abner Doubleday testimony of Abner Graves. The booklet adds, "Graves was an elderly man when he wrote his letters. . . . The critics say his memory may not have been entirely accurate."

Some critics have gone so far as to say that the Graves' letters were strictly the figment of a senile imagination. This writer does not agree. Consider this excerpt from one of the letters.

> I remember well Abner Doubleday explaining "Base Ball" to a lot of us that were playing marbles in the street in front of Cooper's tailor shop, and drawing a diagram in the dirt with a stick by marking out a square with a punch mark in each corner for bases, a ring in the centre for pitcher, a punch mark just back of home base for catcher, two punch marks for infielders and four punch marks for outfielders, and we smaller boys didn't like it as it shut us out from playing, while Town Ball let in every one who could run and catch flies, or try to catch them.

This is an entirely coherent piece of description. Graves may not have been right in his recollection of all the details—indeed, his details varied from one letter to another—but there seems no good reason to doubt that Graves saw ball games organized in Cooperstown. It also is conceivable that the older boy doing the organizing was Abner Doubleday, for Doubleday was a take-charge type, as he demonstrated in his subsequent career as a Civil War general.

However, Graves unquestionably erred in assuming that the game was something Doubleday had thought up all on his own. Doubleday himself wrote articles on a variety of subjects in his later years, but he never even mentioned the fast-growing sport of baseball, let alone contending that he had invented it.

He could hardly have made this claim, for baseball scholars such as Robert W. Henderson have demonstrated that games like the one Graves described were being played in places other than Cooperstown well before 1839. Henderson has found comparable rules in print in a French boys' book in 1810, in an English boys' book in 1829 and in an American boys' book in 1834.

Games involving bases, bats and balls go back far beyond that, but the immediate predecessor of American baseball was undoubtedly the English game of rounders.

Stephen C. Clark, the founder of the Cooperstown baseball museum, was too much of a historian himself to cling to the Doubleday legend once the evidence against it began coming in. Today he makes no bones about the matter. "Nobody invented baseball," he said not long ago. "It grew out of town ball and rounders and things of that sort."

However, Clark has never felt that this was any reason to abandon his creation. The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum has grown so solidly that it doesn't need any Doubleday legend to prop it up. Baseball should be thankful for the Doubleday story, though. If Stephen Clark hadn't been inspired to erect a baseball shrine in Cooperstown, would it ever have happened anywhere else?

THE END

Wolf of Winter

By Carleton Drewry

White with his northern fur
he runs,
A fury, through each wood
and field;
And no man hunts him, for
no guns
Can penetrate his hide's
thick shield.

Snarling, he sniffs round
barn and house,
A starveling, gaunt, and
mean and grim,
Menacing every bird and
mouse,
All creatures that
encounter him.

Slam shut the door and
lock the latch!
Now hover here awhile
about
The hearth, or from a
window watch
The wolf of winter rage
without.

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College for Five—It's Murder!

(Continued from Page 25)

inquiries myself. I found some scholarships, ranging up to $1500 a year or more for four years at colleges of the students' own choice, were available to high-school graduates. But there were not many of them, and they were sparingly distributed among relatively few high schools throughout the country to a few top students in the genius or near-genius category. Our youngsters were all in the upper 20 per cent of their classes, which is not bad in the egghead counties around Washington. Because of the concentration of universities and governmental offices here, there are probably more Ph.D. families per square mile than in any other area in the United States. But none of our kids is in whatever category leads to those superscholarships, and so we moved on to the next line of attack, applying for grants on the basis of need. For anyone who has never had this experience, let me say that applying for a scholarship on the basis of need is a course in education by itself.

This process started with a parental headache hereinafter called "The Form," a three- or four-page questionnaire, detailed, intricate and tricky, sometimes calling for information a parent wouldn't ordinarily keep and can't easily calculate. Its purpose was obviously to give college officials a comprehensive inventory of a family's real and personal possessions, assets, actual and potential earnings, resources and debt. I am not challenging the propriety or necessity for the information requested, but whatever adeptness I had acquired in thirty years of filling out forms as a Government economist was taxed to the limit. The Form requires specifics down to the model year of the family automobile and amount and number of installments due. Julie was applying at four schools, which meant four versions of The Form, each different enough from the others to make it a separate project.

Since then many of the private schools have got together and arranged for an original form to be filed with the College Scholarship Service at Princeton, New Jersey, an activity of the College Entrance Examination Board. The board furnishes copies at two dollars each to colleges which the applicant may specify. This arrangement aims not only at efficiency but also at discouraging parents from filing varying financial statements with different schools in order to determine by trial and error just what degree of poverty to plead to trap a scholarship. Even state universities are coming to this central-agency arrangement, although some schools still require supplementary information.

Perhaps I am not such a good form-filler-outer as I thought I was. It may have been that I didn't show enough relative need; my $11,800 salary at the United States Tariff Commission with seven exemptions left me $9783.98 take-home pay. Conceivably some college administrators might have harbored a subconscious hostility to Federal bureaucrats like myself. At any rate, only one school gave any encouragement. A college in the Midwest wrote for more information; but since the amount of money it suggested might be available would cover only the cost of transportation to and from school, we passed that up. All our other efforts fell flat. We never learned definitely what the criteria were, and they probably vary from one college to another and between students in different geographical areas.

The more I looked into the scholarship question—with four children to go I couldn't stop with Julie's case—the more I was convinced that the opportunities were highly overrated. That isn't sour grapes. We had no right to expect better-than-average treatment, and are not complaining now. But despite rosy reviews, scholarship grants were and still are relatively small, even insignificant, compared to zooming college costs. Comprehensive statistics are not easy to come by, but those at the United States Office of Education indicate that of the 3,600,000 students attending colleges and universities in 1958–59, about 300,000 received grants approximating $100,000,000, perhaps a little more. The most liberal were those offered by business firms and corporations—the National Merit Scholarships for example—but there were only about 28,000 of them in 1957–58 for a total of $18,000,000—an average of $643 a year. Most scholarships were given out by or through the schools themselves. In 1955–56, the latest year for which detailed figures are available, some 1500 colleges and universities awarded 237,000 grants totaling nearly $66,000,000. That made the average scholarship worth only $278, and the median was even lower—$229. In public institutions one half—and in private schools one fourth—of the grants were for less than $125. That's not very much when it costs a student $1500 a year at a public school and $2500 at a private institution. That means the bulk of the students below the very top rungs of the scholastic totem pole are not getting much financial help.

With scholarships out of the picture, Alice and I turned to what was then gaining increasing public attention and is currently being touted as a cure-all—long-term educational loans. For decades parents have been borrowing on their life insurance, homes and other assets to finance their children's college educations. In the past several years banks have gone in for financing education as an investment, which it certainly is, with steady parental employment as collateral. Following passage of the National Defense Education Act of 1958, the Treasury Department dished out $30,000,000 for loans the first year and is allowing an increase for fiscal 1960 for students to borrow against their future employment. They can borrow as much as $5000 and repay it over a ten-year period starting a year after graduation. But loans didn't seem a proper or desirable way to meet college expenses, especially for us. Alice and I are in our fifties and expect the expense of a large family to continue for another ten years. We could hardly take on a debt of $20,000 or $30,000 that would help temporarily, but would have to be paid back after our earning power was greatly reduced or terminated.

The children could borrow the money individually, of course, and there seems to be a trend in that direction. But the prospect of a diploma with a C.O.D. tag for $5000 somehow repelled me. "A fine graduation present," I said to Alice, "that has to be paid for when the kids will be getting married and need all their dough for furniture, obstetrical fees and baby food." Alice nodded and added, possibly with three daughters in mind, "What a dowry a five-thousand-dollar I.O.U. would be for a prospective husband." So we ruled out student loans except as a last resort.

At the risk of seeming to be somewhat on the soft side, I'll go further and say we didn't want to borrow or have the children borrow for their college education. We didn't even want them to work their way any more than was absolutely necessary, at least during the school year. Don't tell me about all the students who have gone to college with thirty cents in their pockets and, by dint of hard work, earned all expenses and finished *cum laude*. I know one guy personally who did all that and finished *cum* money in the bank. But they are the exception, and they also missed a lot of the things they'll never again have a chance to get.

The labor market is overcrowded in most college towns, and a student has to work so many hours he can't assimilate the knowledge or training he came for, let alone develop the personal associations that should be an integral part of a college education. Even without their working part time, college has been no picnic for our children. Not only is there more to learn than when I went to school thirty years ago but the standards of performance are much tougher than most parents realize. If my youngsters had time on their hands, I'd prefer they take additional courses to broaden their backgrounds.

But when scholarships, loans and part-time jobs were ruled out, all that seemed to be left for us was some sort of pay-as-you-go, do-it-yourself plan. That wouldn't mean any drastic change in our living pattern. Our circumstances had always been moderate and actually have changed little since the beginning of our college program, except that my salary of $11,800 in 1954, Julie's first year in college, has increased to $14,400. Alice is a psychiatrist and contributes by her practice; but under our setup she is a mother first and a doctor afterward, and we all share the household responsibilities.

Our home—a large frame house—is paid for, but old enough to need maintenance constantly. The expense of rearing a large family on a moderate income precluded the accumulation of what might be called an investment portfolio. But we have a few securities and moderate reserves in savings and the cash or loan value of insurance policies to provide a last line of defense in case of emergency. Our situation may be more or less fortunate than that of other large families with the same educational problem. But it was from this conglomeration that the wherewithal must come to finance the children's college educations—with the accent on the plural.

Making out a college budget for a large family comes under the heading of serious business, and even if you're well-heeled financially it is surprisingly big business. Our present costs are about $2500 a year per child, which covers only the essentials without frills or fat spending allowances. Thus the cost of a four-year college course comes to $10,000. "That," I observed impressively at the dinner table one evening, "puts it in the price range of high-powered luxury limousines, to give you a rough idea." The cost at publicly controlled colleges within our own state would be lower, possibly as much as 25 per cent, but at several big-name colleges would be higher. Although Alice was graduated from Cornell, and I from Wisconsin, we did not try to influence the children. Their choice was governed by the courses offered, a desire to go where their friends were going or by other personal considerations most parents would consider valid. Simple arithmetic put the family's higher-education bill tentatively at $50,000.

While that $50,000 figure sounded formidable enough, it was soon obvious that it would have to be adjusted upward because of two additional factors. The cost of both tuition and living at private and publicly supported colleges was even then mounting rapidly. We estimated that the annual expense would rise to at least $3000 before the last of the Kiesslings finished. We added a flat $7500 to the total bill as a rough approximation. The second factor was graduate study. None of the children is committed so far to law or medical school, but the trend toward graduate work even for a public-school teaching career, such as Julie was working toward, seemed to warrant adding another $2500 apiece—which times five is $12,500—for a grand total of $70,000. That's after taxes, of course; and Alice and I figured that to net that much under Federal and Virginia tax laws we'd have to gross $105,000.

The figure was downright frightening. The only consolation was that it might have been larger if any of the children had professional ambitions—say, even to be an economist like the Old Man. Another consolation was that it could be divided

"I've just had a nasty fire, but I managed to keep it confined to the record books."

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by the number of calendar years the children would be in college—in our case, sixteen. The $70,000 total net thus averaged out to about $4500 a year, although actual annual payments varied widely. For the first two years, starting with the fall term in 1954, Julie was at Oberlin College in Ohio at a mere $2500 a year. During the next two years while she was still at Oberlin, Pete attended St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York, raising the tab to a stiffer $5000. For one peak year, 1958–59, when Brenda was a freshman at Oberlin, Pete was a junior at St. Lawrence and Julie was taking graduate work at George Washington University in Washington, a maximum of $7500 was spent for one rigorous annum I'll long remember. But our worst year is over, and from now on things should be getting better until Douglas finishes in 1969. We have less than ten years to go. Being a Federal employee, I don't have to retire until I'm seventy. It's going to be a photo finish.

Our first attack on this $4500 annual nut began with economies in housing and automobiles; it's remarkable how much you can save by living with outmoded versions of both. Our old house is built on locust posts, has a primitive heating system and doesn't remotely resemble the ramblers and split levels you see advertised on the real-estate pages. We need and should have better housing, but it was one of the things we realized we could do without, and so we put it aside. The car of tomorrow doesn't darken our driveway either. We have two cars because Alice needs one in her practice, but they were bought secondhand and have kept us rolling without breaking the bank. Maintenance on the house is kept to a minimum and is largely do-it-yourself; even the girls are handy with a monkey wrench or hack saw. Clothing budgets get a careful going over, and the family understands that costly recreation, extensive vacations and travel are simply out.

Shrinking expenses, of course, has practical limits. Bills for utilities, taxes, insurance and medical and dental services don't bend much, if at all. Fortunately the habit of eating is one on which we haven't had to economize overly. We live on an eight-acre tract on the edge of Washington's suburbia, where it's still lawful to keep a cow, chickens and even goats. It's cheaper these days to buy poultry and eggs than for a small operator to raise them, and I gave up chickens a couple of years ago. But we have fruit trees and nut trees and a vegetable garden that, with judicious shopping at the supermarket for meat and staples, keeps the Kiessling table pretty well supplied. All together, savings effected by economizing add up to about one third of our $4500 college budget.

Since that isn't enough, we have to increase earnings somehow, and there are several ways of doing that. Properly steered into summer jobs, student labor can turn up a second third of the necessary shekels, we've found. Steering consists of shopping early for jobs, preferably jobs that last through the summer. The two youngest, Deborah and Douglas, belong to 4-H clubs and have already started their college bank accounts with money they've made selling surplus garden truck and raising goats. Alice and I bat in the clean-up spot in the extra-earnings line-up, taking on occasional special assignments in our respective callings to make up that last one third and balance our collegiate books.

What our college project is making us do isn't hurting us, at least not much. Sure, there are things we'd like to have that we don't have, and once in a while neighborhood explanations seem called for. After getting an earful from a playmate about his father's air-conditioned sedan, young Douglas snapped scornfully, "Oh, we've got big cars, too, three of 'em; but they're all away at college." My remark about college educations costing like limousines must have sunk in.

But we're all well nourished and reasonably well dressed. And the kids have discovered many interesting and worthwhile activities that are priceless, yet practically costless too. For example, they've built a sizable swimming pool with filter for about $120. When a road-construction crew was working nearby a couple of years ago, they wangled some sort of barter deal—it left us short of vegetables for a month—for a bulldozer to scoop out the general contour. They shaped it up themselves, laid strips of tar paper crisscross over the bottom and sides and tarred the cracks so it would hold water. With the filter, that's all there is to it. I believe they have recovered their original investment over the years by giving bargain-rate swimming lessons to small fry in the neighborhood. Julie, Pete and Brenda are all Red Cross lifesaving instructors and would prefer spending the summer in the water if it were practicable. And so while we would prefer reading or strumming the guitar, painting or just playing with the dogs to working during our spare time, and though we might get more benefit in the long run, we realize that not all is sweetness yet on this planet and that you take the bad with the good.

If the financial tribulations of the Kiesslings were my only theme, the story might end about here. But what worries me, and should worry many more people than it does, is the fact that despite our basementless house and four-year-old cars, Alice and I are in that favored financial stratum, the 10 per cent of the nation's families with an income of more than $10,000 a year. If you are among those who have been dealing with some of the problems I've been describing, consider how much harder a time the 41 per cent of the families with incomes between $5000 and $10,000 are having sending their children to college. And what are the 49 per cent of the families with incomes of less than $5000 able to do about it? Too many of them are doing what you might expect—not sending them.

Surveys by several private and government agencies indicate that at least 100,000 and perhaps as many as 200,000 high-school graduates in the top quarter of their classes don't go to college because they lack the necessary funds. That number represents only part of the real loss, because in most high schools, students who finish in the top half of the class—sometimes an even larger segment—are considered good college material. And this has been going on for years.

That's a terrific waste at a time when the country needs more and better brain power than ever before. It's also undemocratic to make higher education a class privilege. A recent scholarship analysis mentioned an Eastern factory city where less than 20 per cent of the high-school graduates went to college, while in a residential suburb ten miles away the proportion was 80 per cent. And if "wasteful" and "undemocratic" don't move you, let me add it's lousy economics. Everybody knows that the more education you have, the better job you can get at higher pay, which means higher income taxes to Federal and state governments. The Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, an agency of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, puts out money and advice to handicapped people to restore or upgrade their earning power. Comprehensive statistics show this Federal-state program returns not dollar-for-dollar, but ten dollars in income taxes over the years for every one dollar spent. We invested about $15,000,000,000 in GI education after World War II—on many who didn't even have a high-school diploma—and the estimate now is that we are collecting $1,000,000,000 a year in higher income taxes as a result.

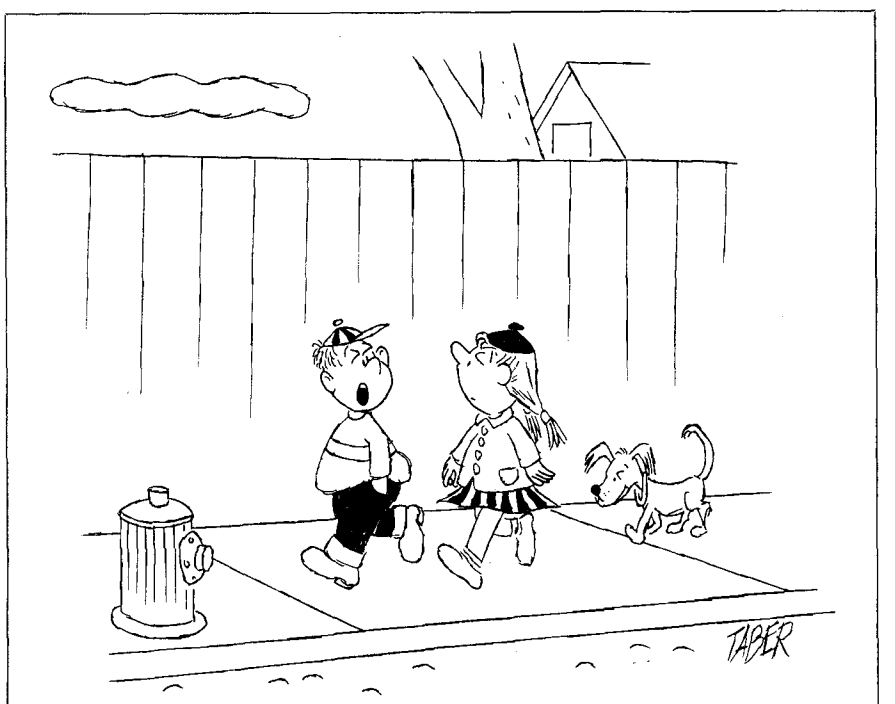
I think we're being nickel wise and dollar foolish in our niggardly approach to developing our youthful brain power. Greatly augmenting our scholarship program will help some, but doubling or quadrupling it is not apt to make the difference between college or no college for those 200,000 or 400,000 high-school graduates in the top half of their classes who just don't have enough money. Loans may have a place in emergency or hardship cases, but they're not the real solution. In the long run parents bear the brunt of the financial burden of college education. It seems to me the best way to get more youngsters to go to college, to stay there longer or to have more time to absorb the knowledge they came for would be to give the parents some help in the form of income-tax deductions. Any income taxes lost temporarily while the student is in college will be recovered manyfold after he gets out.

Even Congress has begun to see the merit in this approach, and more than twenty bills have been introduced to mitigate the plight of the student or his parents by helping in various ways. A typical bill introduced by Rep. John Edward Fogarty of Rhode Island would allow a deduction of up to $1500 for expenses actually incurred for each dependent in college. This deduction would be in addition to the $600 deduction for the same student as a dependent. Another bill would allow a second $600 deduction—a total of $1200—while a dependent attends college. But these bills and others like them have one common deficiency—they involve a revision of the present tax laws and are therefore referred to the House Ways and Means Committee. There they stand in line awaiting the next tax cut, if any, or general revision of the nation's tax structure, if ever. No hearings were held on these bills at the first session of the present Congress, and none appears to be in prospect in the 1960 election year—at least unless parents become much more articulate than they have been.

It won't help any for Uncle Sam to shake his finger and say the Kiesslings knew the facts of life and, having brought five prospective students to the college gates, they should not now ask special favors to get them through. First, if that's going to be Uncle's attitude, he'd better tell everybody right away because the Bureau of the Census reports that things are getting worse—families are getting bigger instead of smaller. In the last eight years the number of families with no children or with only one child has been decreasing relatively, while families with two children have increased 20 per cent, families with three children 50 per cent, and families with four or more children have increased 60 per cent. There will be more, not fewer, families with my college problem in the years ahead.

Second, looking on college students as a liability, for which parents shall be held strictly accountable except where gaunt need can be proved, seems to me to be looking through the wrong end of the telescope. The country should be as glad to have these youngsters as the parents are and should make it easy, not difficult, to contribute to their best abilities. I'm not for imitating the Russians just because they hit the moon first, although a little imitating here and there might not hurt. But according to the recent report of the first official United States education mission to the U.S.S.R., we're competing against a system that doesn't charge anything for tuition at any college or university and actually pays 80 per cent of the students who attend—the higher the grades the higher the pay—instead of having them wait on tables or wash dishes. Incidentally, the remaining 20 per cent who have to pay their own living expenses are the scions of rich parents, such as—ho, ho—teachers, writers and the like who are in the highest income brackets. What a topsy-turvy world we live in.

Whether the Kiessling family gets the benefit of higher income-tax deductions is a personal matter of no great moment. Our five children will probably muddle through to bachelor's or master's degrees sooner or later regardless. But a lot of families won't be able to manage as well unless something is done to ease the financial load. This is a big country. If our economy is to continue to grow as it should, we will need a one-third increase in our managerial, proprietorial and technical positions in the years immediately ahead. We need more than a few Einsteins, Oppenheimers and Tellers, as well as some near-geniuses. We need the broadest kind of program to upgrade the general educational level of the whole country. One way to start is to take college education out of the luxury-limousine class. THE END



"You're not only a member of the opposite sex, you're a girl."

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Are We Paying an "Illegitimacy Bonus"?

(Continued from Page 30)

They were not silent long. Shouting, scolding, pleading, they poured forth a tale of bitterness, frustration and scorn. "We're not out to hide frauds," cried one. "We pay taxes too." Declared another, "I live in the district where I work. I know these people. I have had two thousand cases. I have personally discovered two cases of fraud."

Others broke in to describe a detective-like ritual of search for signs of an unauthorized male presence—slippers under the bed, a shirt on the clothesline, cigar butts or pipe ashes. They told of checking licenses of strange cars, of sudden nocturnal visits, of doubling back on suspected families relaxing after a search, of following up every letter or call alleging a fraud. In the rumbling echo of a volcanic morning, one caseworker strove for the last word. "We work long hours for little pay, sometimes at great physical risk—and this is the thanks we get."

The city was Chicago; the county, Cook; but the setting of this diatribe might have been any town or county in the United States. There are few communities where the breath of suspicion has not befouled the fatherless-family program and where social workers, as a result, are not hopelessly on the defensive. In a few cases they are virtually demoralized. So hostile is the environment in which the program operates that one knowledgeable appraiser, Joseph Reid, executive director of the Child Welfare League of America, predicts that ADC in its present form is doomed.

The first reaction of those who—with some justice—criticize the assistance we give fatherless families might be to cheer this prediction. A moment's reflection, however, will establish that cheers are hardly appropriate. Whereas the Greeks, Romans and other ancient civilizations abandoned unwanted children to the elements and wild beasts, our own society has determined that no child, whatever its origin, shall starve. At the moment the only realistic alternatives to starvation are a program of foster care that would cost between four and five times as much as when the child remains with its mother, or ADC itself. What is happening to cause our current siege of doubt?

First, the public outcry over faults for which ADC holds itself virtually blameless has obscured far more imposing faults for which it *is* to blame. These defects frequently give rise to "hidden" fraud. Their existence was suggested when the Social Security Administration recently ordered a re-evaluation of the entire fatherless-family program because of what William Mitchell, Administration Commissioner, describes as "persistent concern that, whether in addition to the tremendous good the program has done, it has also had undesirable effects."

Secondly, the hostile atmosphere in which ADC operates has tended to make careers in public assistance unattractive to qualified college graduates. Nationally the current shortage of social workers numbers 15,000; proficient workers, as a result, pick and choose from the more gracious forms of social work offered by private agencies. An example of the result is to be found in Kern County, California, where out of 166 welfare workers in the department, the director and his assistant are the only two with advanced training.

The third effect of the public outcry is perhaps the most expensive. Stung and at times frightened by criticism, welfare workers have riveted their attention on the eligibility of those who apply for assistance. With few exceptions they have neither the spirit nor the resources to attempt the salvation of needy families from what is so obviously an unsatisfactory way of life. To the families ADC becomes inevitable.

There are two maddening ironies to this collapse. First, it occurs just as a handful of United States communities have developed a counteroffensive to increasing dependency. By concentrating their care on mothers that show promise of responding, these communities in every instance have been able to reduce ADC rolls—one community by 31 per cent. Jay L. Roney, until recently director of the United States Bureau of Public Assistance, has estimated that if these efforts could be applied nationally, the annual savings to taxpayers could reach $300,000,000. The savings in human misery, of course, would be incalculable.

The second irony is that where these intensive efforts are applied, fraud in the fatherless-family program is more readily ferreted out. Yet it is suspicion of massive fraud that currently prevents the spread of rehabilitation. Public-assistance experts are convinced that until our impression of ADC—now hopelessly inaccurate, in their opinion—is corrected, we will remain in a box of our own design.

Not one social worker I talked to in several weeks of cross-country interviews denied that there was "some" fraud in the fatherless-family program. It is their unanimous feeling, however, that the Pennsylvania mother who used ADC payments to get her boy friend out of jail, and the New York City mother who collected $10,000 in relief checks while her husband was paying seventy-five dollars a week in support are so highly publicized that we assume all ADC mothers to be bad. An example of the extreme to which this can be carried occurred not long ago in North Carolina, where a rumor persisted that an ADC mother had refused to marry a man by whom she had had several children. She said she didn't want to give up her relief money. Every time an attack was made on the program, critics used this story; and every time the story was told, the woman had given birth to another child. In desperation Ellen Winston, commissioner of the North Carolina State Board of Public Welfare, finally ordered a complete check of all ADC cases. "This woman," she reported, "simply didn't exist."

Nor does massive fraud exist, most welfare workers insist, and they will open their books to show you. In Chicago 1958 records reveal 245 proven frauds out of a total of 20,858; in Boston out of 4600 cases there were only 175 cheats. Nationally, the Bureau of Public Assistance puts the figure at nine-tenths of 1 per cent. Says one state welfare director: "You don't stop a good program because one in a hundred recipients is bad any more than you abandon checking accounts because some people forge checks."

What really provokes welfare workers is the widely held public assumption that ADC has fostered illegitimacy. "That," says Jay L. Roney, former director of the Bureau of Public Assistance, "is like blaming an umbrella for a thunderstorm."

The recent steep rise in the number of dependent children in the United States admittedly is a deluge. The number of postwar babies, the flood of migrants looking for work, the erosion of family bonds—all these explain why thirty-four of every 1000 children are on ADC rolls today, more than double the figure of twenty years ago.

True, 22.7 per cent of ADC families are those in which the father is not married to the mother, an all-time high. But needy children of married parents are covered increasingly by old age, survivors' and disability insurance. So naturally, welfare spokesmen explain there is a rising proportion of broken families on ADC rolls. Furthermore, the rise in illegitimacy is not unique to ADC; for the United States as a whole the number has tripled since 1938.

Some critics make much of the fact that the increase in nonwhite illegitimate births has been sizably greater than white illegitimate births. Welfare workers, in turn, charge that the use of this statistic is proof that a certain amount of criticism of ADC stems from racial prejudice. Critics, they assert, seldom mention that while white women seek to hide their shame, Negro women, by cultural tradition, tend to keep their babies. Sixty-six per cent of white children born out of wedlock are adopted, but only 3 per cent of nonwhites. As Jay Roney told the National Conference on Social Welfare in San Francisco last May: "Less than a hundred years ago Negroes in some states were not allowed to marry—but they were encouraged to have children. It isn't surprising, then, that unmarried motherhood and a matriarchal society are still found in many Negro families. Neither is it strange that in ADC the illegitimacy rate is higher among Negro families than among white families."

The soundest argument against the suggestion that women would deliberately conceive out-of-wedlock children as a means of getting public funds is that ADC is just not a very pleasant or ample way of life. In September of 1959 the average payment to ADC mothers, nationally, was $28.58 a month per child—less than one dollar a day. In a number of states it is far less.

Welfare workers consider preposterous the idea that women in this economic group could plan nine months or more in advance to endure the pain of childbirth for a payment they may or may not receive. As Joseph Reid of the Child Welfare League puts it, "I've never seen a woman—unless she was feeble-minded or psychotic—who would deliberately produce a child to get twenty dollars a month."

There can be little question that welfare workers, by and large, fight known fraud aggressively. What is open to question, however, is how accurate their knowledge of fraud can be when they can visit some homes only once a year. In California, for example, where the number of cases per worker is relatively low at 135, Tom Lynch, the District Attorney of San Francisco, estimates that there is "half again as much undiscovered fraud as is discovered." What the true situation is in such states as Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona and Texas, where cases exceed 300 per worker, can only be imagined.

Furthermore, there is one deliberate type of fraud whose dimension is hard to calculate. This is the case where eligibility has been terminated because of employment, remarriage or reconciliation, but where no one bothers to notify the welfare department. Many ADC mothers rationalize this fraud by recalling that when they needed assistance they often had to wait several months to get it. Admits one observer: "A family can sometimes go three to six months or even a year after their eligibility expires."

Finally, there are the "hidden" frauds that have largely gone unexamined. They arise from what a growing number of welfare workers accept as basic flaws in the ADC program. The critics do not blame relief recipients. They blame ADC itself—for forcing needy families to cheat in order to survive. As insulting to human dignity as they are dishonest, these forms of "fraud" are basically two:

1. Jobless fathers, unable to qualify for other forms of relief, will often leave home so that their wives can receive payments. The reason: the law requires that the father be absent from the home before benefits can be given. "If you're a father with three starving kids and you know the only way they can be fed is for you to take a powder, what are you going to do but leave home?" one expert asks rhetorically. "The present ADC law—supposedly designed to keep families intact—in this case actually encourages desertion."

Sometimes, of course, the husband simply moves around the corner or to another neighborhood. His wife then tells the social worker she doesn't know where he is. "Sure it's fraud," says Wilbur J. Cohen, professor of Public Welfare Administration at the University of Michigan, "but have you got some service in the community to help her if she says yes, she does know where her husband is?"

Another factor contributing to family breakdown is that the mother who goes on ADC may find it a surer bet than her unstable husband—and refuse to accept him when he wants to return. Says one social worker bluntly, "If a woman's got six kids and some no-good s.o.b. for a husband, I can see where she would be much more inclined to depend on the welfare department every month." In effect she "marries" ADC.

2. An ADC mother, by and large, must cheat to improve her family's lot. The reason: the law requires that extra income be subtracted from the ADC grant. Supposing a (*Continued on Page 72*)

Historical Present

Trinity Episcopal Church, Broadway and Wall Street, New York City, was completed in 1846.

By John Vincent Costello

Old Trinity is sleeping in the sun.
Her blackened spire is like a witch's hat.
New builders have outtopped her one by one;
Little does she care for things like that.

For now a timeless sense hangs over all;
These noonday shapes, these crowds, the rush of town
Are but as motes that through a sunbeam fall;
The dust of vanished cities dropping down.

And thus we see a tiny bit of gold:
A lovesick clerk, one eye upon the clock,
Pacing the pavement like some scribe of old
Who waited for a maid in Antioch.

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If you think flavor went out when try Marlb

—the full-filtered cigarette with the unfiltered taste

If you think flavor went out when filters came in, you've got another smoke coming. Make it Marlboro. This one delivers the goods on flavor. Always has. That famous Marlboro "recipe" gives a man a lot of flavor to draw on—and mighty easy drawing it is.

Sort of nice to know that a smoke so good can be so comfortably low in tars and nicotine*, isn't it?

Flip-Top box or king-size soft pack

**Based on the significant reductions in tar and nicotine delivery in the smoke as authenticated in recently published reports.*

Make yourself

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filters came in—

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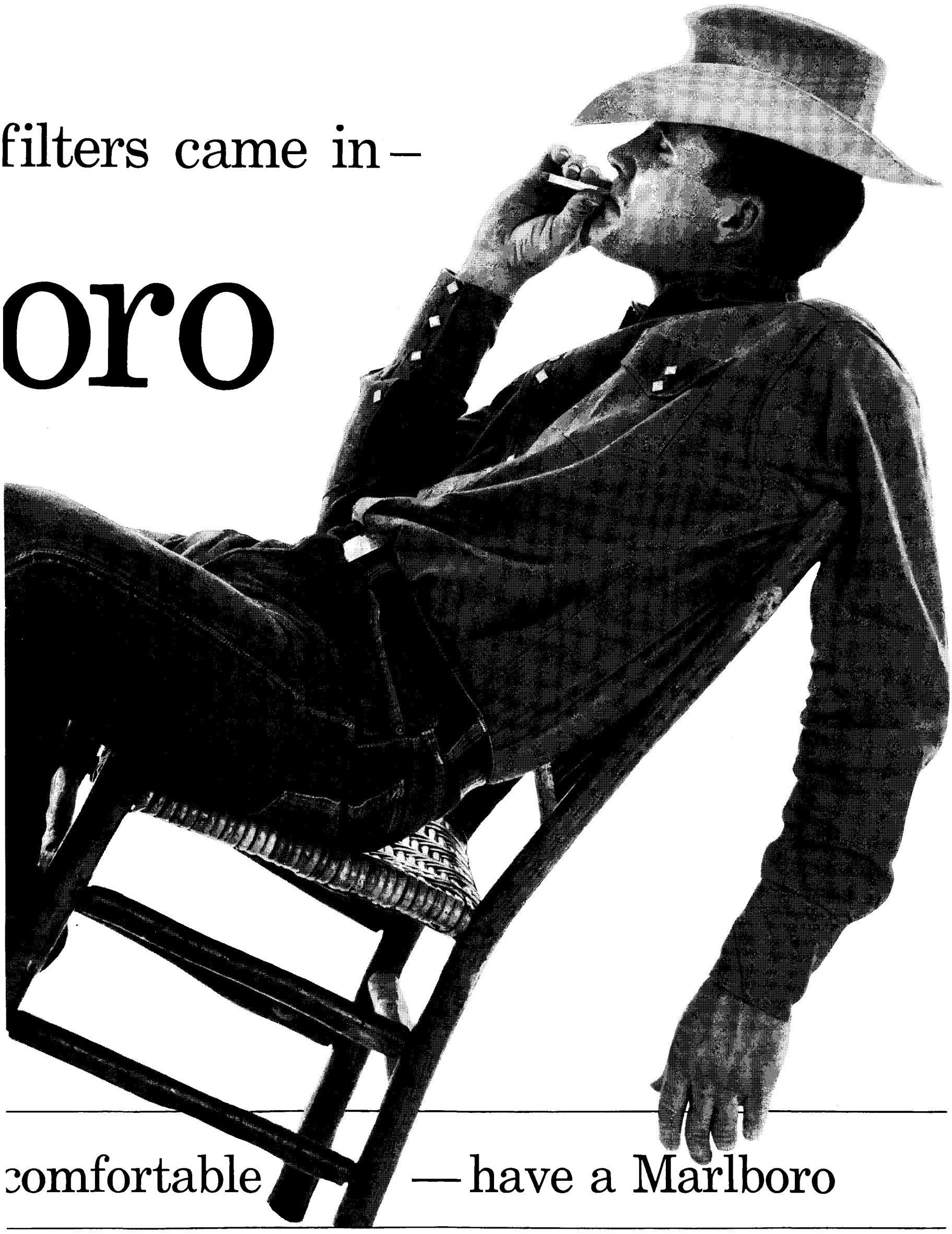

comfortable —have a Marlboro

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(*Continued from Page 69*) mother receiving a grant of $110 a month has an opportunity to earn sixty dollars a month doing household work. Her grant is automatically reduced to fifty dollars a month, meaning she has worked, in effect, for nothing. This ruling, many experts hold, not only smothers initiative; it creates an unhealthful moral climate. Many ADC mothers work because they cannot get along on their grants. Rather than lose their income they will lie. And they will teach their children to do the same, not only about their own earnings but also about money the children might pick up delivering newspapers or groceries.

Some social workers remind you that the idea behind the Aid to Dependent Children program was to permit mothers to be with their children and not away at work. A mother's presence is considered one of society's best assurances that children will not become delinquents. Despite this, an impressive group of experts seems equally convinced that one factor, and one alone, is the key to returning ADC to a position of both respect and manageable size. That factor is *incentive.*

I vividly recall an interview with a pretty young Negro girl on Chicago's South Side. Her caseworker, Lauri Wynn, had led me through alleys and up three flights of back stairs, past trash cans and a discarded colored doll, into a sunny but battered four-room apartment she and a cousin had just obtained with Mrs. Wynn's help. There I found her painting a kitchen wall, with three children by her former husband at her feet. A fourth child, illegitimate, had just been born. While not contrite, the young mother had been sobered by her experience and was determined that it would not happen again. After several minutes I asked her if she was so embittered about men that she would rather stay "married" to ADC. She looked around her barren apartment, and then, turning to me, answered softly and with great feeling, "No, I would rather work. I want nice furniture, a nice TV. They don't let you buy nice things when you're on ADC."

It is this spirit—the rejection of assistance as a way of life—on which several communities have based their attempts to cut back on ADC. In every instance numbers of presumably helpless people were restored to positions of dignity and independence, and great sums were saved for the taxpayers.

In Marin County, California, Welfare Director Betty Presley was disturbed by a number of cases that grew costlier every year. She hired a highly skilled social worker in 1952 who achieved results so imposing that the county's board of supervisors agreed not only to enlarge the staff but to upgrade it as well. For the three months ending in September, 1955, salaries were $12,300—double those in the same 1953 period. But needy-children payments had been reduced from $114,700 to $87,800, for a net saving of $21,000. Today, using the same techniques, Marin County's average duration of aid is 22.2 months, compared with the California average of 34.3 months. Twice as many Marin mothers are contributing to their own support as are those in the state at large.

One mother of four whose husband was committed to a mental institution had looked forward to nothing more than a life of waiting on tables. Now she has been encouraged to enroll in a local college to prepare for a career as a laboratory technician and at last report stood first in her class. A second Marin County mother, deserted by her husband after their third child was born, had allowed her physical condition to deteriorate. But a new and skillful caseworker helped her to stop feeling sorry for herself. A job in a San Rafael real-estate office awaited her upon receipt of her license.

And the caseworkers are still boasting of the mother of four children who returned to college with the blessing of the department, graduated *magna cum laude* and is now earning more than $4000 in her first year of grade-school teaching.

Gary, Indiana's, intensive casework unit arose as a reaction to public criticism of widespread illegitimacy, bad housekeeping and delinquent families. "We're there to resolve problems, not particularly to get them off ADC," says Karl Rehfeld, director of the unit, "but this happens anyway. We've gotten clients married, got them employment and reduced their financial needs considerably. In the course of one year, one third of the cases have either been closed or returned to the regular case load much improved."

As an example of the savings that were only incidental to the project, one of Rehfeld's workers closed twenty-three cases in one year. The worker's salary was $5400—the savings $25,950.

In Richmond, Virginia, the second year of operation by a four-member team under Raleigh Hobson, whose salaries totaled $19,850, saved an estimated $83,910. Whereas the normal load for Virginia caseworkers was 170, the special-unit workers had a maximum of fifty cases each. Says Hobson, "We have reduced our ADC case load thirty-one per cent in the past thirty-six months, largely as the result of the work of the special unit. We are adding a fifth worker to the unit next month."

A somewhat similar story could be written about Milwaukee. But how many other stories such as these are there? "If fifty communities in the United States are doing it, that's a lot," says Professor Cohen of Michigan, whom welfare directors acclaim as tops in his field. "We need to do this three thousand times in three thousand communities. But they don't have the money and they don't have the orientation. They don't even know what these other communities are doing. They don't even care."

Yet to Professor Cohen, just as to other experts, the difference between eligibility and rehabilitation approaches is crucial. He says, "Somewhere along the line you've got to analyze who these people are and how they live.

"Here's a simple illustration of how we fail. Consider a young woman deserted by her husband. They had one child, and there's already an illegitimate one. She's living with her parents, who are ashamed of her. She hates it. She wants to move out. She shows a little motivation, a little gleam; she wants to make something of herself. But what do the welfare people say? 'An extra fifty dollars a month? We won't do it.' My point is that if you had a rehabilitative approach and paid her rent for a little while, there's a fifty-fifty chance that this woman could achieve an independent life."

Cohen tells of another young woman, extremely attractive, whose husband deserted her after their first child was born. In order to make ends meet, she has taken a room for fifteen dollars a month. But the room is over a pool hall. She has some talent as a dressmaker, and has asked welfare for a sewing machine. Says Cohen, "Get her out, give her an apartment, give her a sewing machine. If you don't, in six months she'll be a prostitute.

"Give me one hundred thousand dollars to do rehabilitation work like this with one hundred cases, and ultimately I'll save you two hundred thousand dollars."

The problem, which Cohen recognizes as clearly as anyone else, is that society's suspicion of ADC is currently so strong that few such appropriations would be given. Nor, in most cases, will money be risked on skilled welfare workers—even if, as demonstrated, they are worth far more than they are paid.

The question, then, in expert minds is whether society can work its way out of the box in which it has enclosed itself. And the answer, perhaps, will come from an experiment now underway in Boston.

Two years ago, because he was disturbed by alarming ADC statistics, William Lally, secretary of Boston's Public Welfare Department, got in touch with Brauley Buell of Community Research Associates in New York City, whose work with multiproblem families had received considerable attention and would receive even more the following year—Is THERE HOPE FOR "HOPELESS" FAMILIES? *Saturday Evening Post*, July 5, 1958. Buell and his associates at C.R.A. had been preaching that bigger staffs were "neither the practical nor the theoretical answer," that the real answer was to "train what you've got."

Lally got money from private charities—he couldn't get enough public funds—to set C.R.A.'s Frank T. Greving to work with four caseworkers and a supervisor, who were given just 245 families to divide among themselves. They were also given what amounted to an intensified graduate course in the fine art of understanding people in distress.

These social workers, with time to investigate thoroughly, found that of seventy-three families needing "authoritative supervision," only ten had been receiving it; that of 172 families needing counseling and such things as school adjustments, only fifteen had received it; and that of eighty-one families that might have profited from job-placement efforts, not one had received help.

After several months the special-project workers were able to make some confident predictions. Of the 245 families, eighty-nine with the worst problems had shown promise of improving, fifty-three had indicated a willingness to adopt more appropriate attitudes toward illegitimacy, and thirty-four had moved closer toward the resolution of marital problems.

For the first time Boston's special-project workers feel they have a chance, as one of them put it, "to really get down to business with these girls and talk to them about what they're going to do with their lives." Their efforts could have an equally tonic effect on the life of ADC. For if anything can break the public out of the box of suspicion in which it is now encased, it is an economical demonstration that our fatherless-family program can do what its founders meant it to—maintain families through crisis and help them to achieve independence and dignity.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

POVERTY AMID SPLENDOR:

THE STRANGE CASE OF WEST VIRGINIA

By Roul Tunley

I SAW WHAT MAKES COMMUNISM WORK

BEHIND THE FAÇADE

By Stewart Alsop

IS THE NOISE GETTING YOU DOWN?

The War Against Nerve-Shattering Sounds

I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE

PRIVACY, THE PALACE, AND PROTOCOL

By Pete Martin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 45:

CAN DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?

By C. Northcote Parkinson

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This new Chevrolet knows you like your comfort

(and keeps mighty quiet about it!)

Nothing else pampers you with quite the same roominess and ride—and such serene silence—as this ever-lovin' '60 Chevrolet. That's because nobody else bends so far over backwards to find out what you want and bring it to you. For example, Chevy's the only car in the leading low-priced three to cradle you on coil springs at every wheel. And there are new body mounts—plus soft-spoken engines—to make your ride as quiet as a whisper. Your dealer will be happy to show you all the ways Chevy's been thoughtful of you (including new, budget-pleasing prices).

Roomier Body by Fisher *with a lower and narrower transmission tunnel that gives more foot room.*

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New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 *(makes friends fast by getting up to 10% more miles on a gallon of regular).*

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Hi-Thrift 6 *(built, of course, with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability).*

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Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes *(another important reason Chevy's the kind of friend you can count on).*

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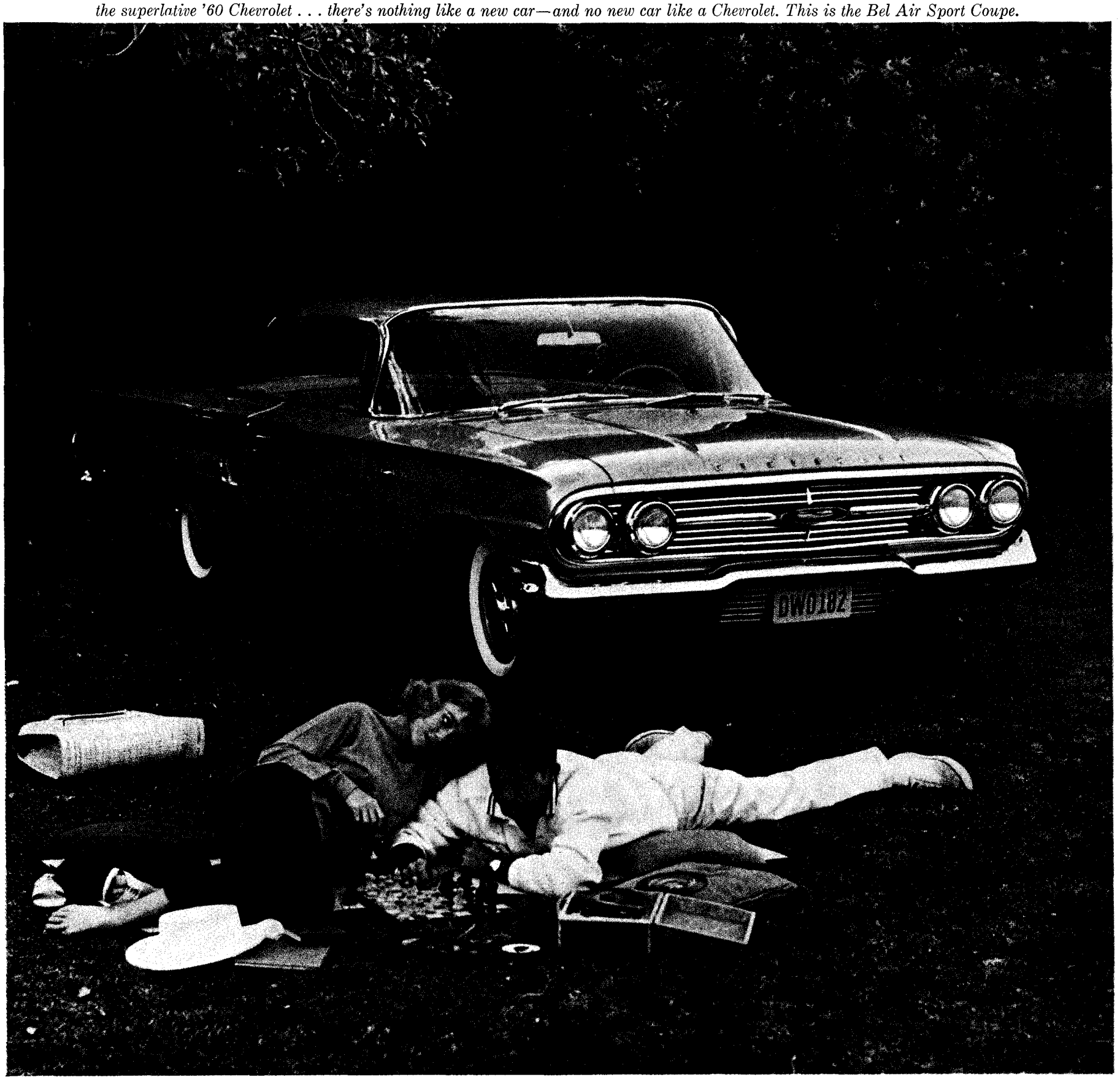

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The Boy From the Woods (Continued from Page 28)

branch of pine and birch was held, as if in a frieze, outside time and unchanging.

Disturbed by the stillness and seeking to reassure himself, the man shook his head and muttered aloud, "It's time I gave it up, all right. Business of running a camp puts a lot more pressure on a man than it used to—the wrong kind of pressure. Pace is too fast . . . so many administrative details a man hasn't a chance to turn around, much less—much less ——" He struggled to finish, but couldn't find the words. Shrugging irritably, he kicked at a stone in the driveway. He was certain he knew what he had wanted to say, but it was as if the words to shadow forth his thought were held from him by some mysterious force. He shrugged again. "Things have changed," he ended vaguely. "They've changed."

Right then he began to make plans for selling the camp. He'd take the job a friend had offered him not long ago as personnel manager of a department store in the city. He wondered what Ruth, his wife, would say to his decision and wished she were here now to talk it over with him. But in a day or two she'd be driving up, and then ——

He turned to gaze at the luxurious layout of his camp. Year after year he'd added things—expensive things, things he thought his camp had to have if he were to attract the boys. In the softly luminous dusk he could still see the extensive playing fields, the rows of neat, well-constructed cabins. He gazed at the tennis and basketball courts and at the elaborate shops for crafts, photography and art work. And for a moment he could even hear his own voice, resonant and cheerful, giving directions to counselors and campers over the new loud-speaker.

He felt a surge of pride and a lifting of his spirits; but it was only for a moment. In the end the emptiness returned. Listless and discouraged he wandered toward the baseball field nearby, slumping down onto a bench behind the backstop. In that instant Warren Cole felt all of his fifty-seven years. His once solid, energetic figure had become soft and slack beneath the weight of prosperous-looking flesh, and his skin was almost as pale as when the season had begun. All summer he had remained virtually a prisoner in his pine-paneled office, going over the elaborate daily schedule with the program director, discussing activities with counselors, writing letters to parents and taking care of all the seemingly endless details. He sighed and stared at the ground.

Somewhere out on the lake that lay on the other side of the rise where the main lodge stood, a loon uttered its weird cry, and the mournful sound seemed to carry Cole along with it.

How long he sat there he didn't know, but for some reason he suddenly raised his head. It was then he caught sight of something that made him jump to his feet.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed aloud. At the very edge of the woods stood the figure of a boy. The director's first thought was that this was a camper who had been left behind. He took a step forward, staring intently. The boy remained motionless, strangely calm and thoughtful as he stared back at the director. Something about him made Cole hesitate, and for several moments the two eyed each other.

"Did that fool Robinson leave one of the campers behind?" muttered the director under his breath. Apprehensively he recalled that once before, some years ago, a camper had wandered off into the woods on the last day and had somehow been overlooked until he reappeared several hours after the group he was going home with had left. Cole didn't see how this could ever happen again, but he feared the worst. Collecting himself he called out to the boy in a reassuring tone.

"Hey, there, come over here, won't you? Who are you?" Whether an answer came or not, Cole couldn't be certain, for a sudden gust of night wind breathed with hollow thunder through the pine boughs. Then it was still again. Cole was relieved to see the boy moving toward him at last. The figure seemed to glide across the grass with the ease and grace of an animal. Peering through the semidarkness Cole satisfied himself that the boy wasn't wearing a camp uniform; whereupon he straightened up with a sigh of relief. In another moment the boy stood before him. He was dressed in faded brown shorts, a torn white T shirt and moccasins. The face and body were darkly tanned, and the light brown hair sun-bleached almost blond in several places. Cole sat down on the bench again. He was certain he had never seen the boy, for he couldn't have forgotten those strange dark eyes that regarded him with such a disconcertingly calm and thoughtful expression.

"Hello, there, son. Do you belong to my camp?"

"No, I don't belong to your camp."

Cole was vaguely disturbed by what he thought was a note of irony in the boy's voice. But staring closely at the child, whom he judged to be about twelve or thirteen, the director concluded that he could find nothing impolite or mischievous in his manner.

"Come here and tell me about yourself." Cole smiled with professional affability and patted the bench. Without giving any sign that he had noticed the invitation, the boy remained standing. Shifting a little uneasily, Cole tried again. "Tell me about yourself. Where do you live and what are you doing here at this time of night? What do you want?"

A whippoorwill had begun its incantation from a thicket nearby, and the boy seemed to be listening to it rather than to the director. But when the night bird was silent the boy spoke at last.

"I would like you to take me home." He spoke softly, with a tone that was somehow as vague and unfathomable as the sound of wind in the pines.

"Why, sure, my boy!" exclaimed Cole, heartily relieved that the matter was turning out to be such a simple one. "I'll be glad to take you home. Tell me where you live and we'll be on our way."

"There," said the boy, pointing a berry-stained finger. "There—on the other side of the woods."

"Oh. Well, we'll drive around in the station wagon. How's that?"

"We can just as well walk. It's not far, and there's a path through the woods that leads almost to our cabin. I could get back in no time at all, only— only I guess I'm a little afraid now that it's getting dark. But you don't mind that, do you?"

Cole stared at the boy. Incredible as it seemed, the child's question had sounded almost like a challenge. But surely not, he decided. Yet what was the boy up to anyway? Cole leaned forward, studying the face more closely. The luminous brown eyes only blinked at him with their inquiring, fawnlike expression. But in their depths seemed to burn two tiny hearts of flame, wild and secret as a creature of the forest. The director shifted about on the bench, uneasy and irritated because he didn't seem to have the situation under control. It was certainly more sensible that he drive the boy home in the station wagon; yet now he couldn't bring himself to insist upon it any further. Catching sight of a flashlight on the ground a few feet away that had been dropped by some camper, Cole suddenly made up his mind. It was going to be a clear, starry night, but there'd surely be no chance of wandering off the path if he had a light.

"All right, my boy, we'll walk! I think a little hike through the woods would just do me good." Realizing that his voice sounded a bit too loud and the cheerfulness too forced, he moved casually over to pick up the flashlight. It was all so sudden and so totally unexpected that he was both bewildered and irritated by the situation in which this strange child had somehow involved him.

Resting a hand on the boy's shoulder, he said, "You lead the way, son, and I'll follow."

The boy slipped from under his hand and moved off toward the woods, glancing back with a quick, playful smile. At the very edge of the woods he stopped and, when Cole approached, the boy reached out unexpectedly and took his hand. In a moment the irritation the director had felt disappeared, and in its place came a sudden, nameless affinity for this boy.

Cole never remembered having seen the path they took. But with a twinge of

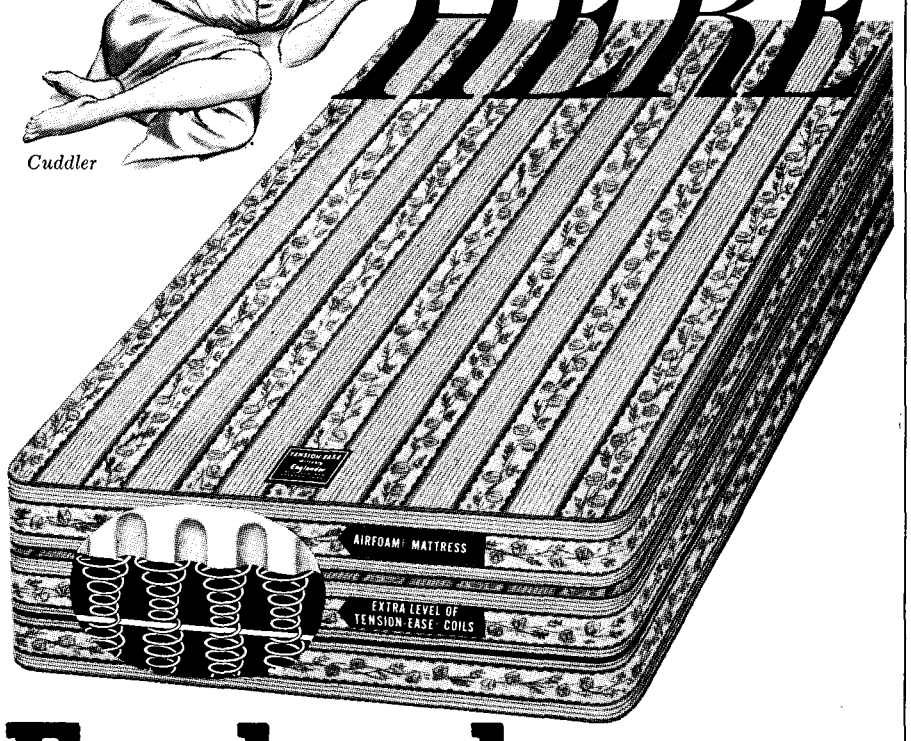
no matter how you sleep...

Ostrich

TENSION ENDS HERE

Slumber Bug

Cuddler



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conscience he admitted to himself that this was not surprising. There was still just enough light so they could make their way through the thick stand of pines without too much difficulty. And the boy seemed to have eyes like a cat. Soon, however, the path narrowed and they had to walk in single file. The boy moved ahead.

"By the way," said the director, "you haven't told me your name?"

"Oh, you can call me Warren."

"Why, that's my name too."

"I know."

"But nearly everyone calls me Coley." He laughed. "You'd better call me that too. It'll be less confusing, eh?"

There was no reply, and for a few minutes they walked along in silence. Cole watched with fascination the boy's quick, lithe movements. Everything about him blended in harmony with the woods. He glided along as gracefully and easily as a fish slipping through underwater plants. Trying to imagine some of his campers in a similar situation, Cole had a vision of their comparatively clumsy, plodding efforts, and he shuddered partly with amusement, partly with real regret.

As he studied the figure ahead, a thought came to him: here was a boy who had somehow discovered the mystery of the woods, had learned to love its beauty, its holiness. It wasn't just a skill, it was a way of life—one in which he would always find strength and comfort. Cole suddenly remembered a time long ago on camping trips with his father when he, too, might have been such a boy.

And wasn't this discovery part of the ideal he had once envisioned for himself and the boys in his camp? How had he lost sight of it then? He shook his head, unable to answer as to how or why.

Suddenly he had to stop to unhook his shirt from a low-hanging pine branch. He felt awkward and out of place in his well-creased slacks and bright sport shirt. But as they continued on he became strangely pleased by this tramp through the woods. For the time being he shrugged off the questions that had suddenly risen to prick his conscience. After all, he thought, what did it matter now that he had decided to leave camping?

The night air became cool, but free from insects this late in the season. Patches of light from the newly risen moon lay on the carpet of pine needles, and sometimes the light was caught, glistening, in thick, silvery cobwebs that hung among the bare lower branches.

With each step Cole felt an increasing affection and respect for this strange child. He would like to have had such a boy of his own. Suddenly—forgetting completely his decision to give up the camp—he gave way to an impulse that delighted him.

"Hey, there, Warren. How would you like to come to my camp next summer? For the whole season. Maybe you can help with the nature work and campcraft. But mainly you'll just be my guest. How would you like that?"

"Thank you," replied the boy without hesitating a moment, "but I don't think I'd care to come."

Cole was so astounded by this matter-of-fact refusal that he stopped in his tracks. Why, he had more applicants for his camp than he could handle—and at a good price too. And here this—this ungrateful brat wasn't even interested!

"Wait a moment!" he called. "Look here, let's rest a bit." He wanted to get to the bottom of this matter. Besides, he really did need a rest, for he was puffing strenuously.

"Now," began the director after they had made themselves comfortable on a soft mound of pine needles, "tell me why you wouldn't like to come to my camp?" With difficulty he tried to keep his tone friendly and reassuring.

The boy crossed his legs, shoved back a lock of hair and gazed at Cole. "What do you do at your camp?"

"Why—why, you know. We play basketball and baseball and tennis ——"

"We can play those things in the city."

"Certainly you can! But"—Cole struggled to remain patient—"well, there's swimming and boating, even water skiing—and of course the nature and campcraft activities."

The boy nodded and sifted pine needles through his fingers. "Yes, that would be fun, I guess. But ——" He fell silent.

Cole decided the child was deliberately trying to irritate him. He glared—and the boy gazed back, blinking his large brown eyes with such an expression of sincerity and innocence that the director felt helpless. Forgetting how much he had been admiring the boy only a few minutes before, Cole fumed inwardly.

A problem child, he thought. *Maladjusted. If I knew something about his background or environment I might be able to help him. The boy's not normal!* Satisfied on this point, he resolved to tolerate the child's vagaries as patiently as possible.

"Now tell me, Warren, what is it you don't like about my camp? Tell me what it is and I'll see what I can do to make it right. You see, I'd really like to have you at the camp as my guest. So don't be afraid. Just tell me."

The boy gazed about him a few moments without speaking. He looked up at the pines towering above them, then lowered his glance to watch the twitching nose of a rabbit poking out from the juniper bushes nearby. Finally he spoke, quietly and simply.

"It's like this. You bring the city into the woods. You've got telephones, electric lights, hot showers, radios, jukeboxes, loud-speakers ——" He paused. "The loud-speaker's the worst. It frightens the animals. You don't live in the woods. You just live in a—in a little city surrounded by woods."

There was no rancor in the boy's voice. He spoke as always, softly, impersonally, and yet with such profound assurance that it bewildered the director. It seemed as if some older, wiser personality than the boy's spoke through his lips. Nonetheless, for a moment the director was unable to restrain himself.

"Why, that's nonsense!" he shouted. "Look, I have a nature counselor who takes the boys into the woods and teaches them the names of the trees and birds and all that sort of thing. Why, they even take a test on what they've learned at the end of the season. If they pass, they get a diploma. There, what do you think of that?"

The boy looked down at the tepee he was building out of pine needles and twigs. "Sure," he said finally, "they learn the names of all the things, but—but they don't really know the woods till they live in them, till they make the things they learn a part of their living. They don't do that, do they?"

Cole could only stare at the boy, but now not so much in anger as amazement. The boy's words had suddenly carried him back almost forty years to the time when he had first begun camping. Then they had lived in tents, slept on hemlock boughs and cooked over open fires. There had been no tennis nor basketball nor

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Police Sergeant Hennessy, dressed in sport clothes on his day off, heard a crash and investigated. He found a two-car collision, with three angry men from one car about to beat the driver of the other. When Hennessy intervened, the men mauled him. Later, arrested by uniformed police, they were charged with assaulting a police officer.

"These gentlemen may have committed simple assault," their lawyer argued, "but they are not guilty of the more serious offense of attacking a policeman. Hennessy was off duty and out of uniform. Therefore he was just another citizen at the time, and the charge of cop beating should be thrown out."

"A policeman," replied the prosecutor, "is on duty twenty-four hours a day every day in the year. As for not being in uniform, detectives and plainclothesmen never are, yet their authority should go unchallenged."

If you were the judge, would you free the "gentlemen"?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty as charged, said the court. It added that when Hennessy saw them attacking another person, "it became his duty under the law to take steps to prevent an assault, regardless of whether he was 'on duty' or 'in uniform.'"

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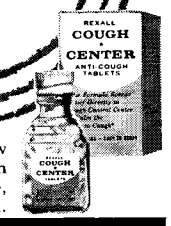

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water skiing; no main lodge with radios, movie projectors, jukeboxes; no dances with girls' camps—Cole winced as he thought of the incredible change that had taken place. He wondered then at the sacrifice he had made for the sake of all the modern improvements he felt obliged to buy in order to get boys to come to the camp. But surely, he thought, there was nothing so wrong about all that.

"Look here," he began, trying to defend what only a short time ago he'd been prepared to give up, "my boys go on overnight hikes ——"

"On picnics," interrupted Warren.

The director waved an angry finger in the child's face. "They go on overnight camping trips! Sometimes they stay out two or three nights. Maybe it's not what it used to be ——" He dropped his accusing finger and shrugged. "Well, times have changed, that's all. I give the boys what they want, and they still get some real knowledge of the woods."

His young companion laughed. Then he cuffed the little twig-and-pine-needle tepee flat and jumped to his feet. "Follow me," he said, crooking his finger. "I want to show you something."

The camp director lifted himself wearily off the ground and followed the boy. They made their way along a small path branching off from the one they had been following, and in a minute or two came to a clearing outlined in the moonlight.

The boy stood aside and pointed. "My dad taught me about the woods"—Cole started, remembering that he, too, might have once said those very words—"and one thing he always told me," continued the boy, "was that you can tell if someone knows anything about the woods if he can make a camp and then go away without leaving any signs that he's been there. So look."

Cole looked, and in the moonlight he saw the debris from some overnight trip that had gone out from camp: clumsily hewn pieces of wood and shavings, a scouring pad, aluminum foil, a dirty handkerchief, some pieces of frayed rope and a few other similar items. It was like a scar defacing the beauty of the forest. The director grimaced and thrust his hands violently into his pockets.

"If I were coming back next season," he muttered, once more switching to his earlier decision, "I'd get rid of that campcraft counselor!"

"That wouldn't do much good," replied the boy softly, seeming to accept the director's sudden admission about not returning.

For a long moment the two looked at each other in silence. There seemed then to be an instant of understanding between them, as deep as the forest, as inexpressible as its wild indomitable heart. Then Cole turned abruptly aside.

"It's about time we were getting you home, isn't it?" He was beginning to have doubts that this strange child of the woods had a home. "I thought you lived only a short distance? We've come more than a mile already, and now I don't know where we are. Let's go." His tone had become querulous, and he felt suddenly angry and impatient.

As if not hearing, his young companion stooped to pick up a hawk's feather, examined it and then looked up at the camp director. "I like the woods better than a camp. I wish there weren't any camps around here at all. But it was nice of you to invite me to your camp anyway." Then he started back toward the path they had just left. "We've got just a little farther to go." Cole grunted and followed him.

By now the trees towered above them more densely. It was becoming darker, the path more overgrown and harder to follow. Cole had to use his flashlight, but the battery was weak and it offered a minimum of help. His sport shirt and slacks were torn, and there was a streak of dried blood on his cheek where a branch had caught him. He had no idea in what direction he was headed and he was becoming uneasy. The noise of his own clumsy progress through the woods sounded frighteningly loud against the silence around them. At last he could barely make out the path, and the figure ahead of him was almost invisible. He stopped, catching his breath in gasps.

"Warren!" he called. "Warren, wait up!" The boy halted and turned back. "Look here," puffed the director, "do you know where you're going? If you want my opinion, we're lost. Well?" In the dark Cole could almost feel that unfathomable gaze resting on him, could almost see flickering beneath the calmness of the eyes those tiny secret flames.

"Yes," answered the boy quite simply, "I think we're lost."

Cole took several steps forward, stopped, and stared unbelievingly at the child. It was not simply the fact that they were lost that unsettled him, but now he was certain that the boy was actually smiling! Yet he could see it was not a mocking smile, but a perfectly friendly smile as if the boy were unaware that anything was seriously wrong.

"You did this on purpose, you little devil!" shouted Cole. "You know you did! I was crazy to come with you. It was just a trick because you don't like my camp. Well, let me tell you ——" He lunged toward the boy, but the lithe figure slipped easily away and disappeared among the trees. Plunging after him a few yards, Cole suddenly realized the hopelessness of giving chase. He realized at the same time that his directions were now so confused that even with a flashlight he could wander around the rest of the night before finding his way out.

"Come back here!" he called. "I won't touch you. I promise I won't. Come back!" Then he stood still, waiting anxiously for several minutes. But the boy had vanished as quietly and mysteriously as he had come.

There was not a sound in all the forest. Even the tops of the pine trees were frozen in dark silence beneath the heavens, which seemed so close that here and there a star appeared to rest on the very tips of the trees. In spite of the stillness, Cole felt all about him the breathing of the wilderness, slow, immense, powerful—pulsing like the heart of some great sleeping animal.

At last he sat down, propping himself against a tree. Suddenly and inexplicably he no longer felt angry at the boy—only a sense of amazement, and of regret that the child was no longer with him. Now Cole wanted only to sleep, for he seemed overcome by a tremendous weariness.

Flashing his dim light about him, the director caught sight of a large hollow filled with pine needles at the foot of a great pine. He crawled over to it on his hands and knees, too tired to walk, and scooped out a little trench in the needles. He snuggled down into them, feeling the warmth they still retained from the sun. Before he could review in his mind any more of the night's events, he fell sound asleep. When he awakened, feeling cold and stiff, a few rays of early morning sunlight slanted through the trees. Cole sat up, shivering a little and rubbing his arms and legs. Several minutes passed before he could remember exactly where he was and why. Then suddenly a smile crossed his face. He wasn't quite sure why he smiled, but the smile reflected the brightness of the sun's rays that rippled along the branches, spilled onto the bushes and ferns and down onto the carpet of pine needles. Getting to his feet, Cole faced the sun and stretched. As if warmed by the inner fire of some sudden inspiration, he

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no longer shivered or felt the ache in his muscles.

A red squirrel ran out along a pine branch nearby, peered down and then began to chatter and squeak in unfriendly squirrel language. Cole glanced upward. "Hey, there, boy, take it easy," he laughed. "The woods are big enough for both of us!" At the sound of the voice the squirrel scampered halfway back along the branch; then stopped and turned to peer down again at Cole. Its tail, a jaunty burnished plume, flicked a few times. Satisfied that coexistence was possible, it scolded no more and disappeared into the higher branches.

It took Cole only a minute or two to decide in which direction to walk. He knew the sun rose directly across the lake from the main lodge. So at last, after brushing the pine needles from his clothes, he headed east into the rising sun. Before he had taken many steps he found the path he'd walked along the night before. As something from a dream he seemed to recognize it. But when he suddenly spotted a little mound of twigs and needles in a clearing beside the path, he smiled. He wanted no part of it to be a dream.

As he walked along he was surprised by the vigor of his stride and the spring in his step. He seemed to be keenly alert to everything. If a chipmunk scurried along a fallen log, he saw it; if a partridge rustled invisibly beneath the tall maidenhair ferns or juniper bushes, he heard it. He smelled the acrid sweetness of the pines and listened to the occasional songbird still holding forth at summer's end.

He began at last to recollect the night's events: *That boy*, he mused. *Bet he lives in that little summer cabin on the dirt road running by the other side of my property. Of course! Why didn't I think of that before? He's the boy the game warden told me about once. "Roams the woods like an animal," he said. Think he's a good friend of the boy's too. I'll just drive over to the cabin and* ——

"Mr. Cole! Hey! Mr. Cole!" It was Fred's voice calling from somewhere directly ahead. Cole started. The sound crashed disagreeably on his ears, like a voice shattering a pleasant dream. With an effort he reconciled himself.

"Here I am, Fred! Right ahead of you!" In a few more minutes the two met on the path. The Swede rushed up and shook the director's hand.

"Ay sure am glad to see you, Mr. Cole! Ay was yust ready to go back and call the sheriff."

"Just out for a morning walk, Fred," laughed Cole. "Should have told you, but I didn't think you'd miss me so soon." The caretaker stared bewildered at his employer's torn shirt, the rumpled pants, the hair in disarray and the generally disheveled appearance. He shook his head, wondering at this and how it fitted in with the remarkably good spirits his employer had suddenly got into.

"Yah, sure, you should let me know, Mr. Cole. Ay was getting worried when ay went to your lodge to see if you wanted breakfast."

Cole knew then the caretaker had probably found his bed unslept in, but he didn't feel like making any explanations at the moment. "Come on, Fred, let's get back. I'm hungry enough to eat a breakfast big enough for a whole cabin of kids!"

As they moved down the path, only a short distance now from the edge of the woods, the caretaker raised a question which had undoubtedly been worrying him since last night. "Ay was yust wondering, Mr. Cole," he began hesitantly, "if you were going to give up this here camp."

"Give up the camp!" cried Cole with feigned surprise. "Give up the camp? Wherever did you get that idea?" His voice was bursting with good spirits, and he took additional delight from his caretaker's confusion.

"Yah, sure, Mr. Cole, ay thought you said last night ——"

"But that was last night, Fred!" exclaimed Cole, hardly able to contain a burst of hearty laughter. "That was last night! Everything's different this morning. And things are going to be different at the camp next season too!"

The caretaker was suddenly caught up in his employer's good spirits. "Ay am goot and happy you ain't leaving, Mr. Cole. And we'll make next season a real goot one, yah, sure!"

"Yes, Fred. Next season and the seasons after that. The boys are going to discover some things we've been letting them forget. When they come to my camp, they're going camping, not country-clubbing. They're —— Say, it's a wonderful morning, isn't it, Fred?"

Soon they stepped out of the woods onto the edge of the playing field. The sun was dazzling, igniting the dewdrops on the grass into a lake of silver fire. To Cole all was light.

Halfway across the field he stopped. Something made him turn and look back. In the shadow of a great pine that reached out over the field he was positive he saw a small, lithe figure move backward into the underbrush. He began to raise his hand, almost unconsciously, in a gesture of greeting. Then he quickly suppressed it as he heard the caretaker clear his throat and felt the old Swede staring at him. He turned and started on. But etched vividly before him was the sun-tanned face of the boy and those large brown eyes in the depths of which burned tiny hearts of flame, wild and secret and beautiful as the forest itself. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy, now I know what they mean when they say most accidents in the home take place in the kitchen."

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I Saw What Makes Communism Work

(Continued from Page 15)

and sending him to die in Siberia, as Stalin might have done, or into the gas chambers, as Hitler might have done. Even so, the small episode seems to me to suggest a part of the answer to the American businessman's question.

In Eastern Europe—except perhaps in Poland—the man you see in the street or at the next table in a restaurant is totally at the mercy of a regime controlled from a foreign capital and rigidly guided by an inherently cruel and irrational doctrine. Even if the man looks prosperous and well fed, even if he is a member of the "new class" of upper Communist bureaucrats, he is still absolutely at the regime's mercy—indeed, because Communism has always fed on its own flesh, he is in greater danger than an ordinary citizen. If a man says the wrong thing to a seeming friend, if he goes to church too conspicuously, if he has inadvertently incurred the dislike of some more powerful person, or if he has a "bourgeois background," his life may be broken by the regime as you break a match between your fingers.

The pretty lady's husband had committed the sin of having had the wrong sort of parents—he had a bourgeois background. Her own bourgeois background was written all over her, like the mark of Cain, in the way her hair was done, in the way she wore her scarf. And to be of bourgeois background is indeed to wear the mark of Cain in Eastern Europe. This curious, savage, reverse snobbery was one of the surprises of my trip through Communist Europe.

I knew in theory, of course, that in a Communist state it is dangerous to be born of middle-class parents—although Marx, Engels and Lenin all came from the middle class. But my only previous first-hand experience of Communism was a month I spent in Russia four years ago. In the Soviet Union, where the Communist Revolution is now middle-aged, the small middle and upper classes have long since been destroyed. In Russia you don't hear about people having a "bourgeois background," because there aren't any left. But in Eastern Europe, where the proportion of people of bourgeois origin was very much larger than in Russia, the process of their destruction is still going on.

Mind you, the "bourgeois" label is not confined to the old tiny class of the very rich in Eastern Europe. The industrial multimillionaires of that class were given to grossly vulgar displays of wealth, like the hideous palace built by a Czech industrialist in the '20's and now occupied by the American ambassador in Prague, with its gold faucets, its heated indoor swimming pool complete with Corinthian pillars and its woodwork stripped from old churches. As for the aristocrats, many of them never visited their estates except for an occasional shoot, preferring the pleasures of Paris or other Western fleshpots. Whatever may happen in the future in Eastern Europe, such people will never again wield power there.

But the Communist definition of what is "bourgeois" does not apply only to such people. It applies, at a guess, to four out of five readers of this magazine. You are bourgeois if your father had a bit of capital, or your grandfather owned a small factory, or if you are a reasonably successful professional man, or if you run your own haberdashery or milk route or even the local quick and dirty. You are bourgeois if you and your forebears have not always worked for others, as manual laborers, in a factory or on the land.

Especially in Czechoslovakia, where the surrender to the regime has been almost total, there are many "bourgeois" who are loyal servants of the regime. There are even Communists of middle-class origin. I met a few, and they were, of course, the most fanatical Communists I met. But if you had the wrong background, by Communist standards, you can never rise really high, and you are never really trusted. Communist or not, you are always in danger of the sort of sudden and capricious punishment to which the pretty lady's husband was subjected.

While I was in Budapest, the news got about that one of the leading doctors had been deprived of his practice and sent to the provinces as a low-paid state functionary. It had been discovered, no doubt through some enemy or rival in Hungary's vast network of secret-police informers, that his wife had aristocratic connections.

In Prague they tell the story, said to be true, of the man who had been a successful lawyer before the Communist coup, who had since faithfully served the regime in a subordinate legal position, and who had suddenly been ordered to the mines. Weeping, he asked his superiors why he was being punished in such a way. "Your father was of the *bourgeoisie*," he was coldly informed. "You know very well that he was a banker." Indignantly the victim explained that his father was even then a trusted official in the state bank. "Oh, his case is different," he was told. "He has been able to prove that *his* father was a simple workman, so of course he is all right."

In Budapest I had a long talk with a Communist, an intelligent, bitter man. He angrily insisted on the Communist line (which is demonstrably a lie) that the Hungarian revolt had been stimulated with outside help by "bourgeois remnants and the Horthyite reaction"—this was why the "bourgeois remnants" had to be liquidated. I don't think he believed this for a moment himself, for he repeated it as if by rote and with a faintly cynical air. But I suddenly touched a human chord in him when I asked how he had become a Communist. He hesitated for a moment and then replied that he was one of twenty-five survivors of a big Nazi prison camp, to which he had been sent "because my grandfather committed the crime of being a Jew." I replied that to persecute a human being because his grandfather was a Jew seemed to me morally grotesque, but that it seemed just as grotesque to persecute a man because his grandfather had owned a factory. He turned white with anger and replied only that the remark was too stupid to deserve an answer.

Men are, to be sure, rarely killed these days for the crime of having the wrong grandfather—their lives are simply broken. In most of Eastern Europe the period of killing for political reasons has largely come to an end, as in the Soviet Union itself. The exception is Hungary. A few months ago a number of boys who had fought the Russian tanks in the streets of Budapest were taken out of jail and shot. At the time of the Hungarian revolt they had been in their mid-teens, and the legal age for the death penalty is eighteen, so their trials and executions were simply delayed until they reached that age. This example of "Socialist legality" also suggests what is "so special about Communism."

There are, in fact, plenty of things that are "special" about the countries of Eastern Europe. But they all relate in one way or another to one word. The word is "fear." These regimes run on fear as surely as a car runs on gas. Without fear the regimes would either disintegrate or they would become something quite different from what we have come to regard as Communism since the Russian Revolution forty years ago. That is why, as I shall try to show later, the situation in Poland, where there is amazingly little fear, is so unstable, so dangerous, and so crucially important for the future.

You do not have to look very hard or very long to find the skull of fear beneath the gray skin of Communism. You come upon it often, always unexpectedly, almost always briefly, in a sudden, unanticipated insight. There was the evening in Bucharest, for example, when Rowland Evans, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and I were strolling along the main shopping street. We stopped in front of a store window and were peering at a display of china, when an elderly lady beside us said something to us in German, with a smile. Evans replied in English, and she shook her head and tried French—and again a halting conversation ensued.

Like the pretty lady in Prague, she, too, had the mark of Cain upon her, in a certain musty, faded elegance. The conversation, which clearly gave her a strange, strong pleasure—many people in Eastern Europe get a curious nostalgic lift out of speaking a Western language—could not possibly have been more innocent. It concerned such matters as a niece who lived in Milwaukee, the weather and the population of Washington, D. C. I had just said that the population of Washington was less than a million, and she had replied in surprise, "*Vraiment, c'est tout?*" when a man in a black hat came up and entered the conversation in broken English. She turned around and looked at him—he had "cop" written all over him—and then, while he was saying something to Evans, she put her finger to her lips in a small, frightened gesture, with an appeal in her eyes, and said, "*Bon soir, messieurs*," and scuttled away quickly.

It was, certainly, a very small episode, but it moved Evans and myself oddly. I think I shall remember for a long time the little gesture and the appeal in her eyes—and then the small figure scurrying off.

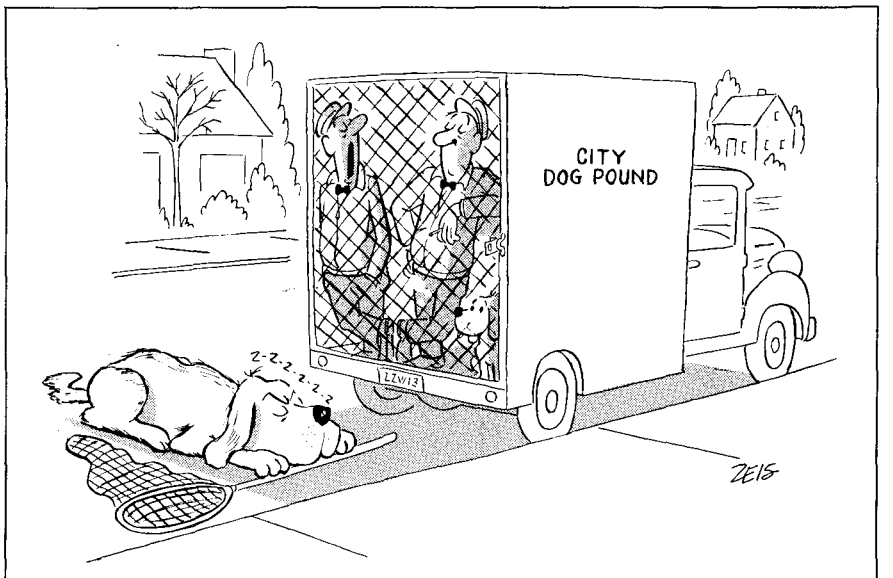
Or there was the man in the night club. I had been wandering around a satellite city—I won't say which one—in a rather aimless fashion one evening, when I came unexpectedly on a night club of sorts tucked away in an alley. There were square tables packed tightly together, lots of smoke, and a strawberry-blond *chanteuse*. I found a seat opposite a man with reddish-brown hair, a face which would have been taken in America for an Irish face, and a double-breasted suit cut as in old pictures of Herbert Hoover when he was President. For a while we silently contemplated the strawberry blonde. Then I asked him if he spoke English, and he said "*Non, mais je parle français.*"

This was followed by a cataract of French—again there was the obvious pleasure in speaking French, which made the risk of the conversation worth it. For there *was* a risk, as the Irish-faced man himself made clear. At first we small-talked. He was an engineer. So I was an American? He was much surprised—except in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Americans are very rare birds, indeed, in the satellite countries. I asked for a beer, but you can hardly ever get beer in East European night spots—"Beer is for workmen," I was told in one place—and we settled for a brandy apiece. It cost about fifty cents per brandy at the tourist exchange rate. "Here," the Irish-faced man suddenly burst out, "a trained engineer like myself—a hundred brandies a month, that is what we must live on." He was probably poor-mouthing a bit, since an engineer gets somewhat more than the equivalent of fifty dollars a month—and a good engineer would get about double that amount. Then he went on about the misery of trying to support a family—he had three children—on such an amount.

I must have looked sympathetic, for he grabbed my arm and grinned and said, "But please, laugh, be gay, do not look serious. I shall, of course, be questioned and I must be able to say that you were just a drunken American and that we talked about women and laughed a bit."

Then there was some more talk about the miserable standard of living, and again: "Laugh, and do not talk loudly, there are some young ones at the next table, and sometimes the young ones are the worst." Then he asked me to come to his apartment "to see how our people really live under Communism."

There are times when a journalist must also remember that he is a human being, so I said that I should much like to see his apartment, but that I ought to tell him that I was a journalist as well as an American, and therefore "much remarked." "But you are truly kind," he said. "I am thankful to you." Some more small talk, and then, with anguished earnestness: "I beg of you, do not believe anything the Communists tell you about this country—they are liars, all, all." There was a small silence, and then he said that it would be better to part and he would contrive to see me again. I had run out of the local currency, so I pulled a dollar bill out of my pocket, to pay for my share of the brandies. He drew back as if bitten, and told me with convincing intensity to put (*Continued on Page 80*)



"Looks like a long afternoon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 78*) the bill back in my pocket. Then he asked me to go away as though I were angry and drunk. I got up, gave a fair imitation of a drunk spoiling for a row, said in French, "I find that you have insulted me!" and swayed off.

The next morning I was having breakfast with a Communist journalist at my hotel when the man with the Irish-looking face came in the door, looked at me, saw the journalist, did a quick pantomime of a man looking for a friend and not finding him, and walked out. That was all. Another small episode, but again the kind of episode that provides a quick glimpse of the reality behind the mask of Communism.

The episode could have happened in Czechoslovakia, or Romania, or Hungary or Bulgaria. Indeed, in all those countries, I experienced some such quick glimpse behind the mask. But it could not have happened in Poland. Poland wears no mask. In Poland, the man would have said what he said loudly, perhaps banging on the table for emphasis. And when I brought out my dollar bill, the chances are that he would have suggested a black-market deal.

I remember especially one Pole who tried to make a black-market deal. Rowland Evans and I met him when we stopped outside a small town in southern Poland, on the way to the Czech border, to ask where we could get a meal. A stocky, aggressive, middle-aged man volunteered to take us to a restaurant, and as soon as we were seated he suggested buying some dollars at the current black-market rate. We said we were on our way out of Poland and needed no more zlotys. He shrugged his shoulders, remarked that he already had about "two kilos" of dollars and when he had another kilo or so, he meant to escape. But why? I asked. Surely things were better now, since Gomulka came in?

"Yes," he said, "things are better than they were. But they will get worse again in a year or two. You Americans cannot understand. Things *must* get worse. This system cannot work at all without terror."

He, himself, is a living symbol of why the system cannot work without terror. All over Eastern Europe, people cannot live decently on the income from one job. They must hold two jobs, or an extra part-time job, or they must find some other way of increasing their incomes. This is as true of Poland as of the other satellite countries. The difference is that whereas elsewhere in Eastern Europe people almost always earn the extra income in ways that are more or less legitimate in the eyes of the regime, Poland is one vast racket. Everyone has an angle. "One hand washes the other," the Poles say—their version of "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." This national back scratching is ultimately paid for, one way or another, by the state, which is one reason why Poland is in a condition of seemingly permanent economic crisis.

This universal racketeering is the other side of the coin to the still almost universal freedom of speech. It is astonishing and somehow incongruous to hear people under Communism talk as the Poles talk. In my first day in Warsaw I heard three versions of the old joke about the hideous Palace of Culture, a wedding-cake monstrosity "presented" to Warsaw by the Russians: "The best place to see Warsaw is from the top of the Palace of Culture, because from there you can't see the Palace of Culture." There are dozens of such jokes, and they almost all contain a curious element of condescension toward both the Russians and the Communists.

I asked a young Pole whether any of his friends were actual, convinced, true-believing Communists. "There was one," he said with a laugh, "but he is on vacation." Then he added seriously: "Truly, it is not at all fashionable now to be a Communist."

I was sitting next to a Polish lady in the Bristol Hotel, when a lovely Russian fashion model came in. In my weeks in Russia I had never seen a really pretty Russian girl, but this one was breath-taking—pitch-black hair, full lips, a suggestion of the oriental about the eyes. I said she was beautiful, and the Polish lady subjected her to a long, appraising glance. "Yes," she said, "she's pretty, but trust a Russian to wear an electric-blue dress with a red handbag and beige shoes. And besides, her eyes are empty—they are not alive."

This odd condescension toward Russians and Communists—it is really a sort of snobbery—is an accurate reflection of a national attitude, at least among the educated. Mind you, this sort of thing is talk—it is not the written word. But even today things can still be written in Poland which could not be written in the other satellites or in Russia itself; and it is still possible, with some difficulty, to buy Western newspapers in Warsaw. But with every passing month the pressure for more conformity, for more "Socialist discipline," increases.

As the pressure increases, so does the danger of some sort of blowup, something unpredictable and perhaps uncontrollable. For the situation in Poland is profoundly unstable—in the scientific meaning of that word. It is based on two marriages of convenience, in which the partners are, in the nature of things, incompatible. One is the marriage between the Communist regime and the Catholic church. The other is the marriage between Communism and personal freedom.

Gomulka's promise to permit religious instruction in the schools for those who wanted it, and his promise to do away with the secret police oppression, saved Poland from the fate of Hungary in 1956. Both promises are still being honored, in essence, as this is written. But it is hard to believe that they can go on being honored indefinitely.

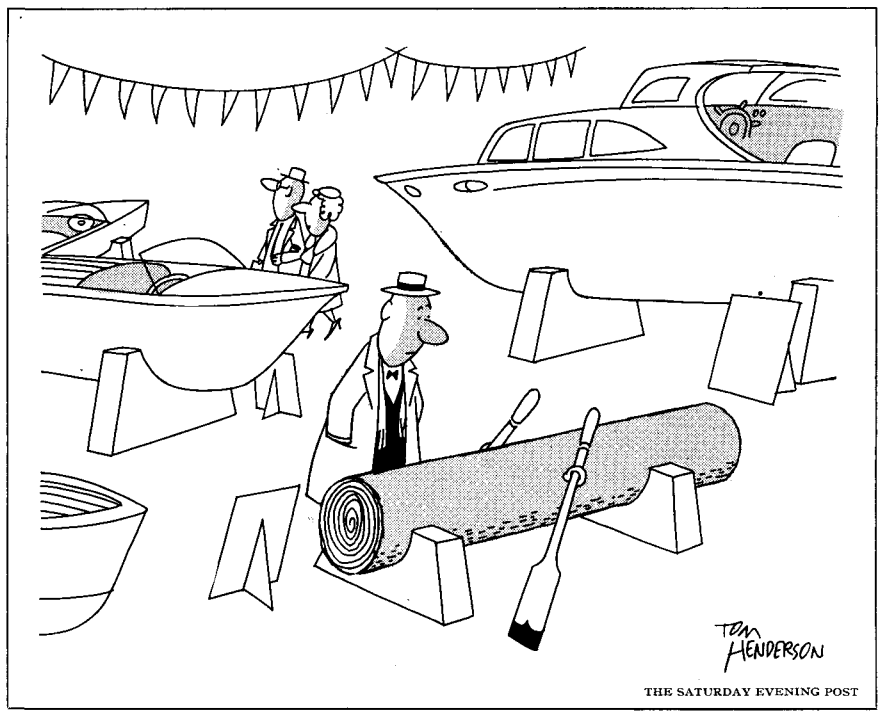
An independent church is inherently abhorrent to Communism, since it provides, whether its leaders so wish or not, a rallying point and counterweight to the authority of the regime. Every Sunday the same phenomenon is visible throughout Poland—every church is packed tight, with an overflow crowd outside in the street. Passing one such crowd, I asked a young Pole if he were religious. "I am not religiously religious," he replied with a smile, "but I am politically religious."

There are a lot of "politically religious" Poles who go to church as a form of passive resistance to Communism, and the Communists are well aware that this is so. And Communism is, of course, as inherently abhorrent to the Catholic Church as the Church is to Communism. In a brutal attempt to slow the dangerously rapid growth of the Polish population, the regime encourages abortions—there were more than 200,000 free abortions last year. The church cannot but fight the abortion program, which is mass murder in the eyes of the church. And so the tension between church and state grows steadily. The state uses its economic power to bring pressure on the church, and the church uses its hold on the people to counter the pressure. I asked a charming young priest in Poznan whether there was a cold war going on between church and state. "It is not a cold war," he said, "it is war to the death."

The marriage between Communism and a measure of real personal freedom is just as unstable and inherently incompatible. The people in the other satellite states do not racketeer for the same reason that they do not speak freely—because they are afraid. The same secret-police apparatus which drags a man off for criticizing the government also drags him off for black-marketeering, or for any other infringement of the all-encompassing economic laws. Because the secret-police terror has been eliminated in Poland, the Poles are not afraid to criticize the government. And they are also not afraid to black-marketeer or to rob some state enterprise blind.

It is in this sense that personal freedom—which is freedom from fear—is incompatible with Communism, at least the kind of Communism developed by the Russians in the forty years since their Revolution. For Communism demands a total monopoly of ideas and of power, and that monopoly can only be maintained through the instrument of fear. That is why "this system cannot live without terror." Will Gomulka or a successor attempt fully to restore the terror system? And if so, what will happen?

The answer, of course, is that nobody knows. There are certain stabilizing factors in the situation. One is Germany, which all Poles hate because of the Nazi monstrosities of the last war, and which all Poles fear because they feel certain that sooner or later Germany will try to grab back the territory—a third of Poland—which was German before the war. You hear endless jokes in Poland about the Russians, but never about the Germans—Germany is not a joking matter. And a great many Poles believe, or have persuaded themselves to believe, that Russia and Communism, much as they despise both, are the only bulwark against Germany.



Another stabilizing factor is the memory of Hungary. "We've learned our lesson," a Polish Communist told me. "What happened in Hungary started inside the party—it couldn't start anywhere else—and we Communists saw those pictures of Hungarian Communists hung up like sides of beef." Many Poles believe, moreover, that even if the Gomulka regime were determined to do so, it would be all but impossible to re-establish the system of police terror. Police terror requires an immense network of informers, and such a network depends in turn on a hard core of true-believing, fanatical Communists. There are, the Poles will tell you, simply no more true-believing Communists left to form the hard core. But there is, perhaps, an element of whistling-in-the-dark about this theory.

"If they really tried to go the whole way back," one Pole told me, "God knows what would happen. We Poles have a habit of committing national suicide every twenty years, and perhaps it would come to that." Perhaps it would. An explosion of some sort, spontaneous, violent (for the Poles are violent people) and uncontrollable—and therefore dangerous to the peace of the world—is by no means to be ruled out.

But attempts to peer into the future in Poland or elsewhere in Eastern Europe, are not worth a great deal. On only one point I am sure: either the Gomulka regime or some successor regime will succeed in re-establishing fear as the chief instrument of state power; or the Polish Communist regime will become in time inherently and basically different from the Communist regimes in Russia or the satellites.

For it is quite true that the Communist system, as developed in Russia since 1918 and ruthlessly imposed on half of Europe since 1945 "cannot work without terror." To abandon terror as the chief instrument of the state would mean to abandon the state's claim to a total monopoly of ideas and of power, and a state without such a monopoly would be essentially different from the Soviet Communist state. The gradual development of a different kind of Communism—which is at least conceivable—is a subject which will be examined in a later report on the Soviet satellite empire.

For the rest, on the basis of more than 3000 miles of driving through Eastern Europe, I can highly recommend that part of the world for reasonably adventurous tourists—on one condition. The roads are surprisingly good, the food is edible, the prices are quite reasonable (except for gas, and oddly, laundry), and there are many ancient splendors, like the lovely cathedral in Prague or the splendid Palladian palace of the Polish kings in Kraców, to be seen. There are Communist achievements which are impressive too—like the pace of industrialization or the rebuilding of Warsaw and other cities from rubble. The people of Eastern Europe are very nice people, who have a touching admiration and affection for Americans. But there remains that one condition: you have to be able to get used to the smell of fear, which is everywhere, for it is what makes Communism work.

Next week, in the second of his three articles, Mr. Alsop tells what the peoples of the satellite countries feel about their future as captive nations. —THE EDITORS.

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GLADYS H. BENEDICT

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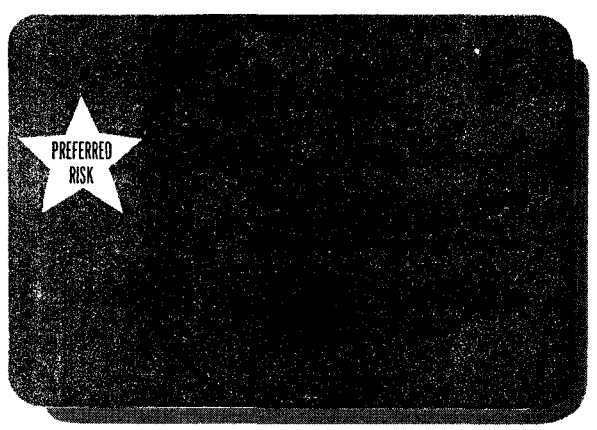

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 37)

mind, he was able to distinguish between stupid or biased men who wronged him and the Government of which unfortunately they were a part. To the Government, to the traditions of his adopted country, he was loyal to the very core of his being. Men he hated and despised. Bluster he would against bureaucrats and call them names. But it was men he castigated—never the Federal Government, which he venerated.

Ann Cassidy answered the doorbell and came into the office with two notes—one for Eric and one for his employer. They opened the dainty envelopes, which contained invitations bidding them to tea at the home of Madame Carlotta Ouverard in The Row on the north side of Washington Square on the afternoon of April twelfth.

"Who," thundered Ericsson, "is this woman who asks me to tea?"

"A beautiful lady from Louisiana," Eric said.

"Tea," snorted Ericsson. "Why does she invite me to tea? Effrontery!"

"The lady," said Eric, "considers you the first genius of the age."

"Ho!" The exclamation was less furious.

"She is very rich," Eric went on. "An astute woman in a business way. Interested in inventions."

"Ha!" exclaimed Ericsson almost mildly. And then, "Is this your doing, young man? Did you put this woman up to it?"

"I did not, sir. The invitation is a surprise to me. I have called upon her once." He looked at his employer slyly. "She has a beautiful niece."

"Ha-ho!" Ericsson said, joining the two exclamations.

"You might," said Eric, "find her acquaintance advantageous in a business way. I know you are as impervious to beautiful women as a duck's back is to water. And to flattery."

"I," said Ericsson harshly, "am aware of my own worth. I want no woman's silly adulation."

"Of course, sir. But sincere admiration is another matter and not to be despised."

"Have you been boasting of me to this woman?"

"I admit I am proud of my employment, but there was no need to brag about you. Immediately your name was mentioned she spoke with enthusiasm. She seemed to know all about you, sir."

"One of these scheming women who uses her sex to gain her ends!"

"Which, naturally, would not affect you, sir," Eric said. "I rather fancy the shoe would be on the other foot."

"Eh? What do you say?"

"That it is more likely Madame Ouverard would be thrown off balance by you than the contrary. But that isn't the point, is it?"

"It is not," Ericsson said sharply. "My experience with women has been unhappy."

It had, indeed, been so. There was a girl in his native land whom he was prevented from marrying, and by whom he had a son. There was the lovely wife in England whom he no longer saw, but whom he supported when he was in funds.

"A considerable part of your income," said Eric, "comes from sale of shares in your patents."

"You keep my books. You know my sources of income."

"This woman, with her admiration for you, and her almost masculine interest in scientific and mechanical inventions, might be an investor."

Ericsson snarled. "A woman for a partner!"

"Money," said Eric sententiously, "has no sex."

"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer. "Ho!" He eyed Eric suspiciously. "This niece," he said.

"A pretty girl. I have seen her twice."

"I've a feeling, young man, that you have fish to fry."

"If I have," Eric said sturdily, "they are your fish and in your frying pan."

The older man turned to the Cassidy woman. "Is the messenger waiting?"

"He is, sorr."

"Tell him," said Ericsson, "that I and Mr. Nelson will come to her impertinent tea."

"Very graciously said, sir," Eric told him.

On the afternoon of the twelfth the two gentlemen mounted the steps of the mansion on Washington Square and were admitted to Madame Ouverard's drawing room. Madame, looking almost as young and charming as her niece, met them in the archway with extended hand and sparkling smile.

"Mr. Ericsson!" she exclaimed. "I had not dared to hope that you would honor my house. Your acceptance of my invitation made me very happy."

"Indeed, madame. Indeed. There is no reason for this warmth of welcome." He studied her sharply and was repelled rather than attracted by her beauty. He shied away from her loveliness, and Eric was afraid that his employer might incontinently turn and flee from the house. But madame's hand was on his arm. She smiled at Eric. "Come in and meet the other gentlemen," she said. "I prefer to have only gentlemen at my teas. . . . Mr. Ericsson, this is our mayor, Mr. Fernando Wood. . . . and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who edits one of our great newspapers. . . . and Mr. A. T. Stewart, our foremost merchant."

Ericsson acknowledged the introductions with reserve. He had not met the flamboyant mayor of the city, but instinctively he despised him and gave credit to the rumors which charged him with graft and dishonesty—and more than hinted at his disloyalty to the Federal Government. The powerful owner of the *Herald*, with his squinting eyes and sardonic face, he had met on another occasion. A. T. Stewart, as the city's most eminent retail merchant, he respected.

Stewart had been interrupted in the midst of an oration condemning all abolitionists and all politicians in Washington. "If," he repeated following the introductions, "the Capital of the United States were in Wall Street instead of Washington, all talk of secession and civil war would promptly cease."

"Do you realize, sir," said the squint-eyed newspaperman, "that the business coming to New York City from the five cotton states amounts to two hundred million dollars a year? Were we to lose that revenue this city's commerce would be bankrupt." He drew from his pocket a newspaper. "Look at this," he said irately. "A paper in Atlanta prints a list of forty-seven of our mercantile houses friendly to the South, and a black list of our firms that they call abolitionist. A boycott, gentlemen. It prints this list, it says, so that no Southern slave holder will give his patronage to men stabbing at their vitals."

Mayor Wood, hand thrust in the ornate vest that showed beneath his well-cut coat, declaimed: "A revolt threatens us, fanned by these abolitionists and by the man in the White House who warns of a complete boycott of New York merchants."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" chided Madame Ouverard. "Let us not become heated."

"Forgive us, madame," said Wood, bowing from the waist. "We but voice the judgment of all sensible men."

Ericsson, his military bearing exaggerated by his resentment, did not heed madame's plea for reasonableness. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "I am a sensible man. I do not agree with your judgment."

"Are you an abolitionist, Mr. Ericsson?" asked the mayor sleekly.

"I am no abolitionist. I am no other kind of an 'ist.' But I say this: if slavery threatens the peace and existence of this country, then slavery must go. Anything that threatens to split this land asunder must go."

There was silence for a moment as the men in the room shrank from such rugged outspokenness.

"Sir," said Bennett at last, "such bombast will cause civil war."

"Then," said Ericsson, "let civil war come."

"The North," said Wood, "will not fight. It will not go to war against its brothers."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" pleaded madame again. "Moderation, I beg of you. Please to be seated. I'm sure a cup of tea will calm our tempers. I would talk with Mr. Ericsson of other matters; of his plans, of his inventions. I am sure we all would profit if we would listen to him."

Yvonne Constant, beautiful and still, sat upon a settee at the end of the room. The acrimonious discussion distressed her—if she could be distressed more deeply than she already was. The child had been in mental turmoil ever since that day when she had discovered her aunt's connection with the traffic in slaves. She had sought the correct course to follow. She had prayed for guidance. It was clear to her what it would mean to her *Tante* Carlotta if she, Yvonne Constant, were to disclose the disgraceful truth to her parents on Val-Fleury plantation. She was aware of the scandal that would ensue and that Madame Ouverard would be cast out of good society. The dishonor of it would smirch all of madame's connections. The humiliation would be unbearable. Yvonne had written her family suggesting that she return to her home; but her father had forbidden her to do so in the uncertain state of affairs. His judgment was that she would be safer in New York—or possibly, if properly chaperoned, in Europe. So she remained, uncomfortably and unhappily. She saw as little as she could contrive of her aunt, and madame, being too much concerned with affairs, paid little attention to the child or her humors.

Eric Nelson, as soon as manners permitted, crossed the drawing room and seated himself beside her. He was a young man of subtle perceptions, and what he saw as he turned to enjoy the sight of her lovely face was unhappiness, possibly illness.

"Miss Constant," he said earnestly, "has something gone wrong? Are you ill?"

"I am not ill, Mr. Nelson," she said, not raising her eyes from her hands folded in her lap.

"Then something," he said, "is worrying you."

"I cannot talk about it," she answered dolefully.

"Miss Constant," he said, striving to lighten her mood with humor, "you may not believe it, but I'm a first-rate Sir Galahad. I'm a Swedish knight-errant. Just point out the dragon and I'll have at him. You should see my collection of dragon scalps. If dragons have scalps."

"My dragon," she said dully, "cannot be slain."

At that instant there was a slight commotion at the front door. The butler had been thrust roughly aside and a young man, handsome, jaunty, impudent, forced himself into the room. He was a seafaring man. Eric vaguely remembered having seen the man's bold, arrogant face. Instinctively he felt that here was no friend nor one who ever could be a friend. All eyes were turned upon the intruder. Madame Ouverard arose to her feet and was superb in her indignation.

"What does this intrusion mean, Captain Tempest?" she demanded.

He showed white, beautifully regular teeth in an impudent grin. "I bring news, dear madame, which must reach your ears with promptness."

Eric felt sudden movement at his side. Miss Constant had sprung to her feet, not languid now. There was no pallor upon her cheeks, but the flaming red of rage.

What's Going On Here?

A onetime newspaperman and planter rides cockily into the arms of the enemy near a town named Doaksville. Small and swarthy, he has fought heroically as a cavalry chief in the Civil War for more than four years. This time, however, he has come to surrender. His act remains notable for a special reason. Who was he, and when did he lay down his arms?

Richard Q. Rodgers

(*Answer on Page 84*)

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She advanced a step toward the sea captain and, blind to all others present in the room, spoke to him with infinite scorn. She was, in that instant, a queen speaking to some offending base knave.

"How dare you, sir, set foot in a gentlewoman's house?" she demanded vibrantly. "Captain Tempest—slaver! Captain Tempest—kidnaper and murderer of helpless Negroes. You have the effrontery to force yourself into the company of decent people." She paused, turned upon her aunt. "I shall not remain in the room with this *canaille*."

Captain Tempest barked a short laugh. "Captain Tempest, slaver," he said sneeringly. "A profession which ceases to exist this day. You canting, mealy-mouthed hypocrites who despise me but let me enrich you! I come bringing news, ladies and gentlemen," he said ironically. "News which changes many things." Again he was silent, but his bearing held them so that they, too, were voiceless.

"My news, my supercilious friends, is this: General Beauregard, in command of Southern troops in Charleston, has opened a bombardment against Fort Sumter. The war between North and South has begun."

The effect of this announcement upon those who heard it was varied. Though it could not have been wholly unexpected, the actual fact of the commencement of a war was shocking beyond belief. James Gordon Bennett rushed from the house to hasten to the offices of the *Herald* to supervise the publication of the news. Mayor Wood, thinking of how this event might affect his political fortunes, left in equal haste for the city hall. John Ericsson heard the announcement more calmly, for he had not the prophetic eye that day to foresee that the modification of his life and fortunes by the coming of civil war would be tremendous and revolutionary.

As for Eric Nelson, he scarcely took in the significance of Captain Tempest's announcement, for his every faculty was concentrated upon Yvonne Constant and her dramatic tirade—upon behavior which seemed to him so foreign to the character of the girl. Strong emotion had exploded. To his astonishment Yvonne displayed a capacity for anger that reached the point of rashness. There was hidden fire in the girl, and sleeping passions that could urge her to the boiling point regardless of consequences. He glanced quickly at Captain Tempest and then at Madame Ouverard. The captain had not lost his jauntiness nor his insouciance, but madame's face was transfigured by fury mixed with incredulity. Hers was a murderous rage, and for an instant Eric feared that it might result in a physical attack upon her niece. There was, he thought apprehensively, hardness, even wickedness in this beautiful woman—hardness, wickedness and ruthlessness.

It was puzzling, that searing anger. Eric wondered at the cause of it. Why should Yvonne's hot words accusing Captain Tempest of being a slaver have so stirred her aunt? Something malignant moved under this surface, and it boded ill for the impetuous girl.

Madame, recovering quickly, again became the dignified aristocrat, shocked and distressed at the incorrect behavior of a girl under her charge.

"My child! My child!" she exclaimed. "You forget your manners. You will go to your room and I will speak to you later."

Eric, always an adroit young man, touched the girl's arm. "You've kicked over the applecart," he whispered. "Now don't stomp on the fruit." He grinned down at her flaming cheeks and flashing eyes. "Better hunt a hole and pull it in after you."

He ventured to create a diversion. He stared at Captain Tempest with what appeared to be candid curiosity, his air that of some raw hobbledehoy.

"Oh, now," he asked, "are you really a slaver? I never saw a slaver before. Do you really kidnap blacks in Africa and sell them into slavery?"

Tempest studied Eric briefly and concluded that here was nothing but a blundering youngster. "A slaver no more," he said with a short laugh. "Recently reformed. For your information, my friend, with the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter, slavery went into a decline from which, I fear, it will never recover." He bowed from the waist to madame. "Good afternoon to you, Madame Ouverard. . . . And to your charming niece. . . . Gentlemen." He turned on his heel and walked with determined strides out of the mansion.

For the moment madame appeared to have forgotten Yvonne. She made a helpless gesture toward John Ericsson. "My apologies, sir. What I hoped would be a cheerful and instructive afternoon has had an unhappy ending."

"Madame," said Ericsson gravely, "more than a tea party has had an unhappy ending."

"I do hope this will not discourage you from coming again," she pleaded.

"From now on there will be more important things than drinking tea," Ericsson said.

"But I did so wish to discuss business with you," she persisted. "I have been told that you sometimes sell shares in your patents and that they are profitable. I have money to invest—if opportunity presents."

"And I," said the engineer with characteristic churlishness when displeased, "have not reached a point where I must take a woman for a partner. I bid you good afternoon."

Eric had taken Yvonne's hand. "Keep your cunning little chin up," he said. His smile was not impertinent now. "If Southern gentlemen are tiger cats like their ladies, the North is in for a handful of war."

The Negro butler showed them out into the late afternoon. They left Madame Ouverard and Yvonne Constant confronting each other in the stately drawing room.

Madame Ouverard was better able to regain control of her emotions than was her niece. She was an experienced woman of the world who knew that displays of temper are seldom profitable indulgences. Yvonne, on the contrary, had learned few of the bitter lessons which life has to teach. She had been petted and spoiled. Though she had been taught good manners, her education never had included a disciplining of her impulses.

Madame Ouverard, faced her niece calmly. "Your behavior," she said, "was hardly in keeping with the traditions of Val-Fleury."

"I," retorted Yvonne, "have not brought disgrace upon it."

"You imply that I have done so?"

"*Tante* Carlotta," Yvonne answered, "you are a rich woman."

"Is that disgraceful?"

"That man is a slaver."

"Possibly so. How does that concern me?"

"It concerns you," Yvonne said hotly, "because he is your partner or your servant. The source of your wealth."

This answered the question that Madame Ouverard desired to have answered. In some way her niece had discovered that Captain Tempest was master of a vessel importing slaves into America. That was dangerous knowledge. But it was far more perilous to this high-bred woman that her niece had also learned that she, Carlotta Ouverard, was the owner of the ships that Tempest sailed, and that the profits of his ignoble voyages had found their way into her pockets. Should this be disclosed to Val-Fleury and to the neighbors of Val-Fleury, it would create a scandal of gigantic proportions, exiling her forever from the society in which she had been reared.

Even in face of this she was able to cling to dignity. She asked quietly, "How did you discover this, Yvonne?"

"I was in the library when you and—and that man discussed profits—your horrible profits."

"So. And you have kept it to yourself until today. I thought your manner was strange, my dear. I attributed it to—shall we say—to the vapors of an eighteen-year old girl."

"I didn't know what to do," Yvonne said simply.

"And now you do know what to do?"

Yvonne nodded. "I shall go home," she said. "I can no longer be your guest."

"And when you get home?" madame asked.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know."

"Doubtless you would ask your father's advice?" madame suggested.

"I—I think not, *Tante* Carlotta. I think I should be ashamed to speak of it. I think I would keep it hidden if I could do so."

"But you would not be able to do so," madame said gravely. "My name would be mentioned. I would be spoken of. You would be questioned about your visit here. Your manner would betray that there was something. You've not the age nor the *savoir faire* to conceal that you have a secret. Your father or your mother would worm it out of you."

"I cannot help that. I cannot stay under this roof."

"My child," said madame gently, "I do not see how you can help it."

"I can start for Val-Fleury today."

"No," said her aunt. "Even if I would consent to your going—and supply you with funds, for I doubt if you have enough in hand to take you home—it will be impossible for you to go."

"Why? Why will it be impossible?"

"I fear, Yvonne, that you were too emotional to understand what Captain Tempest came to tell us. Very grave and tragic news."

It was true. Yvonne had not heard, or if she heard she had not comprehended.

"What news could stop me from going back to Val-Fleury?"

"Our General Beauregard," said Madame Ouverard, "has fired upon Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. War has begun between North and South. It will be impossible to travel."

War! Young though she was, that word struck Yvonne with stunning impact. *War!* That meant that there would be armies marching; masses of men meeting face to face and killing one another. It meant bloodshed and suffering and tragedy. It meant fire and famine, bereavement and black hatred.

"War!" she said in a whisper. Then she stared at her aunt as if in incredulity. "And you—you wanted war," she accused.

Whatever madame's faults or sins might be, she was a Southern woman possessed by fanatical love of her state and its institutions. Fanatical, perhaps, but sincere in her patriotism. Avaricious, money-hungry she might be, but she would give every cent of her evilly acquired wealth and every drop of her blood to serve her state which had already adopted its ordinance of secession.

"I wanted war as our great leader, Jefferson Davis, wanted war," she said. "To preserve our land. To preserve our precious rights. To cut ourselves loose from the tyranny of this money-grubbing, abolitionist North." Her face was rapt as she raised her eyes aloft. "In days, in short weeks, our men will march into Washington and overthrow this backwoods ape who sits in the President's chair!"

"And we—we are trapped here!" exclaimed Yvonne. "Among enemies." It was hard for her to think of the men and women who went peacefully about their concerns on the streets of New York as enemies. They were just people, different only in idiom and in manners from the people of Louisiana, with the same traditions coming down to them from Lexington and Bunker Hill and from those Southerners, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. But today these men were shooting at each other with intent to kill. These peaceable-looking Northerners were enemies! And she, Yvonne Constant, of Val-Fleury plantation, was a prisoner!

"But," she cried, "I must be with papa and mamma. They will need me."

Madame's fine eyes were wrinkled with concentration. "Perhaps it is good," she said. "Perhaps it is better."

"What do you mean, *Tante* Carlotta?"

"I mean that if we are wise, if we are shrewd and daring, we can be of greater service to the South in the midst of her enemies than we could sewing and tearing bandages in our own homeland."

"How can we serve? What do you mean? What can we do—two women surrounded by a million enemies?"

"There will be a way," Madame Ouverard said. And then she added to herself, *And there may be handsome profits, fishing in troubled waters.*

"I shall," declared John Ericsson on their way home, "offer my services to the Federal Government." Then with characteristic modesty: "I shall undoubtedly be given a position of importance and responsibility."

"Naturally, sir," said Eric Nelson.

"I possess practical and constructive naval skill shared by no engineer now living." (*Continued on Page 87*)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

Page 83

Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, a Georgia-born Cherokee Indian, was the last Confederate general to surrender. He did not do so until June 23, 1865, near Doaksville in what is now Oklahoma. Before the war Watie helped to publish a unique newspaper in the Cherokee alphabet and later became a successful planter. When the Civil War split the Cherokee Nation, he led the southern, or proslavery, faction. His Indian cavalrymen fought in Arkansas and the Indian Territory, often against fellow tribesmen who sided with the Union.

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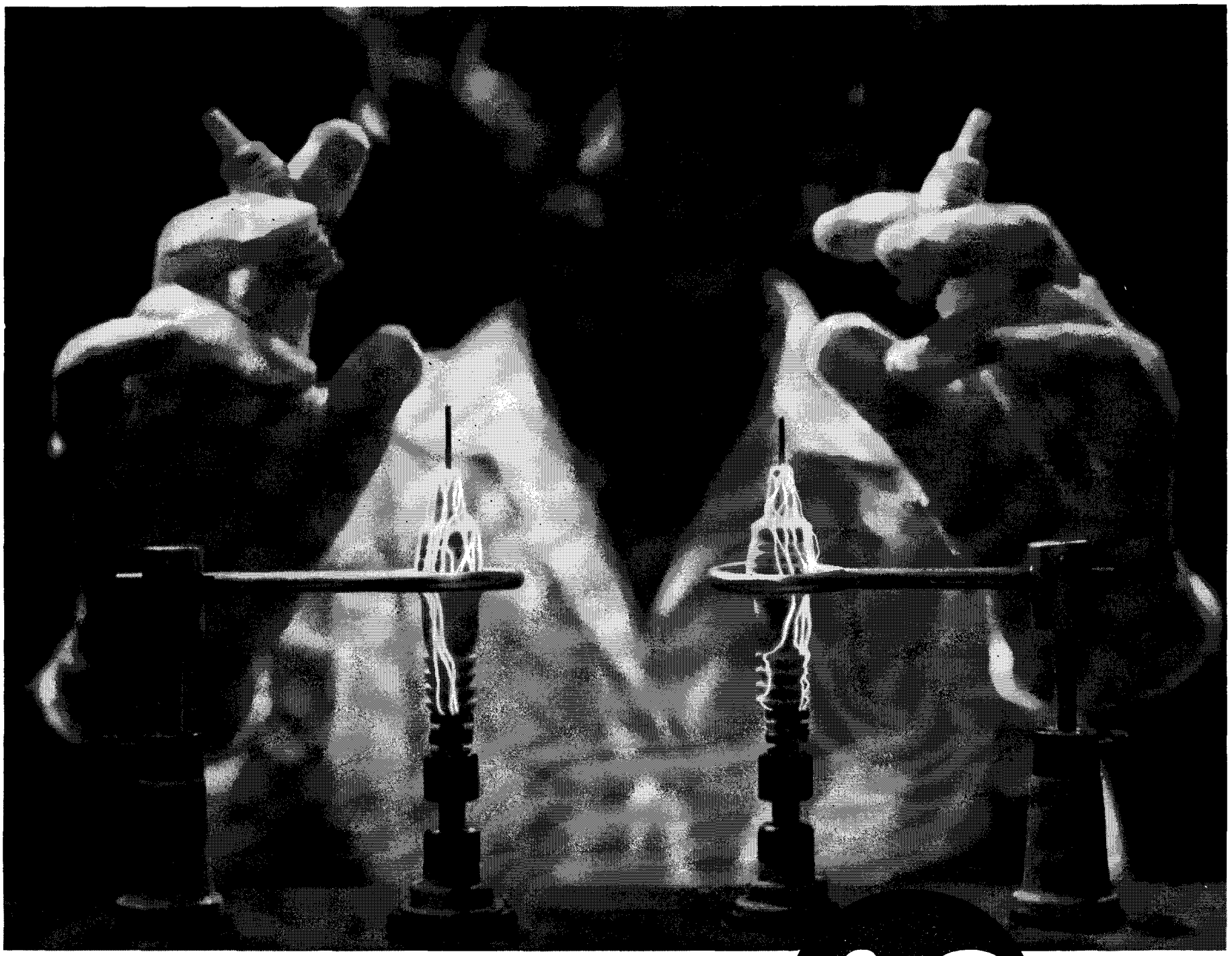

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The Temptation of Beautyrest

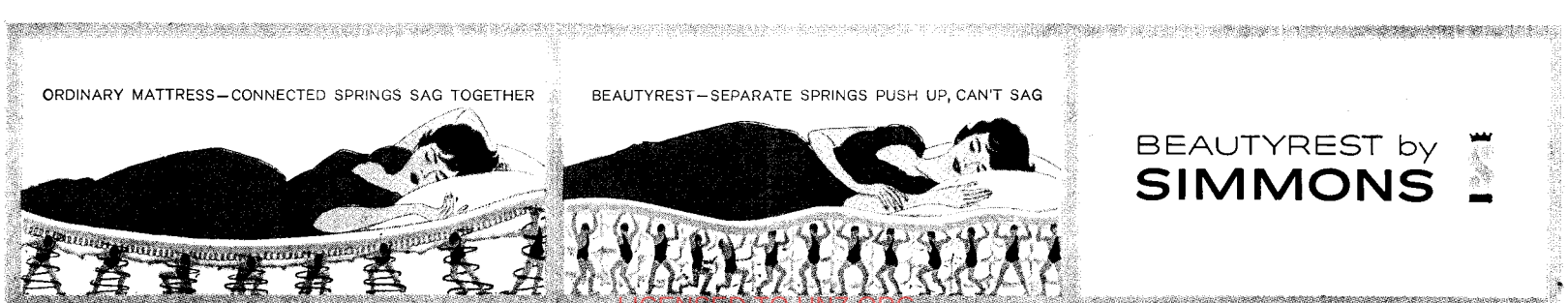
Another story about the kind of comfort that's kind to your back

A dozen age-5 children have just said their goodbyes. Amazingly enough, the house is still standing, the table has been cleared, the rug vacuumed and the cat has eight more lives. But where would you be if body and nerves didn't have this heavenly refuge, this most restful of all mattresses. Happy Birthday? Happy Beautyrest!

This is the mattress with separate back-supporting springs that push up-up-up in the small of your back. In other mattresses, the curve of your back gets very little support. And here's another reason why more people sleep on Beautyrest® than on any other mattress in the world.

Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Because each spring is separate, the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. No rolling together. Beautyrest will never, never sag.

All this—and the best costs the least! All tests by the United States Testing Co. have proven that Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer than ordinary mattresses. So Beautyrest at $79.50 is the least expensive mattress you can own. Don't bargain with your rest. Insist on Beautyrest!



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(*Continued from Page 84*) "I like my job too well to disagree with you," Eric said with sober face. But Ericsson was so concentrated upon himself that he did not notice his employee's impertinence.

"Already," he said, "my inventions have revolutionized navigation and naval warfare. My screw propeller has made it possible to place the engines of a naval vessel below the water line, where they cannot be reached by enemy fire. It has done away with vulnerable side wheels. Another innovation has made it possible to eliminate tall smokestacks which could so easily be shot away and the engines rendered useless."

"These facts," said Eric, "we hold to be self-evident. But what about the swivel-chair naval experts, sir?"

"Bureaucrats. Stupid dolts. Ignorant and hidebound. But necessity will drive them to me. I hear good reports of this Gideon Welles that the President has made Secretary of the Navy. Smug and self-righteous, I am told, but with open mind and integrity."

"If you can get to him, sir," said Eric. "He has," Eric added irreverently, "the finest whiskers in the Cabinet."

Ericsson's agile mind veered suddenly. One had to be alert to keep up with his mental processes. He turned and glared at Eric Nelson.

"That girl!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you entangled with her?"

"No, sir."

"Are your affections engaged?"

"She is beautiful, sir."

"Avoid her," snapped Ericsson. "Temper. Headstrong. Young man, stay away from her or be eaten alive!"

"I doubt," Eric said, restraining a smile, "if she gives me a thought. A Southern aristocrat, and me a Swedish emigrant!" This was deliberately provocative. Anything that touched his native land was sacred to John Ericsson.

"Any woman," said Ericsson, "gives a thought to anyone that wears pants. I have had experience with women. No woman ever looks at any man, old or young, handsome or hideous, rich or poor, without calculating—without imagining herself married to him and calculating how she would like it."

"But Madame Ouverard," Eric said slyly. "She seemed attracted by you, sir. She was all eyes and admiration."

Ericsson preened himself, then glanced sidewise at his companion to see if he had noticed it. Eric's face was expressionless.

"There are sensible women," said Ericsson. "Up to a point. There are women with perception enough to be aware of a man's obvious qualities." He cleared his throat. "The wise man accepts their admiration as his due and finds some light pleasure in their society. But no more. Your tea party was not exactly a success."

"Not my tea party," Eric protested.

"You lured me to it," snapped Ericsson. "That sailor! He gave me a strange feeling—almost as if I had seen him before, as if somehow he bore some relation to me. An evil man."

"A slaver," Eric said. He was about to say more, but refrained from speaking of what amounted to a premonition. When he had looked at Captain Tempest's face and observed his air of jaunty arrogance, he had been aware of an inexplicable upsurge of aversion. And strangely, as the slaver's eyes rested upon him, he had fancied that he saw in them an instinctive response to his own dislike. It was a brief meeting, but Eric felt that it was far from being their last encounter.

"I shall probably have to go to Washington," John Ericsson said.

They continued their walk and, once in his office, Ericsson wrote letters to various persons in and out of the Navy Department, offering his services to the Government. He did not even entertain a question of his offer's being declined, and immediately set to work to put his affairs in such order that he could remove himself to the nation's Capital and assume the duties that would be required of him.

"Am I discharged?" Eric asked. "Because, if I am, maybe I'd better enlist."

"You are not discharged, young man," said Ericsson. "Let me hear no more such nonsense out of you. My mind is not made up as to what I shall do with you. It will depend upon the exact nature of the appointment I receive. Or I may consider it best to leave you here in charge of what details of my business must be looked after."

John Ericsson was never a patient man. A week passed with no response to his offer of services. Two weeks passed, and his temper reached the boiling point. In no uncertain terms he expressed his opinion of bureaucrats, of their dilatoriness, their incompetence, their blatant discourtesy to the most eminent engineer in the world!

News from Washington and from the field, uncertain and contradictory, was reported by the newspapers. Lincoln announced a blockade of Southern ports prematurely when he had insufficient ships to enforce it. Gen. Robert E. Lee, after being offered command of the Federal troops, decided to cast his lot with his state of Virginia and was placed in command of her men. The President issued a call for 75,000 men to serve for three months. Secessionists were seizing Federal arms and property throughout the South. The Confederate Congress passed an act recognizing the existence of war between the United States and the Confederate States. Events moved with tragic, fumbling speed. Neither side was prepared for war, both sides groped, but it seemed to Ericsson that the North groped more blindly and inefficiently. And the chief evidence of incompetence was the North's failure to avail itself of his genius.

Eric did his best to soothe the increasing rage of his employer, pointing out the confusion that must exist in Washington and the difficulty in deciding upon what high position would best fit Ericsson's abilities and deserts.

It was on May seventh, the day Tennessee was admitted as a member of the Confederacy, that two friends waited upon John Ericsson in his office. Their bearing was reserved and formal. Embarrassment seemed to ride them uncomfortably. The first of these gentlemen was Cornelius H. Delamater, proprietor of the Phoenix Foundry, which did a volume of work for Ericsson, and who was his firm friend. The second was his attorney, sometimes partner and close friend, Edwin Wallace Stoughton.

Ericsson invited the visitors to be seated and peered into their faces.

"An eminent delegation," he said. "To what do I owe this honor? Will you partake of refreshments?"

"Nothing, thank you, Sir John," said Stoughton. . . . "Delamater, you had best do the talking."

"So solemn," exclaimed Ericsson derisively. "What causes the solemnity? You shuffle your feet like embarrassed schoolboys."

"We *are* embarrassed," Delamater said. "All of us are just returned from Washington. We have, as you well know, interested ourselves in your affairs—in your offer of your services to the Navy Department."

"My interests could not be in better hands," Ericsson said. "But come to the point, my friends. I've been dangling in the air for weeks, waiting for these smug, antediluvian, chair-warming ignoramuses to decide what to offer me. Have they been able at last to make up what they think are their minds?"

"Yes, Sir John," Stoughton said, not looking Ericsson in the eyes. "The infernal nincompoops have made up their minds."

"So—and what are they going to do with me?"

Stoughton raised his hand in an appealing gesture. "Keep your temper, John," he said.

"I always hold my temper," Ericsson said with inaccuracy. "Can't you come to the point?"

"The point is, John," said Stoughton sorrowfully, "that your offer to serve has been rejected."

For a moment the great engineer did not comprehend. He repeated the word. "Rejected—rejected." And then full realization smote him with stunning effect. He leaped to his feet, fists clenched.

"Rejected!" he roared. "They have rejected *me*, John Ericsson, who knows more about warships and their construction; more about engines and cannon and—and naval strategy than any other man living? The dolts! The chattering apes! The brainless baboons! I don't believe it, gentlemen. Even those jabbering jackasses couldn't be so stupid as that!"

"I fear it is true, Sir John," Stoughton answered. "You've not made yourself popular with the department. Your tongue has been sharp. You've not been diplomatic. And you've powerful enemies, old friend."

"Enemies! What enemies?"

"The chief of them," said Delamater, "is your old friend and partner, Capt. Robert Stockton. He has influence in the Navy Department."

"Stockton!"

"He has blocked you at every turn. He has the ear of Fox and Gideon Welles. He slanders you in season and out of season. He brings up the old Princeton scandal."

"For which," Ericsson said with ominous self-control, "he alone was to blame."

"He tells the Secretary," said Delamater, "that you are a capable mechanic, but in no sense an engineer."

Ericsson stood shaking with rage, unable to speak. And then the stiffness seemed to go out of his powerful limbs and he drooped. His wide shoulders sagged, and into his eyes came such a black expression of grief and humiliation as went to the hearts of the men who were there to see it. He walked to the piano stool before his desk and sat heavily upon it. He turned away from them, bowed over his table, with head in hands. His shoulders heaved, and his friends were embarrassed at what they thought was the spectacle of a strong man sobbing. But John Ericsson was not weeping. He was collecting his shattered faculties. They saw his shoulders straighten and his head lift as he swung toward them and presented a face of granite.

"What more?" he asked.

"They say you never finish anything you start."

"Did they," he demanded quietly, "ever hear of experiments? Do they not know that there must be a hundred experiments and explorations before there can be one success? Do not these men with rigid, frozen brains know that a hundred experiments end in failure and must be abandoned? Yes. I, John Ericsson, start a multitude of things that I never finish. What is scientific advancement but a long, painful, groping business of trial and error?"

"John—John," said Stoughton placatingly. "Don't let this embitter you."

"Embitter!" He struck his desk a mighty blow. "Disgrace I will not endure." He faced them with set face. "I have met Mr. Mallory. He will be—or is—Jeff Davis' Secretary of the Navy. This I know—he believes in armored ships. He does not look backward like these Washington chair warmers. What the South lacks is sea power—as Mallory realizes." He smiled at them wolfishly. "Do you gentlemen think I would not be welcomed in Richmond? Do you think John Ericsson would be flouted and insulted and rejected there?"

"John! John! Not that, old friend! Not disloyalty! You will not let this affront drive you to disloyalty."

"Loyalty," Ericsson said impressively, "is not a one-sided thing. What is loyalty, gentlemen?"

"It is keeping the faith," said Stoughton.

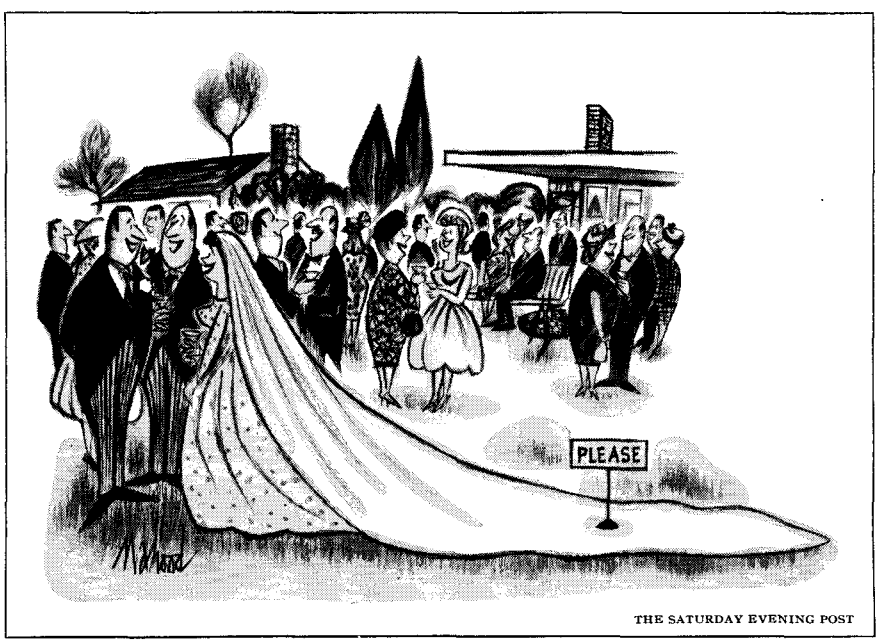
"'The faith,'" John Ericsson said softly. "Faith in an idea, in an ideal, not in men. That is how it is. One must keep the faith and uphold the ideal. You speak true." He relaxed. His rugged, handsome face was serene. "Gentlemen," he said, "I shall not offer myself to Mallory. I shall keep the faith. But, gentlemen, rely upon it. Rely upon it and never let it fade from your minds! I, John Ericsson, whose shoes those men are not fit to shine, declare that they will live to eat their words." He turned to his young employee.

"Eric," he said, "a bottle of our choice Madeira and glasses. Let us drink to the United States of America and confusion to all who oppose this nation."

"Sir John," said Edwin Stoughton, "you are a great man."

"And someday," Ericsson said with an upsurge of his old vanity, "all the world will admit it."

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Orchids for Everybody

(Continued from Page 32)

greenhouses. Mosher also has built a chain of satellite orchid farms in Hawaii and Australia to keep the flow of blossoms coming to the American market during the off-season for the California crop.

Sam Mosher's orchid mania sprouted as an amateur's hobby but, like most of his projects, quickly became a business and turned to gold. His production schedule calls for doubling and redoubling the flood of orchids from Rancho Dos Pueblos, currently around 2,000,000 blossoms a year, until every woman can have her daily orchid if she wants it. Meantime, he also sells young potted plants by the thousands to customers who like to grow their own orchids in the parlor or the breakfast nook. Mosher has bred a rugged hybrid-type orchid which he says anybody with the slightest tinge of green in his or her thumb can grow as easily as geraniums.

This break-through in orchid technology has come about because ruddy and rugged Sam Mosher, a determined man who refused to let a childhood bout with polio cripple his dreams, plunged into orchid growing ten years ago with the abandon of a man trying to make up for lost time. When a young man, Mosher had planned to be a farmer and, in fact, had studied scientific agriculture at the University of California. But in 1921, after five tough years in orcharding and vegetable growing, he made what he still regards as a thirty-year detour into the oil business. It was a fabulously profitable detour during which he ran a $4000 shoestring into the prosperous Signal Oil and Gas Company. Signal's forest of oil wells now enables Mosher to "farm on the scale I wanted to."

When the urge to mass-produce orchids struck Mosher in 1950, he already was deep in the gardening business, growing carnations, bird-of-paradise and other blossoms for the cut-flower market. Mosher outlined his brainstorm to Hernlund, the manager of the flower farm. And the basic idea was so simple that Mosher still can't understand why somebody else didn't think of it first. He pointed out to Hernlund that farmers had successfully applied the principle of hybrid vigor to many crops, using it to double the yields of corn, tomatoes, melons and certain outdoor flowers. Why not, he suggested, apply it to orchids?

From his training in agriculture, Mosher knew about hybrid vigor—that the mating of parent lines of unlike ancestry sometimes produces offspring with extra vitality. Hernlund, a graduate in mechanical engineering from the University of Minnesota and a born flower grower, was quick to see the possibilities, particularly after Mosher commissioned him to make a trip around the world buying the best breeder orchid plants he could find in England, France, Australia, Japan and the United States. With carte blanche to pay whatever orchid fanciers wanted for their best stock, Hernlund managed to disburse about $1,500,000 for orchid collections and another $1,000,000 on glass houses, lath houses, laboratories, nurseries and a refrigerated orchid-packing plant. Experienced California orchid growers chuckled over the generosity with which Hernlund scattered the oil magnate's dollars. Their chuckles were deeper yet when they learned that Mosher and Hernlund, after careful examination of the orchid collections they had purchased, decided to destroy 90 per cent of the newly bought stocks as "junk."

But in Mosher's grand plan to mass-produce vigorous hybrid orchids, the selected plants remaining were worth all the dollars Hernlund had spent. Mosher wanted a prize stable of breeders to build new strains of orchids in a hurry. For example, Hernlund paid $28,000 for 120 pedigreed plants from the famous Rothschild collection in England—and Mosher considers one parent orchid among the lot, a specimen named Rosanna Pinkie, well worth the cost of the whole group. A pedigreed orchid has its family tree charted, like that of a great race horse, and the family lines run back to forebears in the Southeastern Asian or the Philippine or the South American highland jungles. Mosher rates his stud orchid, "Alex West"—short for Alexanderi Westonbirt—a bargain at any price—as is Balkis Perfection or others.

Almost any of these prized studs has in its genes the making of an orchid bonanza in the form of a new strain. The smirks have long since left the faces of rival growers, some of whom have offered up to $1000 for a single blossom from Rosanna Pinkie if Mosher or Hernlund will only leave the pollen lobes on the flower. These offers were rejected.

"Why shouldn't they be?" asks Hernlund. "The pollen from one flower would fertilize a million seeds."

The explanation of the tricks Mosher and Hernlund have played on orchids, although a bit technical, is fascinating. The cells of normal orchids have forty chromosomes, those minute and mysterious chains of genes that transmit characteristics, such as size, shape, color, vigor, from one generation to the next. These normal orchids are known to plant breeders as diploids.

Not many growers have seen an orchid's chromosomes, which are infinitesimal and hard to isolate. But in the plant laboratory that Hernlund built on the Mosher ranch, Mrs. Mary Sakamoto, a gentle and precise technician, crushes the tip of an orchid's root, dyes it and spreads it on a tiny glass plate and adjusts this below the lens of a microscope, which magnifies 1500 times. Through the microscope it is possible to count the chromosomes in the plant's cells. They resemble a necklace of tiny crystals.

If a plant that bears outstanding blossoms and has exceptional growing characteristics is a normal forty-chromosome diploid, it is classified as a mother plant. By selection, Hernlund has narrowed the Dos Pueblos harem down to about 200 outstanding diploids.

About once in a blue moon—every hundred thousand plants or so—an orchid occurs with a double, or eighty-chromosome, chain. These are known as tetraploids. Generally, they are not prolific producers of flowers. In the Mosher-Hernlund scheme, vigorous tetraploids bearing striking blossoms are designated as male parents, known as stud orchids, to pollinate artificially the blossoms of the selected mother plants.

This is no trick at all; a tiny slice of the pollen-bearing lobe of the stud is inserted with tweezers into the pollen sack of the blossom on the mother plant. Nature does the rest—and fast. Within a day or two the stem on the fertilized flower on the mother plant begins to swell into a pod which ultimately contains upward of 100,000 seeds.

Deft Japanese women plant 5000 to 10,000 seeds from each artificial cross in sterilized flasks containing a gelatine in which Hernlund has blended a secret orchid baby food he has evolved. Each seed sprouts into an orchid plant so tiny it can hardly be seen with the naked eye. These eventually grow into a new generation of hybrid orchids, whose cells have not the normal forty chromosomes, or the doubled eighty, but as hybrids they split the difference and have sixty chromosomes. These are known as triploids, and they bear bumper crops of blossoms, ideal for cut flowers or for corsages. They are also vigorous house plants. But the triploid hybrids are sterile and produce no progeny.

"They're like the mule, which is a better animal than its jackass father or its horse mother, but can't reproduce," explains Mosher, who is in the happy position of a merchant who can sell his flower-bearing triploid plants by the thousand without letting competitors cut themselves in on his cherished strains.

The importance of the counting of chromosomes through the microscope is that it takes the guessing out of such complicated crossbreeding. Hybridizers formerly cross-pollinated two promising-looking flowers, hoping for a better orchid, but it was a hit-or-miss proposition. With the chromosome count the breeder can now be sure that he is crossing a diploid with a tetraploid to produce a crop of true hybrid triploids. Thus Mosher and Hernlund have reduced orchid breeding to a science.

Mosher has one extraordinary stud, called Flamingo-Nabilor, picked up in a French collection, which has a rare 100-chromosome count—a pentaploid. As yet he and Hernlund do not know whether its progeny will be wonder orchids or freaks. They won't have the answer for a couple of years, until the offspring of crosses sired by this plant begin to bear blossoms.

In his crosses by artificial pollination, Hernlund is shooting at a vigorous strain of fast-growing plants with thin leaves but stout flower spikes that bear many large, long-lasting blossoms.

"We now have the parents and the know-how to build the orchids we want," he says.

Thanks to the secret orchid baby food and subsequent adolescent diets Hernlund has developed, his orchids grow like Jack's proverbial beanstalk. In an air-conditioned, constant-temperature greenhouse, the microscopic plants grow in fungus-proof glass flasks until they are about one half inch high at the end of eight months.

Then, transplanted into sphagnum moss in flats, they are kept under sixteen hours of light daily, some of it artificial. Hernlund doesn't let them sleep much. In two to three months the baby orchids have grown enough to be transplanted again, this time each plant to its own three-inch pot. In two months more the youngsters are pushing themselves out of these pots and are ready for larger ones. One more year of fast growth and they are a foot high and husky enough to be transplanted into greenhouses or into large redwood planters. At three years of age they put up their first flower spike, a stiff stem that pushes out of the bulblike root to bear a spray of a dozen to a score of blossoms.

"That's the exciting day we wait for," said Mosher. "The new plant may be a five-dollar orchid or a five-hundred-dollar orchid, depending on the blossoms."

This is the range of prices for which his plants sell. Those that Mosher keeps on the orchid farm bear two or three spikes of flowers in the fourth year, and six to ten spikes bearing a total of 200 to 500 blossoms, each worth up to a dollar wholesale, in the fifth year.

The successful speed-up in orchid production has turned out to be a problem of a sort for Mosher, as he originally launched the business anticipating a goodly number of years of legitimate losses that could be deducted from his taxes. Alas, the orchid works turned the corner about three years ago and has been making steady profits. It just goes to show that a man can't always lose.

In fact, Sam Mosher has been having a hard time losing money since 1921, when he decided to quit farming after five lean years on a young citrus orchard near Whittier, California. Despite his polio-weakened left leg, he had trod the furrows behind a mule and plow, cultivating cash crops of beans, sweet potatoes and other vegetables grown between rows of his young citrus trees, only to wind up each year with a deficit.

"If I could make a hundred dollars a month more, I'd be in clover," Mosher told a similarly impoverished farmer friend.

Casting about for a means of earning extra money until their trees came into bearing, the two young farmers decided to launch a side-line business, the condensing of "wet gas," then being flared into the air, a total loss, from the wells of the nearby newly discovered Signal Hill oil field. Mosher studied a United States Bureau of Mines bulletin telling how to build a "teakettle," as he calls it, for converting the wet gas into dry gas suitable for use by industry and into gasoline to sell to motorists. Borrowing $4000 from his mother, Mosher built his first condenser. One "teakettle" led to another, larger and more efficient. Soon Mosher had bought out his partner, owned several small refineries, a chain of service stations, and was drilling oil wells on his own. He struck it rich at Huntington Beach, where he slanted a string of oil wells from the shore out under the Pacific. Later, Mosher joined in a profitable oil exploration in Arabia, financed the Flying Tiger air-freight line, put up millions to help buy the American President steamship line and plunged into a flower-growing venture. Almost everything he touched turned in new profits.

But Mosher wasn't happy. He still wanted to be a farmer. The opportunity came in 1942, when he bought a ranch north of Santa Barbara to get sites from which to slant some more oil wells under the Pacific. The 4500-acre spread stretched from the surf to the Santa Ynez Mountains. It was semiarid grazing land, lacking enough water for the kind of farming Mosher liked. He would have traded an oil well for a good water well any day.

Then Mosher's oil geologists came up with an opinion that the mountain back of his ranch was a geologic sponge, full of water trapped by an upthrust of hard rock. His

(*Continued on Page 90*)

Piny Woods Back Talk

By Evantha Caldwell

Pap tells his boys, "I don't live
in a world
Of things all past and gone.
I live in the very same world as
you
With an extra light turned on!"

Ma tells 'em, "I live in the past
or the present,
Whichever seems at the time
the most pleasant.
You live in the present, but
before you rejoice,
Remember you *have* to—you've
no other choice!"

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5 wonderful ways to enjoy field-fresh flavor!

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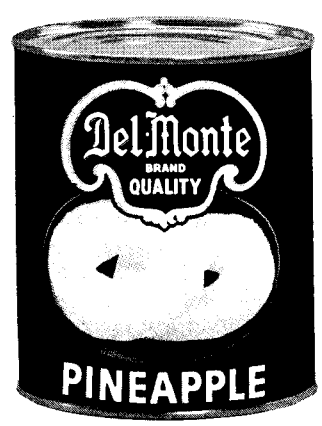

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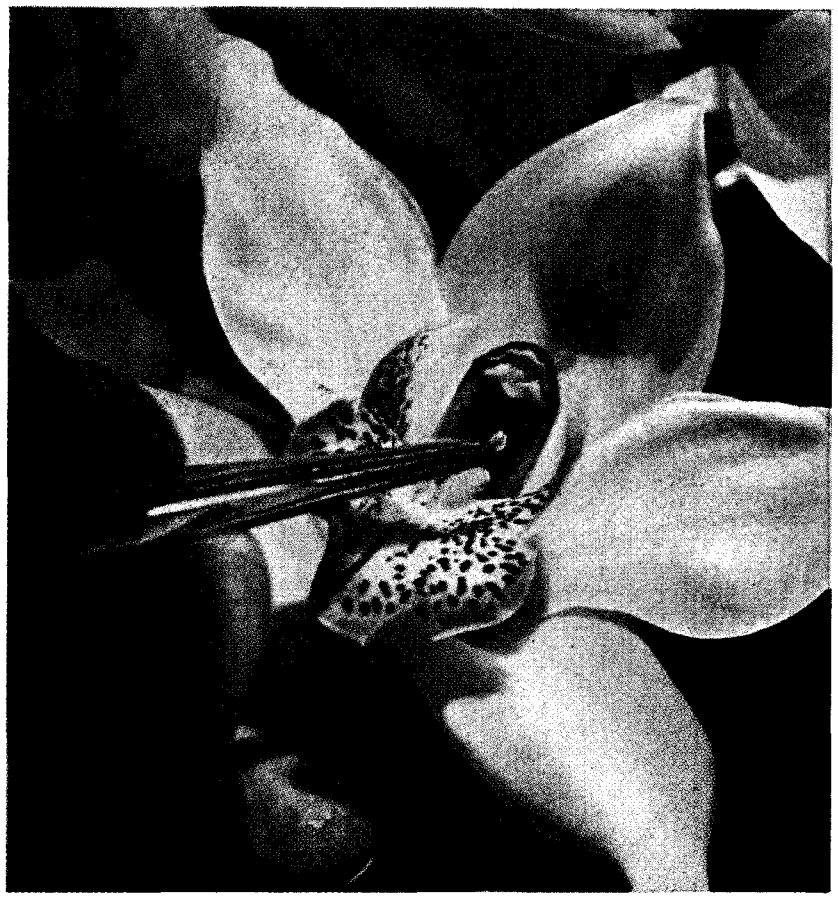
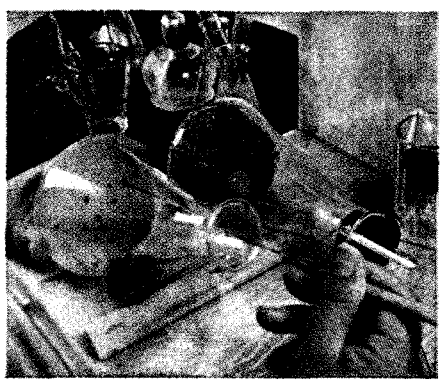


A. Taking pollen from the stud plant.

B. A pair of seed pods.

C. Seedlings in the flask house.



D. Transplanting, one by one.

The Delicate Birth of a New Orchid

. . . begins (A) with the removal of pollen from the stud plant—in this case, the rare and pedigreed Rosanna "Pinkie," at the Dos Pueblos Orchid Company. The pollen is inserted into a female plant which in turn produces seed pods (B). Each pod contains more than 1,000,000 seeds. In an air-conditioned greenhouse (C) the seeds germinate within glass flasks. Later the tiny sprouts are transplanted into less crowded flasks (D) and then into pots. But the growers must wait three years until the new hybrids show their first bloom.

(*Continued from Page 88*) drillers had angled many oil wells almost horizontally out under the ocean. So Mosher had them drill some holes which turned uphill into the Santa Ynez range from a site so precipitous that equipment had to be flown in by helicopter. Out gushed a cascade of water which could be trapped by a dam in a canyon. That gave him a man-made lake full of fresh water which flowed by gravity down onto the gently sloping lower acreage of Rancho Dos Pueblos.

Mosher then went into farming in a big way. He laid out pastures, bought a herd of purebred Herefords, planted lemon and avocado groves and installed a flower farm moved bodily from outside Los Angeles. Around the spacious ranch house, which Mosher made his weekend home, he planted a colorful flower garden, as befits a frustrated green-thumber. In Los Angeles the Men's Garden Club—composed of corporation presidents, professional men and merchants who liked to lunch together once a month and talk about flowers—elected Mosher president. Each member of the club was considered a specialist in growing some flower—geraniums, roses, camellias, lilacs, orchids, or anything else that bloomed. As Mosher had many pots of orchids at his Dos Pueblos ranch house, he was classified as an orchid fancier.

This rating started Mosher boning up on orchids. He hit on the idea of tinkering with the life cycle of the cymbidium, a hardy type of orchid, whose blossoms will last a week in a corsage and a month if left on the stem, or spike, in a flower arrangement. Growing in a pot or a planter, the cymbidiums will remain in flower for months. Mosher was amazed to discover that cymbidiums come in sixty colors and shades—reds, pinks, yellows, oranges, creams, greens and many others.

"Why aren't we raising cymbidiums by the million?" he asked Hernlund. "This is the ideal cut flower and house flower!"

And thus Mosher and Hernlund went into the orchid business. In their million-dollar gamble to collect breeder orchids, Hernlund bought other types as well as cymbidiums. Orchids come in thousands of species, more than any other type of plant life but the grass family. He bought cattleyas, the large and fragile South American beauties that most people associate with the term "orchidaceous." He picked up prized phalaenopsis from the Philippines, starry sprays on slender stems that bloom the year around. He bought the dainty Cypripediums from South America. But he plunged most recklessly on the cymbidiums which hail from the highlands of Malaya, Indochina, Burma, Assam. Although these are tropical areas, the cymbidium, being a highlander, thrives in the temperate zones, particularly in England, France, Australia and the United States. In fact, the cymbidium seems to be at home almost anywhere. Mosher has shipped cymbidiums to Africa, Iceland, Scandinavia, England, Australia, Japan.

At the Dos Pueblos orchid-packing plant the spikes of blossoms are packed with fastidious care for the trip to market by air. The stem of each spike is sealed in a plastic vial of water. Each spray is stapled to the bottom of the fiberboard container. Only perfect blossoms leave the plant. Even orchids grown in Australia and Hawaii for the off-season trade are flown first to the Dos Pueblos packing plant, where they are double-checked for quality and repackaged for the flight to New York, Chicago or other markets. Bypassing the flower auctions, Mosher ships directly to retail florists. The blossoms from Australia are much-traveled by the time they reach the florist shops—three days across the Pacific, a day at Rancho Dos Pueblos for repackaging, another day, sometimes two, across the country.

Until his home-bred hybrids could get into production, Mosher had only the blossoms from the orchids Hernlund had bought to supply the market he hoped to create. To get more volume he organized a co-operative of orchid growers in Santa Barbara. Dos Pueblos handled the packing and shipping for the entire group. Mosher still markets for a dozen other small growers, but the co-op has split off from Dos Pueblos Orchid Company. A considerable group of growers think that Mosher is hell-bent for ruining the orchid business with his mass production. His young plants are coming into bearing so fast that they double the blossom output annually.

"This year we did get ahead of the market," Hernlund admits. "We had to destroy thousands of blossoms."

Mosher and Hernlund think they have a sure remedy for this temporary glut. They have made sales tests in several supermarkets, some of which have moved up to a thousand corsages a day at prices ranging from one to two dollars to shoppers who had no idea of buying orchids when they came into the stores. Mosher expects to see every large supermarket equipped with a self-service refrigerated orchid counter.

"We're creating a new industry," he says. "We've improved the growing technique. Now we're tackling marketing. All the orchid growers in the country will not be able to supply this potential market."

Though Mosher and Hernlund have refused to sell pollen from their prized stud orchids at any price, they have made their revolutionary techniques for speeding up the orchid's output of blossoms available to competitive growers. They have also stocked other growers with hybrid plants that produce bumper harvests of flowers.

"We'll even raise other growers' seeds for them for a nominal charge," explained Mosher. "This enables them to see the results of their crosses in three to four years. We've been pretty free with our methods."

To popularize orchids Mosher has presented $250,000 worth of plants to parks and botanical gardens from Seattle to Brooklyn. He also built two large public greenhouses to accommodate up to 1000 visitors a day, some of them from as far away as Japan and Europe, who drop in at Dos Pueblos. In one house the orchids are clustered around a tropical waterfall, as they might grow in their native habitat. In another they thrive in pots on benches in the Mosher system of mass production. Many visitors, who came only to see orchids growing, go away with pots of orchids in their arms.

"Sooner or later everybody who grows plants has to try some orchids," chuckled Mosher. "We decided this was an opportunity, so we're ready for them if they want to start right now. We've revolutionized cymbidium culture and made it easy to grow them. Now we're doing it with cattleyas and phalaenopsis."

Orchid plants range in price from five dollars to $500 or more, depending upon the size and the pedigree of the plant. Mosher says they don't have to be babied. In fact, when he ships cymbidium plants to his Australian and Hawaiian farms, he has the bulbs washed free of earth and the roots snipped off. These soil-feeding types called terrestrials grow new roots as readily as daffodils or tulips. Some of the epiphytes, which feed from the air, must be handled more delicately.

Tests made at Dos Pueblos reveal that orchids can stand a wide range of temperature. Providing sufficient humidity, however, is a problem, particularly for home-grown plants. Though most of the hardier orchids will thrive in dry-room climate for several weeks on end while they are in bloom, they need more constant temperatures and the right humidity to build up strength to sprout new blossom spikes. Some home orchid growers rehabilitate their plants in small humidified greenhouses; others send them to "orchid hospitals" operated by florists in several cities.

As might be expected Mosher considers an orchid plant a sound investment. It will double in size annually, he points out, sending out twice as many spikes as it did the year previous. Mosher divides his flower-producing plants every third year. Occasionally a tired bulb in a cluster may give up the ghost, but new bulbs add to the size of the clone. "A healthy orchid plant will live and produce forever," he says, a gleam in his eyes. That's more than he expects of his oil wells. THE END

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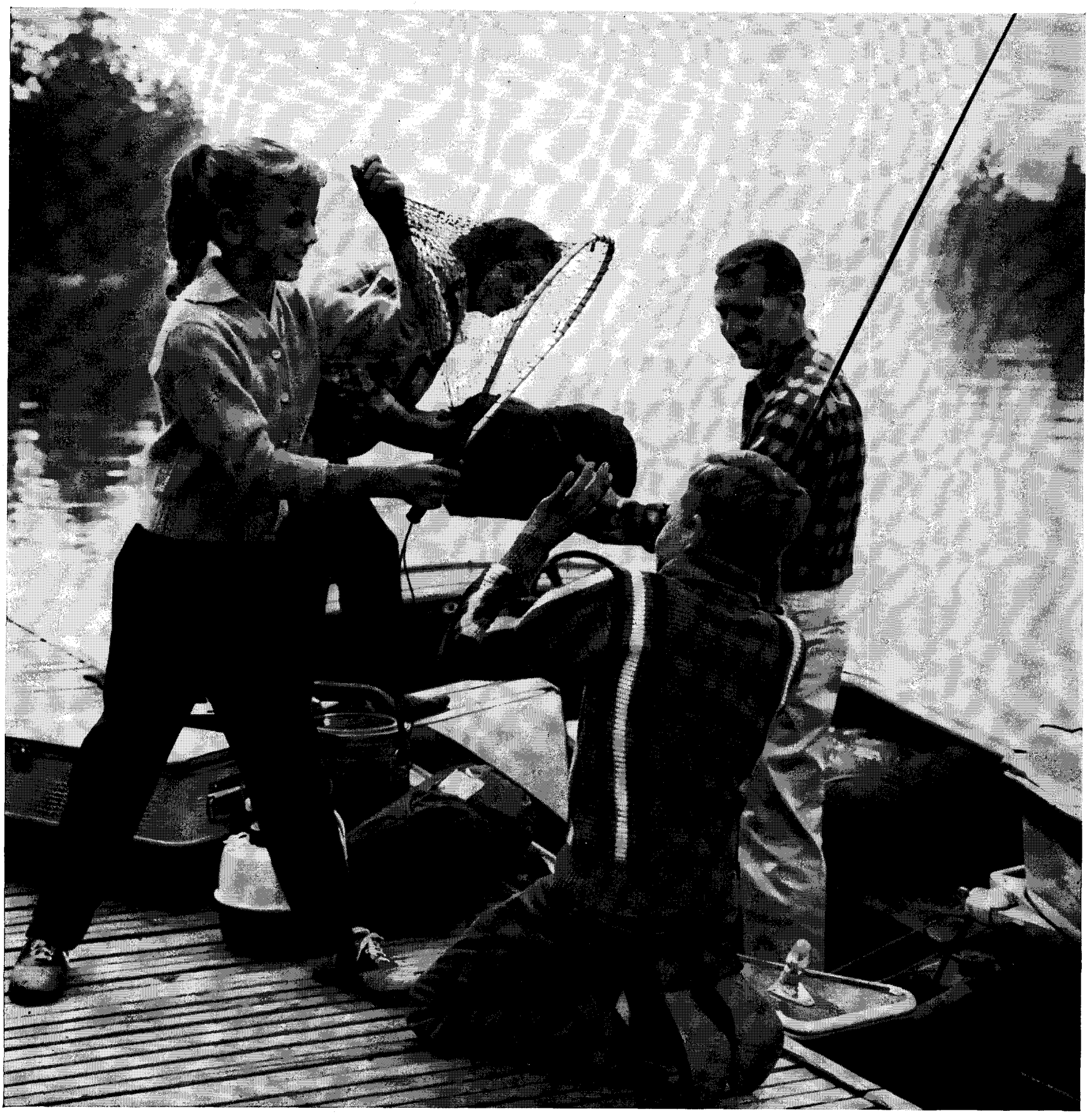

THIS GOOD LIFE

What's *your* idea of the good life? Taking off for a fishing and camping weekend with the youngsters? It probably goes deeper than that: like watching those same youngsters grow up strong and happy, healthy and free. Or perhaps the good life comes from your own sense of dignity and achievement.

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Advertising helps you enjoy the good life

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I Call on Princess Grace

(Continued from Page 27)

He chuckled as he said, "At that time everybody was marrying the prince to somebody. The press kept making lovely nominations for the next Monégasque princess. For some reason the notion had got around that I had been assigned to Monaco as a matchmaker. One paper even came out with a headline which asked, Is FATHER TUCKER PLANNING TO MARRY THE PRINCE OF MONACO TO THE POPE'S NIECE? I was surprised at that, and I wasn't the only one surprised. I was questioned about that from on high in Rome. I replied that I didn't even know the Pope had a niece.

"As for Grace's first meeting with Prince Rainier at the palace," he went on, "he called me here at my rectory on the phone the evening they met and he said, 'I've met somebody. I think she is the one.'"

"I'm afraid that involves us in a cliché," I told him. Father Tucker looked at me inquiringly. "Love at first sight," I said.

He nodded. "I don't see how you can work your way out of that," he said. "Although, as far as I knew, at that point it was only love at first sight on the part of the prince. Anyway, I asked him, 'Who is she?' and he said, 'Take it easy, father. It's Grace Kelly.'"

"Why 'take it easy'?" I asked.

"That was meant to offset any objection on my part because she was a movie star, but he didn't need to tell me that. I said to him, 'My lord prince, I've never met her, but I know of her and of her Philadelphia family, and she's just the kind of girl I've been wanting you to marry!' He replied, maybe a little tensely, 'You'll have to help me. Come up and see me.' I did, and we talked things over. Between their first meeting and their next one, which took place on Christmas night, 1955, the prince had no communication with Grace Kelly. However, I did some writing."

He placed the tips of his fingers together as if forming a church-roof line and said, "I expressed my regrets that I wasn't there when she called and I thanked her for letting the prince see at first hand what an American Catholic girl could be like. After a short delay I got an answer. It said that she hoped to see me the next time she came to Monte Carlo. That was very flattering, but what was more important, it left the door open for the renewal of the friendship between those two. With that door open even a bit, I felt that something could be accomplished. I got in touch with the Kelly family indirectly and I arranged a trip for the prince to visit the United States with me in November.

"I had an official reason for returning to the United States," Father Tucker went on. "I was going back to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of professing my religious vows. The celebration was to take place at St. Anthony's in Wilmington, a church I had founded twenty-five years before. And it didn't seem out of order—since I was the prince's chaplain—for him to accompany me as my friend as well as my temporal lord. We arrived in the United States well ahead of my anniversary. On Christmas Eve the prince assisted me at Mass at my church, and then we went to Philadelphia to visit the Kelly family, a visit which had been arranged in advance.

"I knew that the prince was already set in his choice, but it was only after I came to know Grace Kelly that I discovered that she had also experienced the same *coup de foudre* he had—that's what the French call a bolt of lightning. But she felt that the whole thing was impossible, just as her family doubted its possibility."

"Why did everyone think it so impossible?" I asked.

"Partly because very few people in America really knew the prince," Father Tucker told me. "There were some who mistakenly thought him an impecunious person of title, who was coming to the United States to marry a rich girl. It didn't happen in the case of Prince Rainier. The head people at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio to whom Grace Kelly was under contract, had the same idea. My answer to them was, 'If you boys need a little money, I think the prince can lend you all you want.'"

"You mean he's very wealthy in his own right?" I asked.

"Very," Father Tucker assured me, "through private inheritance from his own family, aside from any income he derives as the sovereign of Monaco, which is highly satisfactory and is tax-free. Anyhow, when Grace and Prince Rainier met again, I can only compare the attitudes to that of two diffident high-school kids."

"Both shy?" I asked.

"Very," he told me. "So much so that I had to push him a little—because he wasn't one hundred per cent familiar with American ways and he wanted to do the proper thing. The first hurdle he had to overcome was the question of going to a New Year's dance. The prince was timid because he didn't know how to go about it. This will seem silly to you, since in America all a boy has to do is ask a girl to go to a dance with him, and she says 'yes' or 'no.' If, however, you are a reigning European prince, you've never done it that way, because it means you run the risk of a possible refusal—and that is not the way such things are managed in royal circles. So I went to Grace and said, 'Look here, little girl, if he asks you, you can't refuse; for after all, he's a prince sovereign. So what do you say? Shall he ask you or shan't he?' She said, 'If he asks me, I'll go.' I reported back to the prince, 'It's fixed.' And he said, 'That's fine.' 'But,' I told him, 'you'll have to ask her just the same.'

"'Is that the way it's done?' he inquired. 'In this country, yes,' I told him. But because of the way things developed during the days immediately following Christmas, they didn't go to that New Year's dance. That week the prince was a guest in the Kelly home, and they saw much of each other. As for me, I did a disappearing act until he came to me and told me they had decided to be married and would I please talk to Mr. Kelly about it.

"Mr. Kelly said, 'Father, all we know about this boy is your word that he will be a satisfactory son-in-law.' I said, 'I wouldn't recommend any boy to any girl if I didn't know him inside and out. I have been with this boy for seven years, and I know all sides of him. I do not pretend he is perfect, but he is a fine boy.' I knew his wonderful qualities and his deep religious convictions—although, of course, he was human and a youth like any other youth. The trouble was that his life had been complicated by the fact that being a prince, anything he did was magnified by the press a hundred times."

Father Tucker did the church-roof trick with his fingers again and said, "Later, when journalists like Art Buchwald asked me, 'Have you been a matchmaker?' I told him, 'Of course, every priest is.' I meant that all of us give what can be called marriage counsel at the drop of a hint. Another writer asked me, 'What do you know about love, father?' I said, 'I've never played football, but I know how to referee the game. Even a priest can learn a lot from the side lines.' But to get back to the Kellys once more, I talked to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and to Grace herself, intimately."

I looked at him expectantly, but he shook his head. "I won't go into what we discussed," he said. "It was strictly confidential, but as any father and mother would, they wanted to go into the matter very thoroughly. I remember John Kelly's saying to me, 'Father, let's get this straight; we are not running after royalty, and my saying to him, 'No, John, royalty's running after you.' I explained to him just what type of royalty it was who was asking admission to the Kelly family, because frankly John Kelly is so thoroughly American, with a capital *A*, that I wasn't sure he knew the difference between a prince of Monaco and a prince of Morocco."

Father Tucker added, "For example, the Kellys wanted to know what the prince's family thought about such a marriage."

"What did the prince's family think?" I asked.

"They were anxious to see him settle down with a fine girl and become a family man. When she heard I was going to America with the prince, Prince Rainier's mother, Princess Charlotte, gave me her blessing and said, 'Good luck to you.' She added that all she wanted was to see her son find a girl who would really love him and whom he'd really love. The prince's father, Prince Pierre, wished with all his heart for his son to marry into a respectable family and keep the Grimaldi line from dying out."

"Why were you sent to Monaco to be the prince's chaplain?" I asked him. "I've heard that there was a feeling in Rome that religious matters were a little slack in Monaco and you were selected to tighten them up."

"The parish *had* fallen off a bit in faithfulness," he said. "And I think it's fair to say that I was sent here to get it going along a godly path again. I guess it is also fair to say that I went about it in an American way. I palled around with everybody."

"They tell me that you wore a short coat instead of a long one," I said, "and that you started a boys' band."

He grinned and said, "There were people here who were pretty badly puzzled. There were even those who thought I was a Protestant minister. When people back home in the United States asked me how I got this assignment, I told them, 'It was very simple. Seeing that there had been a war between the French and the Italians in 1940–45, the Holy Father thought that the best way to settle things was to send an Irishman here; for although my father and mother were born in America, my grandparents came from Ireland. Not only that, I was given a French priest and an Italian priest to work with me. In that way we could be a neutral balance of power.'

"I was here five months before I met the prince," he said. "But I went about my business, just as I had done in the parish I'd organized in Wilmington, Delaware, and after a while the prince asked me if I'd be his personal chaplain."

"Do you hold Mass in the palace chapel every Sunday?" I asked.

"It involves that," he said. "But I also found that the prince was a lonely young man who invited me to lunch or go driving with him." For a moment he looked unhappy. "I didn't like that driving," he said. "He's a very fast driver, and he made me terribly nervous. Once he asked me, 'Am I going too fast, father?' and I said, 'My lord prince, I can hardly die in better company.' He tried to reassure me by reminding me that he had a St. Christopher medal in his car, but I pointed out that there was no reason to think that St. Christopher worked when he went more than sixty miles an hour, and we were doing nearly a hundred."

Father Tucker explained, "That was just his way of teasing me, for he really went out of his way to be nice to me and take me to such places as the cinema, although he never took me to the casino. There is a tradition in Monaco so strong it's almost a law that no member of the

"Greetings, whoever you are."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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royal household ever ventures inside the casino, but that's no hardship to the prince. He's not a gambling addict."

Before beginning his next sentence, he assembled his thoughts and put them in order. He said, "You know that the casino is in my parish, which creates an ethical problem as to whether gambling is morally reprehensible. As I tell the prince, the moral doctrine about gambling is the same as it is about drink. Gambling is not a sin in itself; it is only when it is abused that it becomes a sin. That is especially so when the abuse is so keen that it becomes a ruling passion.

"Before I came here I heard stories about suicides committed by people who had lost their fortunes in the casino. It may have happened, but I'm inclined to think it a legend. In the ten years that I've been here there's been nothing like that." He chuckled once more and added, "To tell you the truth, the big church I built back in Wilmington was built on bingo."

What he said next I found most interesting. "What the rest of the world doesn't understand is that so far as the income of the principality is concerned, gambling is insignificant. The popular notion is that Monaco depends on its take from the casino for its living. The truth is that the income from the casino represents only four per cent of the Monégasque budget. Tourism contributes some fifty-five per cent of the state income. Local industries supply between twenty-five and thirty per cent of the total income. Taxes on tobacco, liquor, registration fees and the sale of stamps make up the rest.

"The prince once said to me, 'Father, they tell me I'm an absolute sovereign. Exactly what does that mean?' I said, 'My lord prince, for one thing, an absolute sovereign has the power of life and death over his subjects.' The prince looked at me, smiled wryly and said, 'Then why don't I use it?'"

"Did he have anybody in mind?" I asked Father Tucker.

"He may have had," Father Tucker replied. "There are people here who can make anybody mad. What irritates me is that the Monégasques have everything beautiful and picturesque that nature can give them. What with no military service and no income taxes, they are fortunate in a material way, too, so they should be happy. But it's the same old story. They want more. As the Lord said, 'A man's enemies are they of his own household.'

"The Monégasques are like a large family," he went on. "I doubt very much if there has ever been a family in which there were not petty jealousies, hurt feelings and a belief that 'I could run this family better than anybody else if I were allowed to.' There are about 2300 Monégasque citizens. Roughly, 900 of them are men with the right to vote, and most of those 900 are trying to keep the vote from the women, while I think that the prince would like to give the franchise to all Monégasques, regardless of sex.

"Among those nine hundred Monégasques with the vote," Father Tucker continued, "there are some who are principally interested in getting what they can for themselves out of the situation. For while I've called it a big family, it is, after all, a government; and all governments, big or small, are made up of two factions which are usually feuding—the ins and the outs."

He saw my next question coming and answered it before I could put it to him. "Although back home I took part in politics a little, I keep clear of such feuds. I come of old Democratic stock, but the time came when I leaned toward the Republican notion that George Washington was right about two terms' being enough. That got me into trouble, for when the papers said that I had switched my political allegiance, the Irish of Wilmington's Tenth Ward let it be known that they would rather I had become a Methodist. And after the election that year an irate female called me at two o'clock in the morning to tell me, 'You've been at St. Anthony's longer than F.D.R. has been in the White House. Why don't you get out?'

"Here in Monaco I have no political ideas at all. I couldn't, even if I wanted to; but naturally my sympathy is all with the prince. He's been very patient and forgiving with habitual complainers. I wouldn't have encouraged him to go as far that way as he has, but that's not my business either."

> Not every American boy can become President. Somebody has to caddy.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

"How do you address Prince Rainier except 'my lord prince'?" I asked.

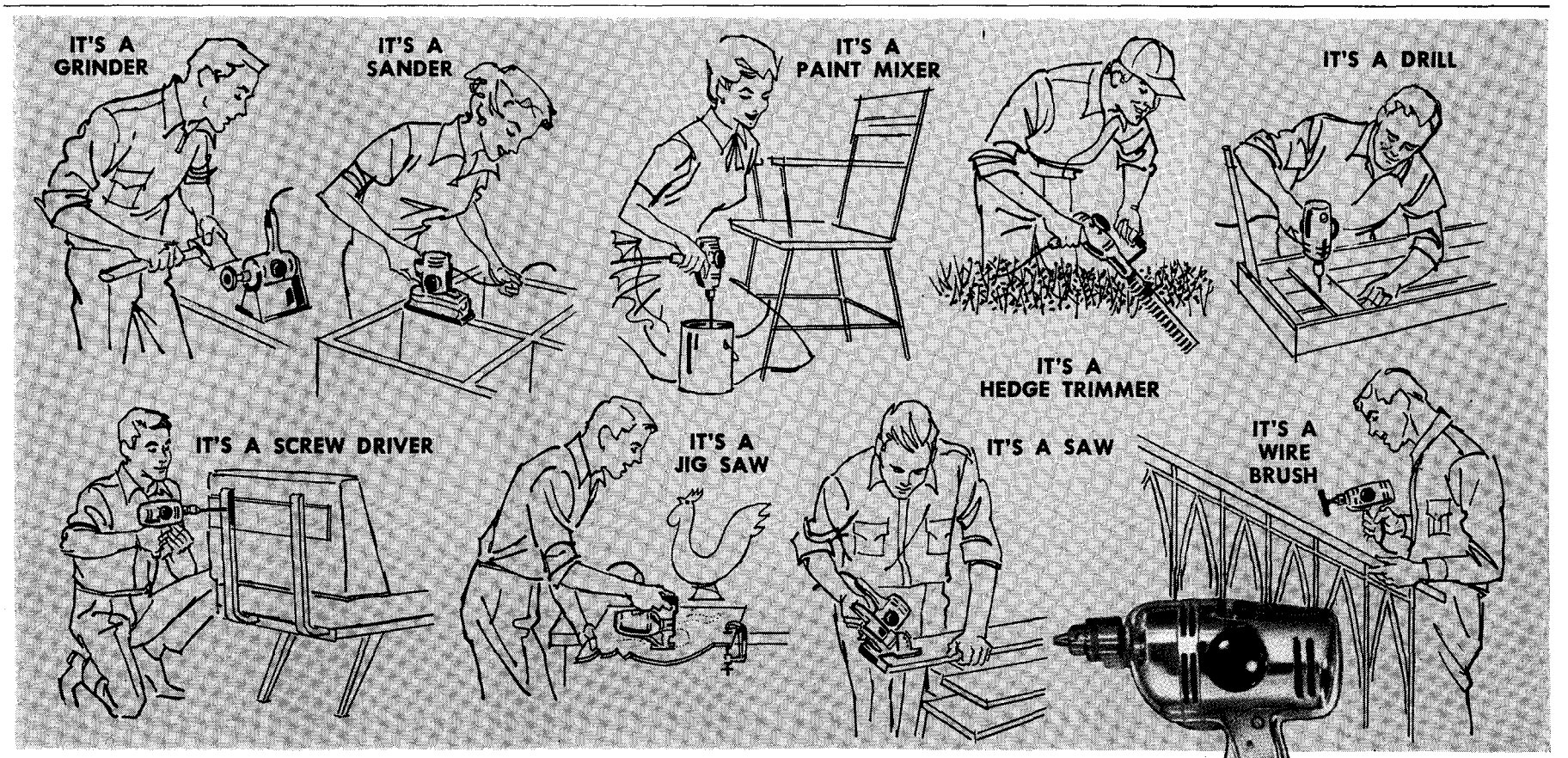
"I call him 'your highness,'" he said, "or if I'm addressing him in French, it is permissible to call him 'monsigneur.'" He remembered something which amused him. "The prince calls me 'father' or 'canon,' because he made me a canon of the cathedral here, which brings me to a little anecdote I've always enjoyed. He told a group of cloistered nuns back in Wilmington, Delaware, 'As a Catholic prince I had the right to make Father Tucker a canon, but I assure you he is a canon I shall never fire.' Not being women of the world, or keeping up with current expressions, when the dear sisters wrote to their other convents to report that conversation they said, 'The prince said of Father Tucker, "I made him a canon, but he is a canon I will never shoot."'" Father Tucker grinned broadly. "The prince and I had great fun over that," he said.

"Being an absolute monarch does confer certain privileges upon the prince, doesn't it?" I said. "If a visitor makes himself disagreeable in the principality, isn't it the prince's privilege to ask him to leave?"

"He does have that privilege," Father Tucker admitted. "He can also call upon the French Government to back him up in excluding unwelcome persons from the department which surrounds Monaco. If you put someone out of the principality because he has been a nuisance, he could move right across the street and continue his nonsense, for half of some of our streets are in Monaco and half in France. That is what happened when the prince outlawed the Communists here. They retreated across the street, but the French police respected the prince's wish not to let them stay even that near."

Next he said something I had already figured out for myself. "I have been with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace when they've been received by nobility. Everyone agrees that this American girl not only seems a princess and looks like a princess, she is a princess. Through some miracle she has been given by grace what some princesses are not given by nature."

Father Tucker changed the subject and said, "One of the remarkable things about Princess Grace was the way she rose to the situation created by the fact that she didn't speak fluent French. She knew more French than most American girls,



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for she had studied with the French Sisters of the Assumption in Philadelphia. She has proper grammar and syntax, and her pronunciation is perfect, but her vocabulary at that time wasn't. However, her memory, which was beautifully trained as part of her acting career, serves her in good stead when it comes to increasing her French vocabulary. One day she made a speech over the radio here in behalf of the refugees who had emerged from behind the Iron Curtain. After listening to her I said to the prince, 'My lord prince, did you hear our princess' French over the radio?' and he said, 'Yes, what of it?' I saw that he was ready to battle in her defense, so all I said was, 'I think she's doing pretty well.'

"He snapped back, 'She speaks French much better than you do.' That was too much for me, because I've been working at it for fifty years, so I said to him, 'My lord prince, I've always heard that love is blind, but I'm beginning to think it is deaf too.'"

"What did he have to say to that?" I asked.

"He's a good fellow," Father Tucker told me. "He just smiled and said, 'A lot you know about it.'"

I was a little shy about bringing it up, but I braced myself and said it anyhow. "There's another rumor I hear almost every week," I said. "It's that the princess is pregnant again."

"Yes, I hear that all the time," he agreed. "But, after all, whose business is it? However, I'm asked that same question often. My answer is always, 'I don't see any reason why she shouldn't be. It's normal in the course of marriage.'"

"I've heard that the Princess Caroline can twist her father around her little finger," I said.

Father Tucker's eyes twinkled. "She's irresistible," he said. "She looks like a French doll. However, her brother Albert looks like a football player. I'd say he's a real Kelly. Back in Philadelphia his grandfather—who, as you know, was a great oarsman—is already talking of making an oarsman of the boy and about the prizes he'll win sculling on the Thames."

To prepare myself to call upon Princess Grace of Monaco, I had first called upon Monsieur Delavenne, head of the Monégasque police. He is also the security officer responsible for safeguarding the persons of the Monacan sovereign and his family. He is alert, blond and youthful. His headquarters is a building so attractive, so modern, so spotlessly clean and, at the same time, so comfortable that small misdemeanors are sometimes committed by people who hope to spend a night in one of its cells and eat the excellent food the jail supplies. So attractive is the board and lodging in the principality's jail that anyone who gets a long sentence is sent to France to serve it. "Otherwise," M. Delavenne told me, smiling, "there would be a waiting list."

But I was chiefly interested in discussing the security procedures used to guard the Monégasque royal family. "With us security starts at home," M. Delavenne said. "It begins with the sixty-five *carabinièri* stationed at the palace. When any of the royal family leaves the palace a *carabinière* notifies the office of the Monégasque *Sûreté Publique*, which is another way of saying that I am notified. It is then up to us to be on guard. If the princess goes to the beach or her hairdresser or to the Red Cross or to the hospital or shopping, we see to it that somebody is unobtrusively around in plain clothes as a protective shield."

M. Delavenne added, "I have here a report from the plain-clothes man who accompanied the princess and her children to the beach club yesterday for a swim. He was invisible—at least, he was supposed to be—but he saw and noted everyone who came near her or spoke to her. If the prince and princess go out of an evening to a gala, we have agents who dress the way the rest of those present dress. If the other men wear dinner jackets, our agents wear them too." M. Delavenne confided in me, "One of the secrets of being unnoticed is for an agent to be polite. If he bothers no one, no one pays any attention to him."

If his royal charges go on a trip to Switzerland or France or some other country, M. Delavenne goes on ahead. If their trip, for example, is to be to Rome, he gets in touch with the Roman police and the Vatican police and works with them. He also works through the various offices of Interpol—an international police force.

"Eat us out of house and home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

M. Delavenne thought of something else. "The chauffeurs employed at the palace are carefully checked before they go on the payroll, and they are almost the equivalent of agents of the *Sûreté*. One of our cardinal rules is, 'If anyone watching the royal family acts strangely, don't take your eyes off him.'" He knocked on wood and said, "We've had no incidents yet."

I had also chatted with the jolly, fresh-cheeked young Englishwoman who is employed as nanny for the two Grimaldi children, Prince Albert and Princess Caroline. Her name is Maureen King, and she hails from Rugby, but she has been nicknamed "Killer" by Prince Rainier—because of the havoc she wreaks upon the food placed before her. Later on during a cocktail hour at the palace to which I was invited, I heard the prince say, "When the princess was in Lausanne, Switzerland, having her appendectomy, her private secretary and Killer King ran up a food bill bigger than the entire hospital bill." The secretary protested that this was a wild exaggeration, but the prince was so amused at the notion that he refused to recant.

Good humor bubbles up inside of Killer King inexhaustibly. "If she talks for twenty minutes," said one of her friends, "she spends nineteen of those minutes laughing for no reason other than the joy of living. Princess Caroline catches the infection from her and laughs all the time too."

Among other things I discovered was that four times as many tourists climb to the top of "The Rock"—a high, rocky promontory upon which is the town of Monaco, the small nation's capital—to look at the palace as enter the Monte Carlo Casino. About 250 people a day enter the casino. Almost 800 enter the Monacan Oceanographic Museum. Even more take a long look at the palace before leaving the principality.

I had been shown through the Monte Carlo Casino by an assistant manager. My principal memory of the place was a garland of plump, naked nymphs floating on one of its ceilings. Upon closer examination it was apparent that each cushiony dryad held a cigar in a soft rounded hand. It was explained to me that this was the artist's way of telling onlookers that the girls overhead "weren't quite nice."

The assistant manager of the casino also told me, "You would have to break the whole casino now to do what used to be called 'breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.' There is no longer a 50,000-franc limit as the maximum one table can lose, as there once was, and the practice of pulling a dark cloth, symbolizing mourning, over a roulette wheel when the 50,000-franc limit on that wheel was reached, is gone." In its day, that mourning drapery was an effective publicity gimmick invented by M. Camile Blanc, who was then director of the casino. His favorite joke was, "No matter whether it's *rouge* or *noir*, Blanc always wins." If I had been a loser under Blanc's regime, his little joke would have left me very cold.

I had also learned that the automobiles from the palace garage carry license plates on which the numbers end in "77." Another random item of interest was that the small-boned, dainty, three-year-old Princess Caroline sometimes watches the soccer games in the stadium far below, from the terrace of the palace gardens, calling out enthusiastically in her small, piping treble, "*Allez*, Monaco!"

Additionally, I made a point of questioning more than one female Monégasque citizen as to what kind of job Princess Grace was doing. I was told that before her arrival in Monaco, some of the local citizens had predicted that she wouldn't measure up to the responsibilities of official hostess in a place where protocol is important. There had been a feeling on the part of some Monégasque *grandes dames* that their prince might have done better to marry a girl sprung from European aristocracy rather than "a film queen, and an American one at that." One of these Monégasque ladies told me, "Quite frankly, some of us here were waiting for her to stumble, but we have watched her like hawks, and she has not made a single false step. She is not only doing a fine job, she's doing a dedicated one."

That word struck a gong in my mind. I had heard it before in Hollywood. People there had once told me, "Grace Kelly is dedicated to the idea of becoming a better actress." It was plain that Grace Patricia Kelly of Philadelphia, New York and Beverly Hills has changed her dedications. She is giving the same concentration, care and thought to being president of the Monégasque Red Cross, to serving as the guiding spirit of the principality's Girl Guides and to modernizing and rebuilding the Monacan hospital that she once gave to the art of acting.

"Somehow Princess Grace is aware of all the minute pitfalls she could have fallen into," one observer said to me. "She even seems aware of the tiny, invisible differences in the outlook of the various people she must deal with—and in the existence of personality clashes. She has managed to keep her outlook neutral. She hasn't trodden on anybody's toes or rubbed anybody the wrong way. The majority of Monégasques are now delighted to have her presiding over the royal household. The prince's face, which was at times bored and melancholy before, is now radiant."

The wife of a prominent American expatriate in Monaco summed it up this way, "The princess has changed the prince's purpose in life, and through him she is making her imprint upon Monaco. You can't look at the faces of the prince and princess today without realizing that they're happy. You find yourself telling yourself, *This one is going to last*. Princess Grace's poise and graciousness are effortless. If I tried to be as poised and as gracious, I would fall apart and, I'm afraid, act silly at the same time. I've never seen the prince show a hint of jealousy, although he must know very well that people want to see her as much as they want to see him. Instead, he's obviously very proud of her. You can almost see his mind click off the thought, *She's mine, and I chose her*."

An American businessman, retired and living in Monaco, contributed another nugget of information. "The prince does an enormous amount of work," he said. "I ought to know, for I once headed up a sizable industry. The job he does would be backbreaking for most people, but not for him. He even approves changes in the routing of traffic on the streets of the principality. But he also knows how to relax. If he's feeling happy, he is a perfect mimic. He can take off on anybody. When it comes to Irish or cockney accents he's an expert. He is the reverse of stiff and unbending. He once wore an I LIKE IKE button under his lapel during a heated American political campaign so he could flash it at his Democratic friends to tease them."

In the last of three articles next week, Princess Grace answers some candid questions about her domestic life as Monaco's First Lady. —THE EDITORS

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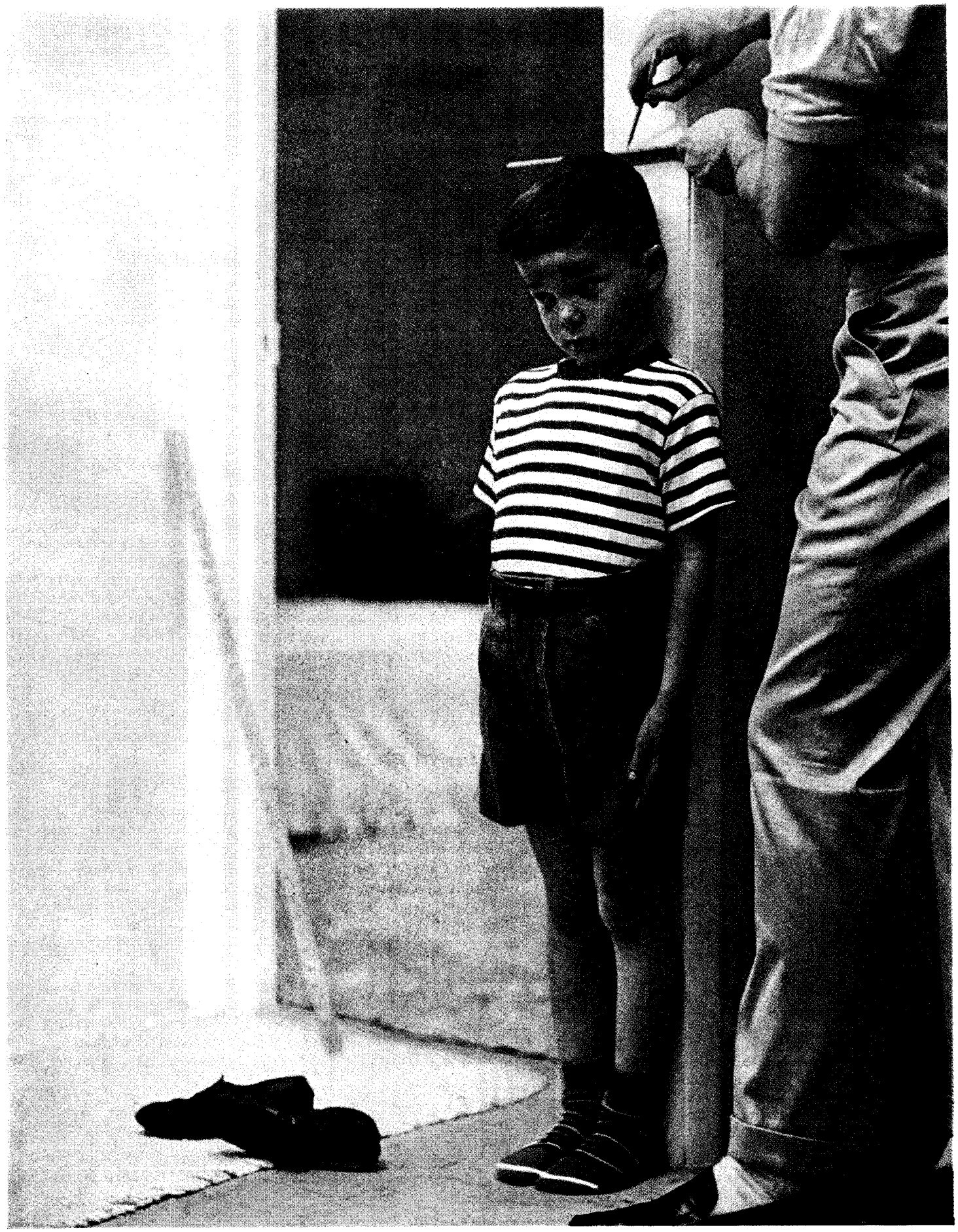
GROWING UP DAYS



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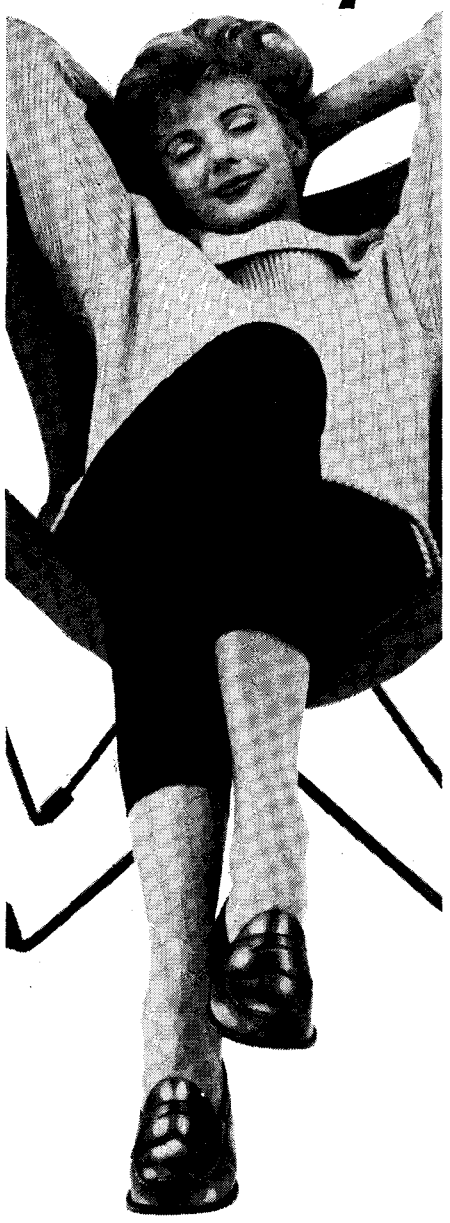

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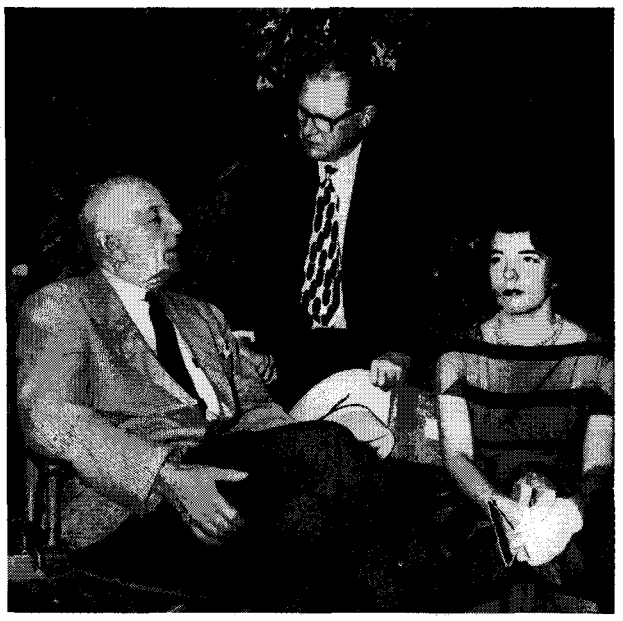
Keeping Posted

All-Time Champion

William Morrow and Company is now marking an occasion of unique significance by publishing the 100th book by **Erle Stanley Gardner**—*The Case of the Waylaid Wolf*, which *The Post* serialized last fall. Morrow's year-end check on sales shows that Gardner's books—including paperback reprints—have reached the stupendous total of more than 112,000,000 copies in the United States and Canada alone. To this can be added the British and overseas sales and the editions which have been issued in sixteen foreign languages; but accurate estimates on these aren't available for various unhappy reasons, one being the wartime destruction of records. Whatever the very grand total may be, a spokesman for Morrow comments, "It seems safe to say that no writer living or dead has ever come close to Erle's fantastic achievement."

Sixty-one of the Gardner books have featured the famous criminal lawyer Perry Mason. The rest, save for three nonfiction volumes, presented other excitement-stirring characters, notably detectives Donald Lam and Bertha Cool; and these were issued under the pen name A.A. Fair. The identity of Mr. Fair long was kept a tight secret, but it leaked out a few years ago. When Gardner's name then was added to the by-line in parentheses, it had no effect on author Fair's sales.

Meanwhile, Gardner, at age 70, goes right on being one of the busiest human beings extant, a fact to which his brigade of secretaries will attest. Besides the little chore of writing books which many think are the best in their field, he reads and gives advice on the scripts for the weekly Perry Mason television show, dashes about the country on grueling lecture trips and is constantly thrusting some new iron into the fire of his eager interest. When he and a few associates bought a Mexican gold mine last fall, maybe that was to make sure of having something to fall back on if he runs out of time-filling projects in the U. S. He celebrated his 100-book anniversary by finishing a new book.



Meeting in Hollywood: Erle Stanley Gardner (above) chats with *Post* senior editor Erd Brandt and his daughter Susy.

Post Staffer in Fiction Debut

When editorial assistant **Richard Savage** used to enjoy boyhood vacations with his family in northern Minnesota and later worked as counselor at boys' camps, he developed that perceptive love for the deep woods which is the mood of his *Post* fiction debut on page 28. Dick's wilderness schooling at camps coincided with college years at the Universities of Minnesota and North Carolina; after graduate study at Columbia and Edinburgh Universities he did a trick of newspaper work, then taught for six years at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst and in 1958 he came to *The Post* as a copy editor. Recreationwise the author can have fun with a fish pole or listening to classical music; but from childhood on, some of his best fun has been with horses—he has done about everything with them, from playing polo to driving harness racers, which for years were in his father's stables in Minneapolis. Savage's grandfather owned Dan Patch, most famous pacer of all time, a steed which finally got so good that nobody would race or bet against him.

Dick Savage and his closest relatives.

Dick says that the other savages in the family are his wife Judith, a former art teacher, Deborah, four, and Dylan, two. A doctor has predicted an addition to the clan on just about the same date that this *Post* hits the newsstands, Tuesday, January twenty-sixth.

Happy Days

The risible mood prevailing in that picture of **Leonard Gross** (page 30) and his wife Jackie (Jacquelyn) derived from a glorious week they spent in Puerto Rico, where the author was casing an assignment. Gross has been a magazine writer since 1955, with *Collier's* until its demise and since then a free-lancer; but Mrs. G. usually doesn't manage to go along on the research trips, mainly because there are two lively youngsters at home in Rowayton, Connecticut. When papa is home writing, he makes a valiant effort to attack the typewriter at six A.M.; this leaves part of the afternoon for correspondence and research—in fact, he occasionally researches a golf course. Gross, who has been working on a novel lately, had his first book published a year ago—*God and Freud*, a study of psychiatry's impact on religious attitudes.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Gross having fun.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Strange Case of West Virginia"

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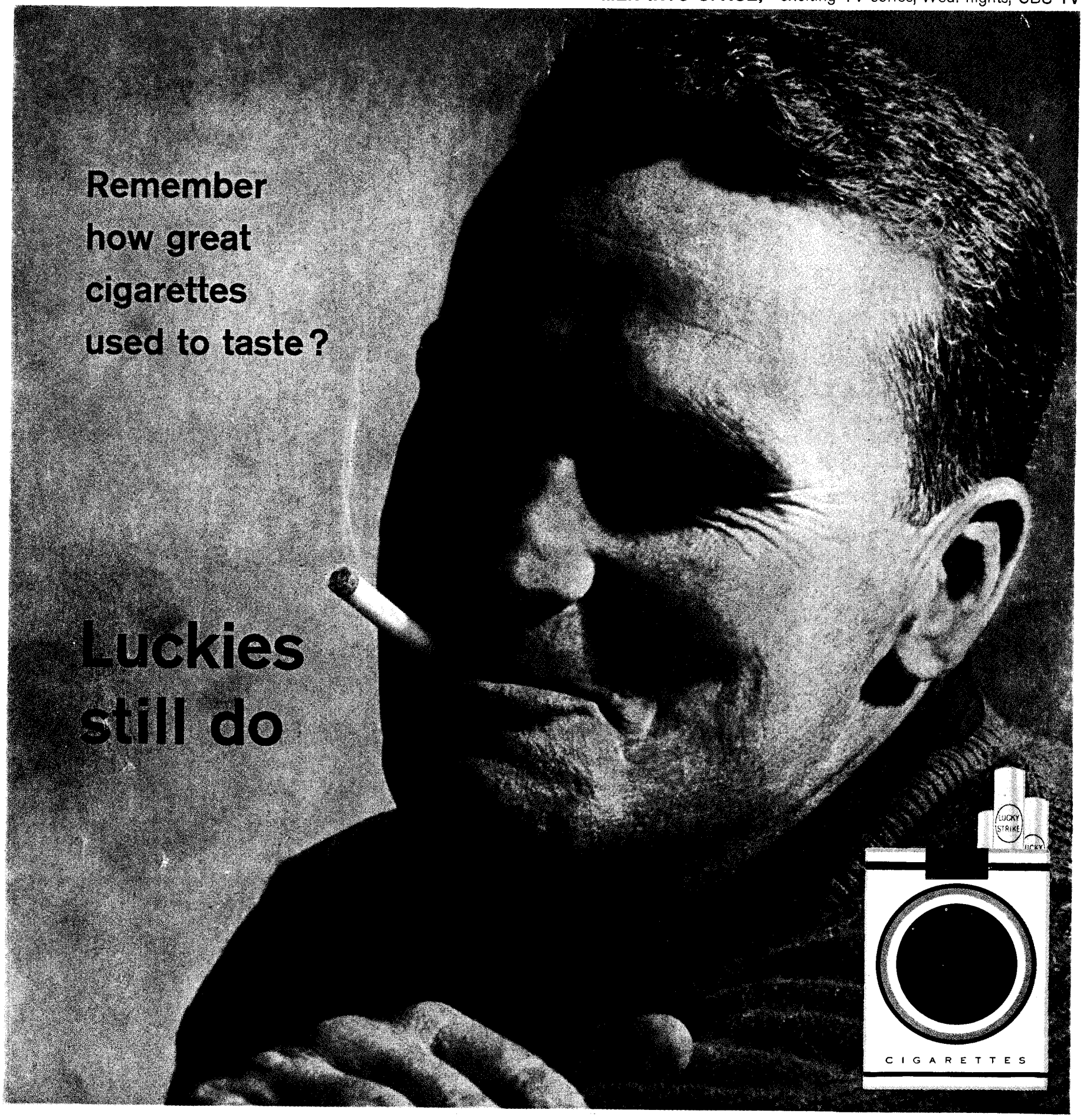

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